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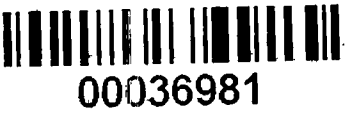

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King Henry VIII^th^ & his Son Prince Edward.

Painted in the school of Holbein.

From the collection at Hampton Court Palace.

London. John Murray. 50 Albemarle Street. 1883.

THE

REIGN OF HENRY VIII

FROM HIS ACCESSION TO THE DEATH OF WOLSEY.

REVIEWED AND ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

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BY THE LATE

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EDITED

BY JAMES GAIRDNER

OF THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAIT.

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PREFACE.

THE work here laid before the public in a collected form consists of four different treatises, which were originally published as prefaces to the four volumes of "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," edited by Professor Brewer for the Master of the Rolls. Like the other "Calendars" of the Rolls Series, that work is addressed to a comparatively limited public, and the ordinary reader cannot be expected to give much attention to the ponderous volumes in which it is contained. Yet there is but one opinion among those who have read these prefaces, not only of their high value to the historical student, but also of their very great interest as literary compositions; and these considerations made it desirable to bring them together in a form more convenient than that in which they originally appeared. Application was accordingly made to the Lords of the Treasury, who, on careful consideration of the case, consented to their being republished separately, on condition that it should be here stated "that the Prefaces have no official character or authority, and that their republication is permitted at the urgent request of the friends of Professor Brewer, on account of their literary interest."

It was said by some, when these Calendars first appeared, that Professor Brewer had set himself to write a history of the reign of Henry VIII. He himself did not entertain such an exalted opinion of his performance; and in one place he distinctly says, "It is not my business to write history, but to show the bearings of these new materials upon history."[1]

[1] Preface to vol. ii. p. clxxxix.

The editor has therefore refrained from calling the work what it is clear the author himself would not have called it. The following pages do not, in point of fact, contain a detailed systematic narrative of all that was done in the times of which they treat; but they certainly do contain a review of the reign of Henry VIII. down to the death of Wolsey, as clear sighted as it is comprehensive, drawn from the latest sources of information, carefully collected and arranged by the author himself.

And herein consists the special value of this work. For it was not the production of any dull antiquary, laboriously collecting documents and unable afterwards to see the true significance of his own discoveries. The writer, if he was not a historian, certainly possessed in a very high degree the qualifications needful for writing history. His knowledge of the period of which he wrote was unsurpassed. Yet it was not the exclusive knowledge of a specialist who knows nothing beyond his subject. His familiarity with the sources of English history in all other periods, his mature scholarship, and his intimate acquaintance with the whole range of English literature, which he had spent his best years in teaching young men to study, prevented anything like a narrow or one-sided estimate, either of the men or of the movements which he made it his business to describe. Qualifications such as these, it may be said without diffidence, are by no means common, even among the more pretentious writers of our annals. But there are others more uncommon still which may be said to give Mr. Brewer—as among historical writers—a place entirely by himself. For it is hardly to be expected, in ordinary cases, that those more general requisites—special study and broad general scholarship, extensive reading, and at the same time careful and accurate judgment—so necessary to the writing of history, should be combined with the palæographic experience and plodding industry which deciphers the written evidences on which all sound history is based. Few indeed have been the historians who have really examined with their own eyes and

handled with their own hands the musty documents on which they built their inferences; fewer still who could pass critical judgments on the handwritings, so as to identify the authors of anonymous letters, note the significance of endorsements, and discriminate between an original manuscript and a copy of later date. But in matters such as these Mr. Brewer was more expert than those with whom it might be supposed to be a business. He brought together manuscripts which before lay in hopeless confusion; ascertained their dates, their authorship, and their significance by the light of internal evidence; perused and reperused and compared with others hosts of difficult and obscure documents, until they had yielded up their secrets; and finally gathered up the results of his researches in clear, systematic order, illuminating the whole subject for the general reader as well as for the student by the clearest and most lucid exposition.

The work which he was called upon to do in the Public Record Office was to catalogue and chronologize a number of miscellaneous documents of the reign of Henry VIII., which it was believed would throw much light upon the history of the Reformation. A primary examination of these materials convinced him that their importance had not been overmagnified, but that no satisfactory Calendar of them could be drawn up unless the whole collection from which they originally came were examined and catalogued along with them. For at that time the Public Records were dispersed in five different repositories, and there was the State Paper Office besides, now amalgamated with the Record Department. Portions of these miscellaneous papers had been transferred from one office to another, and those most easily dated and classified had been taken away to complete the early series of State Papers. Moreover, it was impossible to stop at these repositories, for the very same process of collecting and separating out of the public archives a quantity of their more interesting contents had been begun two centuries before by Sir Robert Cotton, and the result is that the same correspondence is still found divided, part being in the Public Record

Office, and part in the British Museum. Even parts of the same letter, as Mr. Brewer remarks in some introductory observations, were not unusually found in different libraries; addresses were detached from the letters to which they belonged, and enclosures inserted in wrong envelopes.

"To add to the confusion," Mr. Brewer continues, "special modes of arrangement were adopted in different offices; and not unfrequently the system pursued under one officer was modified or reversed by his successor. The original bundles appear to have been broken up, under the keepership of Arthur Agarde, when the Treasury of the Exchequer was rifled of its most precious contents, to augment the collections of Sir Robert Cotton. Their order was further disturbed by Mr. John Cayley, who arranged many of the letters in an alphabetical order of names. Some preferred a topographical, others a diplomatic, arrangement. But as none of these projects were completed, and never could be so long as portions of the same series remained in different depositories, these successive attempts at arrangement ended, as might be expected, in utter confusion."

The way in which Mr. Brewer dealt with the problem may as well be recorded in his own words also:—

"A return to the primitive arrangement of the papers, however desirable, was altogether impossible, for no memoranda had been kept of these changes. To have catalogued the papers as they stood was scarcely more possible. Nothing remained except to bring the different series together, and patiently proceed *de novo* to arrange the whole in uniform chronological order. The task was extremely difficult and fatiguing. The labour was increased by the dispersion of the papers, the variety of experiments to which they had been subjected at different intervals, and the total obliteration of all traces of their original sequence. The letters are seldom dated; their dates had to be determined by internal evidence. Many turn exclusively upon personal topics, or refer to events little known. Long and tedious researches had to be made for obscure names, and events not less

obscure; often without any successful result, often where the success bore no proportion to the time and labour spent upon it. Tedious and unsatisfactory as the task proved to be, it was necessary, in some instances, to replace the books and bundles, as nearly as could be guessed, in their ancient order, and insert once more dated among the undated documents,

'incedens per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.'

"But even where the events were more noticeable, as in the political relations of England with the Continent during the first half of the 16th century, letters of credence or compliment, drafts of instructions, many without date or signature, not in the handwriting of the author, but of his scribe, were far from being easily arranged. Events frequently repeat themselves with extraordinary likeness in the various political combinations of those times. It is not easy, for instance, to assign to their proper years undated memoranda relating to the intricate wars and policy of Italy. The diplomatic correspondence between England and France in 1518 or 1519, and again in 1525 and 1526, or that of Flanders in 1516 and 1517, as compared with 1522 and 1523, is deceptive enough. To determine the due sequence of papers referring to the designs of France upon Tournay and the English pale, to follow without confusion the crooked lines of Scotch politics under the Duke of Albany, to keep every minute and instruction, every rough draft and memorandum for each ambassador, in its proper month and year, where no help is lent by signature, date or handwriting, is more laborious than they know who have never tried it. Nothing seems more easy or obvious after the true order has been discovered; nothing is more perplexing before.

"The first step was to number all the documents in the several bundles, boxes, and portfolios as they were produced to me; then to deal into boxes marked with the regnal and dominical year all papers of which the dates were certain, setting aside for the present the less certain and obvious. The residue thus set aside had to be examined again and

again, subjected to various processes, and reduced to the smallest compass compatible with accuracy of arrangement.

"After repeated examination the undigested mass, consisting of fragments, anonymous letters, or papers which defied all chronological arrangement, had to be indexed for convenience of reference, in the expectation that during the formation of the Calendar fresh evidence might turn up, doubts be cleared, or the missing portions and fragments or defective letters be discovered.

"To the difficulty arising from a general absence of dates in papers of this early period must be added the uncertainty in the different modes of calculation adopted by different nations. Some states followed the Roman, some the old style. Some commenced the year on Christmas Day, some at the variable feast of Easter. In some instances the same writer followed no rule, but wavered between both styles, like the Emperor Maximilian; some adopted the style of the place where they chanced to be staying, or of the correspondent to whom their letters were addressed. This uncertainty in the chronology of the times involved the necessity of numerous researches among the Privy Seals, Patent Rolls, and other muniments at the Record Office. It was indispensable, to arrive at some certain data for determining the shifting dates of uncertain papers. At last, by one method or another, and finally by comparing the entire series of despatches of this or that ambassador, wherever such a comparison could be made, the date of each separate document was determined with tolerable exactness. Step by step the whole series emerged from confusion."

This result, however, was only achieved by a most comprehensive mode of dealing with the contents not only of the Record Office, but also of the British Museum, and all other public libraries so far as they related to the reign of Henry VIII. The necessity for a thorough examination of the Cottonian Manuscripts was obvious from the fact already stated, that the state papers contained in that collection formed at one time a part of the Public Records; and the

difficulties of chronologizing the papers imperatively required that no other manuscripts should be neglected which might possibly throw a gleam of light on the political history of the period. Hence the Harleian, Lansdowne, and other collections in the British Museum, the manuscripts in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, the treasures in the various college libraries at Oxford and Cambridge, so far as they contained original evidences bearing on the reign of Henry VIII., were all carefully noted and epitomized in the same way as the documents in the Public Record Office. Nor was even this enough. It was important to include printed letters also, of which the originals do not now exist; and no letter written by or to an Englishman at this period, or even by a foreigner if it contained news about English affairs, escaped Mr. Brewer's researches. "I ought, perhaps," he modestly says, "to apologize for including the letters of Erasmus and Peter Martyr. But only those letters of Erasmus are here noticed which were written by him during his residence in England, or received by him from Englishmen during his residence abroad, or are of direct importance to English history. His correspondents were men of high standing in the region of politics. He numbered among his intimate friends Warham, Tunstal, More, Pace, Sampson, and Ammonius, secretary for the Latin and Italian tongues to Henry VIII. No one was better acquainted than Ammonius with the proceedings between this country and Rome. These letters, therefore, have a claim upon the historical student beyond the personal importance of the names under which they were published."

But how much labour even the letters of Erasmus involved would hardly be known from the few brief sentences in which Mr. Brewer refers to this part of his very complicated task. "Unhappily," he says, "the dates in all the printed copies are strangely confused and inaccurate. I have, therefore, been compelled to arrange them by their internal evidence, retaining the printed dates at the foot of the abstracts. The order adopted by Le Clerc in his splendid collection of the works of

Erasmus, published at the Hague, is certainly faulty. He was followed implicitly by Jortin." To find that, in a collection of letters all distinctly dated as if by the writers themselves, many thus assigned to the year 1511 were certainly written in the year 1513, and that, in fact, not a single date is to be taken on trust without inquiry, is certainly an unpleasant experience to one in search of historical accuracy. Mr. Brewer had, on a smaller scale, the same problem with the letters of Erasmus that he had in reducing to order the State papers of the realm.

But we have not even yet exhausted the comprehensiveness of Mr. Brewer's plan.

"I have included," he tells us, "a summary of the Privy Seals and Signed Bills, both for their chronological and their historical importance. These documents had to be frequently searched during the formation of the Calendar. They have the advantage of being dated with rigid accuracy.[1] To the time of the compilation of this Catalogue they were kept on files, without any order. They are now chronologically arranged, and their number has been augmented by subsequent researches.

"As the contents of the Privy Seals and Signed Bills are generally entered on the Patent Rolls, and form their most valuable and interesting materials, it seemed only a small extension of labour to include the remaining entries, and thus make the Index to the Patent Rolls complete. That labour was greatly lightened by a manuscript Calendar of these Rolls, prepared and in great part completed by Mr. Roberts, the present Secretary of the Record Office; and though it did not suit the purposes of this work to adopt the fuller descriptions of Mr. Roberts, or follow, as he does, the miscellaneous order of the Rolls, I am glad to acknowledge my obligations to the conscientious labours of that gentleman.

"The collation of the Signed Bills and Privy Seals was often of service in detecting errors in the entries on the Patent Rolls. Such mistakes have been noticed wherever they seemed important.

[1] There are a few unimportant exceptions.

"To the Patent Rolls I have added an abstract of the Parliament Rolls, and propose to add one of the Privy Council books as soon as they fall within the scope of my work. The papers and memoranda lately brought to light will supply great deficiencies in those books, and prove not the least curious part of the whole collection.

"The Scotch Rolls contain the commissions of ambassadors and agents accredited by England to Scotland, and curious notices of the diplomatic relations between the two countries. The French Rolls detail the same information for France, with a larger amount of miscellaneous matter. Both were frequently consulted by Rymer for his edition of the Fœdera, and a full summary of their contents will be found in this Catalogue."

It was only after all this vast labour had been gone through, after State papers and letters had been thoroughly sifted and described, after Patents, Privy Seals, and Signed Bills had been all likewise fully examined and summarized, after the whole of those documents had been carefully chronologized and the result already printed, that Mr. Brewer sat down to write these prefaces, which are here presented in another form. No historian certainly ever addressed himself to his work with so much preparation—indeed, no one could have done so, however able and willing, and however self-denying, until the Government of this country had seen the wisdom of authorizing the formation of a Calendar of its Public Records and State Papers; nor could the result have been easily achieved even then if old restrictions and formalities had not been to a great extent removed, and the work placed in the hands of one who knew so thoroughly what was wanted in the interests of historical study.

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THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY VIII. AND EUROPE.

THE Middle Ages came to a close in England with the death of Henry VII. and the accession of his son. The contrast between the two reigns, even taken by themselves, is typical of an expiring feudalism and the dawn of a new era. It is reflected not merely in the events and literature of the period, but still more vividly in the correspondence of Henry VIII.'s time as compared with that of his father. Where the documents of the reign of Henry VII. are reckoned by tens, those of Henry VIII. may be reckoned by hundreds. Whilst, under the former, reports of ministers and ambassadors are confined to political news, told in general with a dryness and succintness characteristic of the monarch to whom they were addressed, the letters addressed to Henry VIII. are full of miscellaneous information and lively personal details. The writers seem to be conscious that the young King takes more than ordinary interest in the appearance, manners, doings, and designs of his contemporaries. His personality makes itself felt immediately on his accession; it penetrates in different degrees all classes in the nation, from the highest to the lowest. Though the prime ministers and agents of his father were retained, and the political maxims of the last reign remained unchanged, the spirit of the times is transformed. The youth, the frankness, and even that ostentation in which the secure position of Henry VIII. enabled him to indulge, broke down that reserve in which the closer nature and more perilous position of his father induced him continually to fence himself.

That change finds its most adequate expression in the papers

to which the modern student has access through the "Calendar," published in our days by the authority of the Government. In the earlier pages of that work little more will be found than the names and offices of those who were destined to play their parts in the great drama that followed and developed itself with unexampled rapidity and energy. Whole pages are occupied with notices of commissions, rolls of sheriffs, appointments at court—indications of a regular order long established—as if nothing had interrupted for centuries the even flow of the nation, and no such event as the Reformation were at hand to break up the great deeps. But as the reign proceeds questions of greater moment break upon the nation; the correspondence multiplies in variety and detail. The individuality of the writers is more strikingly displayed; a new era has risen with the new reign, deepening every hour into the fuller day. A more lively curiosity in the proceedings of their contemporaries, especially on the Continent, from which they had long been virtually excluded, pervades the mind of Englishmen. A fuller conviction exists of their own strength, as of men entering on and fully prepared for a new stage of existence. Their judgment is more confident and penetrating, less apt to submit to established traditions, less willing to defer to constituted authority. Their criticisms on things passing around them are freer and not unfrequently marked with indignation. Their reports of the times, lively and minute, contain shrewd observations on the characters, appearance, and actions of those with whom these English agents have to deal. Already they begin to display the peculiar temper and genius of the nation. Plodding and cautious, not easily susceptible of emotion, they look with apparent stolidity, real or assumed, on what is before them. Inferior in statecraft to the Frenchman or the Spaniard, the veteran diplomatists of Europe thought it scarcely worth while to deceive such inexperienced negociators. It was no credit to assume the mask before men who had never sounded the turbid depths of political intrigue. Everywhere on the Continent the notion prevailed that England was wealthy and easily duped, even by intellects of no heavier calibre than Maximilian's. It possessed none of the warlike or administrative genius of its great rival; and none of the prestige which still clung to the Holy Roman Empire. It was not fit to be named in the same breath with the reserved and metaphysical Spaniard. A wealthy parvenu in the great family of nations

—no more—its riches and resources were to patch up the broken finances of Ferdinand, Lewis, or the Empire. And the correspondence of the time shows the little pains taken by the sovereigns and statesmen of the age to conceal their designs, or veil the contempt they entertained for English simplicity and honesty.

The feeling was not unnatural. In the long civil wars which had desolated the country during the last century, England had lost its influence on the Continent. From policy and temperament Henry VII. was little inclined to interfere in foreign politics. It was enough to provide for the security of his throne. He was satisfied to feel his way without indulging in needless exhibitions of confidence or chivalrous designs, which might bring glory, but certainly brought hazard. Great projects, if he formed any, he kept to himself, and before the time for action had arrived he had grown afraid of his own conceptions. So, during his reign, England rose to no higher estimate on the Continent than that of a third or fourth rate power. Even this degree of importance was rather accorded to the sagacity of a king, whose wonderful ability had been displayed through twenty years of unexampled difficulty, than to the genius and character of the nation itself.

But it was not to be expected that the respect paid to the experience and reserve of Henry VII. should be as submissively yielded to the youth of Henry VIII. The old sovereigns of Europe were not at all prepared to recognize his right of interference in continental politics. He was but a youth among kings and emperors old enough to be his uncles. His gaiety of disposition and unbounded generosity were no secret. Without the title of Catholic or Christian, he was the most Christian and Catholic son of the Church. To Ferdinand he paid the deference of a son-in-law, to Maximilian that of a nephew. Obligations which they considered as nominal, he regarded as real; for Pope, father-in-law, or ally, would never, at any moment, have scrupled to sacrifice to their own interests a son and a nephew who entertained such romantic notions of duty. The difference of their conceptions of honour from his is abundantly manifested in State papers; and no one who examines these sources will be at a loss to see that they would have engaged Henry VIII., under the most solemn promises of aid and fidelity, to the most perilous adventures, and then have shamelessly abandoned him, whenever it suited their convenience.

At his accession to the crown he was in the prime of youth and manly beauty. Had he lived in a more poetic age and died before his divorce, he might, without any great effort of imagination, have stood for the hero of an epic poem. He possessed just those qualities which Englishmen admire in their rulers at all times—a fund of good temper, occasionally broken by sudden bursts of anger, vast muscular strength, and unflinching courage. In stature he towered above all his contemporaries. From the brilliant crowd that surrounded him he could at once be distinguished by his commanding figure, and the superior graces of his person. In an age remarkable for feats of strength, and when bodily skill was held in highest estimation, no one outdid him in the tournament. Man and horse fell before him, and lance after lance, at the jousts held in Tournay in honour of the Lady Margaret and the Emperor Maximilian.[1] It may be thought that the courtesy of the age and place prevented either subject or foreigner from contesting the palm with one who commanded the armies of England. But other feats are recorded of his personal skill and activity, which can scarcely be attributed to flattery. He was no less an adept in the great national weapon than in the more exclusively aristocratic pastime of the tilt-yard. He drew the best bow of his age; and in the mastery of it was a match for the tallest archers of his own guard. Tayler, then clerk of the parliament, who served in the siege of Tournay, tells in his amusing Diary[2] how he saw the King diverting himself with his archers in a private garden, and as much surpassing them in their own weapon as he exceeded them in the graces of his person. He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish.[3] Of his proficiency in Latin a

[1] Sagudino, an unexceptionable witness, says: "The preparations for the joust being at length accomplished, this most serene King made his appearance in very great pomp. On his side were ten of these noblemen on most capital horses, all with housings of one sort, namely, with cloth of gold with a raised pile, his Majesty's war-horse being caparisoned in the same manner. And in truth he looked like St. George, in person, on its back. The opposing party consisted of ten other noblemen, also in rich array, and very well mounted, so that really I never saw such a sight. Then they began to joust, and continued this sport for three hours, to the constant sound of the trumpets and drums, the King excelling all the others, shivering many lances, and unhorsing one of his opponents: so that the show was most beautiful, and I only regret not having time to describe it in full" (Giustinian's Desp., i. 81).

[2] "Calendar," vol. i. No. 4284. This work, of which the exact title is "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.," will be understood to be referred to hereafter (whenever no other authority is cited) by such references as I. 4284, in which the Roman number indicates the volume, and the Arabic the number of the entry in that volume, unless a page is specified instead of the number of the entry.—Ed.

[3] In the Bibliothèque Nationiale

specimen has been preserved among the letters of Erasmus. All suspicion of its genuineness is removed by the positive assertion of Erasmus, that he had seen the original and corrections in the Prince's own hand. In the business of the State, he was, with the exception of Wolsey, the most assiduous man in his dominions. He read and noted the despatches of his ministers and ambassadors without the aid of a secretary or interpreter. He spoke French fluently, though he had never been in France; and we have a curious confirmation of his ability in this respect in a letter from the Lady Margaret of Savoy. When Suffolk, in a fit of uncouth gallantry, made love to this lady at Tournay, and stole a ring from her finger, she was unable to make him understand her wish to reclaim it, from his ignorance of French. "One night at Tournay, being at the banquet, after the banquet he put himself upon his knees before me, and me speaking and him playing, he drew from my finger the ring and put it upon his, and since (afterwards) showed it to me: and I took to laugh, and to him said that he was a thief, and that I thought not that the King had with him led thieves out of his country. This word *larron* he could not understand." So she was compelled to call in the aid of the King to interpret her meaning to the Duke.[1]

Among his lighter accomplishments, still more rare among the sovereigns and nobility of that age, was his skill in the practice and theory of music. We learn from Sagudino,[2] secretary to Giustinian, who visited England in 1515, that the King practised the lute, organ, and harpsichord[3] "day and night," and was passionately fond of music. "He was extremely skilled in music," is the remark of Giustinian an Italian, accustomed to hear the best composers of his own country, when the musicians of Italy were scarcely less eminent than its painters.[4] Nicolo Sagudino writes in 1517 that "he remained ten days at Richmond with the ambassador, and in the evening they enjoyed hearing the King play and sing, and seeing him dance, and run at the ring by day; in all which exercises he acquitted himself divinely."

The vast number of warrants, letters, and despatches

at Paris, there is an entire letter in French, the body and address in the King's hand, evidently composed exclusively by himself. It is addressed to Francis I., on the birth of Edward VI. and the death of Jane Seymour.

[1] I. 4851.

[2] Giust. Desp., i. 80.

[3] Or spinet according to Mr. Brown's note at p. 83. The instrument was in all probability the virginals, of which we hear so much in those days.—Ed.

[4] For further proofs, see Mr. R. Brown's note to Giust. Desp., i. 297.

which every day demanded his attention and required his signature—and such a signature as was not struck off in a hurry—is entirely at variance with the popular notion that he gave himself up wholly to amusement, and was indifferent to more serious occupations. Had such been the case the business of the nation must have fallen into confusion or come to a stand, and we should have seen some traces of it in the correspondence of the time. On the contrary, nothing could exceed the regularity and despatch in every department of the State, as shown by the documents now preserved in the Record Office. Above all, is the interest Henry took in the navy, and the corresponding zeal he was able to make others feel for this important branch of the service. Men of inferior rank were sure of his favour and attentive hearing if they had any experience of the sea, or could communicate information on this favourite subject. Details about the speed, the size, and capacity of his ships never came amiss. When Gerard de Pleine arrived in England, from the Lady Margaret, he found the King in his new ship the *Great Harry*, with the Queen, the bishops, and the nobility,[1] acting as a guide to his new visitors. Admiral Howard,[2] who fell in the great action in Brest, dwells with minute complacency on the speed of the different vessels under his command. He enlarges on the theme, with the pride and garrulity of a sailor, to no cold or indifferent ear: "Sir, your good ship is the flower, I trow, of all ships that ever sailed."—"Sir, she is the noblest ship of sail, is this great ship at this hour, that I trow be in Christendom." And then he goes on to tell how they came in one after another. "And there was a foul tail between the *Mary George* and another." And he begs he may be excused the length of his letter, but the King commanded him "to send word how every ship did sail."

His delight in gorgeous pageantry and splendid ceremonial, if without any studied design, was not without advantage. Cloth of gold and tissue, New Year's gifts, Christmas masquerades and May-day mummeries, fell with heavy expense on the nobility, but afforded a cheap and gratuitous amusement to the people. The roughest of the populace were not excluded from their share in the enjoyment. Sometimes, in a boisterous fit of delight, he would allow and even invite the lookers-on to scramble for the rich ornaments of his own dress and those of his courtiers. Unlike his father, he showed him-

[1] I. 5173. [2] I. p. 514.

self everywhere. He entered with ease into the sports of others, and allowed them with equal ease to share in his. To this hearty compliance with the national humour, which no subsequent acts, however arbitrary or cruel, could altogether obliterate; to the impression produced by his frankness and good humour; to his unquestionable courage, and ability to hold his own against all comers, without the adventitious aid of his exalted position—Henry VIII. owed much of that popularity, which seems unintelligible to modern notions.

In fact, it is almost impossible to exaggerate his popularity during those early years, or the fascination which he exercised over the minds of his subjects. The old feudal nobility, scarred and broken by the civil broils of the last century, had never recovered that haughty independence which had once successfully defied the royal authority. Their spirit had fallen with their power; and the small remnant that survived remembered too well the unbending rule of Henry VII. to venture on fresh rebellions. They acquiesced in the succession of his son with a tameness and submission strikingly at variance with the rugged insubordination of their ancestors. They had nothing to fear, if they had little to hope from his frankness. The clergy, insecure, and jealous of the laity, expected to find a champion in one who was universally acknowledged to be the most orthodox and dutiful son of the Church; whilst the people, looking little beyond the gratification of the hour, were delighted with the splendour and munificence of the new reign, which stood out in striking contrast to the parsimonious and almost puritanical reserve of Henry VII.

I will not undertake to say how much of his popularity was to be attributed to other motives than those of loyalty. The position of the King was remarkable; he was the poise and centre of the nation, and no party in it could afford to neglect his favours. The factions of the time regarded each other with watchful jealousy. Their unanimity was that of enemies who take the measure of each other's strength, and are unwilling to commence the strife. In the council, Norfolk, Surrey, and Buckingham looked with jealous eye on the influence of Fox and the ecclesiastics. The predilection of Henry for theology, his love of learning and the fine arts, seemed to give the clergy a hold upon him which the lay members of the council dreaded and despised. The bishops were on their part equally apprehensive of Henry's love of enterprise, and his dreams of conquest. Outside the cabinet

more unanimity apparently prevailed. The old Yorkist faction showed no symptoms of animation. With great wisdom and forbearance Henry VII. had condoned the offences of many of the Northern chieftains, and advanced them to place, if not to power. The heads of the party had been laid in the dust, and there was no man of sufficient trust or strength to bind the smouldering embers into a firebrand, and launch it upon the rich provinces of the South. But there were elements of discord, though dispersed and for the present harmless, which one false move at home, one signal discomfiture abroad, would have brought into perilous union. These Northern chiefs still remembered Richard III., and yielded a precarious subjection. Brought up from their infancy to war, nursed in the forays of the Borders, accustomed to obey no laws except those of their own imposing, they looked with displeasure on a silken King, reigning on the banks of the Thames, and treated his deputies and lieutenants with ill-disguised insolence and contempt. The gentry and nobility of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the Borders proportioned their obedience to their inclination. They harboured the King's enemies, they thwarted his lieutenants of the Marches, or betrayed them to the Scotch.

But for the present, and in the South at least, Englishmen had found at last a living counterpart of that ideal loyalty which they had often longed for, and seldom been able to realize. That ideal is not ours; it falls far short of our conceptions; still it must be judged by the times. And no attentive reader of the papers or chronicles of the reign will be at a loss to find a counterpart to those passionate expressions of loyalty which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Wolsey.

For the personal appearance of the King we are indebted to the accounts of strangers. Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, in a secret memoir intended for the Seignory, thus described him a year or two after his accession: "His Majesty," he says, "is twenty-nine years old, and extremely handsome. Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom; a great deal handsomer than the King of France; very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. On hearing that Francis I. wore a beard, he allowed his own to grow; and as it is reddish, he has now got a beard that looks like gold. He is very accomplished; a good musician; composes well; is a most capital horseman; a fine jouster; speaks

good French, Latin, and Spanish; is very religious; hears three masses daily when he hunts, and sometimes five on other days. He hears the Office every day in the Queen's Chamber; that is to say, vesper and compline. He is very fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without tiring eight or ten horses, which he causes to be stationed beforehand along the line of country he means to take; and when one is tired he mounts another, and before he gets home they are all exhausted. He is extremely fond of tennis, at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture."[1]

To the same purport is an earlier account written in 1515 by the Venetian Pasqualigo. "His Majesty," says the ambassador, "is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes on: above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg; his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair combed straight and short in the French fashion, and a round face, so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman, his throat being rather long and thick."[2]

To the same authorities we are indebted for an account of the King's appearance at a solemn reception. After passing the ranks of the body-guard, which consisted of three hundred halberdiers, with silver breastplates, who "were all as big as giants," he and his fellows were brought to the King. They found him standing under a canopy of cloth of gold, leaning against his gilt throne, on which lay a gold brocade cushion, with the gold sword of state. "He wore a cap of crimson velvet, in the French fashion, and the brim was looped up all round with lacets and gold enamelled tags. His doublet was in the Swiss fashion, striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, and all slashed from the knee upwards. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a rough cut diamond, the size of the largest walnut I ever saw, and to this was suspended a most beautiful and very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet lined with white satin, the sleeves open, with a train more than four Venetian yards long. This mantle was girt in front like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which there hung large golden acorns like those suspended from a cardinal's hat; over this mantle was a very handsome gold collar, with a pendant St. George entirely of diamonds. Beneath the mantle he wore a pouch of cloth of gold, which

[1] Giust. Desp., ii. 312. [2] Ibid., i. 86.

covered a dagger; and his fingers were one mass of jewelled rings."[1]

But all this splendour must have appeared more dazzling when contrasted with the courts and persons of contemporary sovereigns. Age had not yet abated the ambition of Lewis XII. or blunted the activity of his intellect, but it had made sad ravages in his person. Long before his death at the age of fifty-three, he is everywhere spoken of as an infirm old man, the victim of disease. "Has not the King of France had the small pox?" asks a nobleman of Gerard de Pleine, with malicious curiosity.[2] The terms applied to him in Peter Martyr's unceremonious letters are far from flattering. On his own acknowledgment to the English ambassadors, "he was a sickly body," and not fond of having too curious eyes about him.[3] His treasures had been exhausted in ruinous wars. He had neither the inclination nor the means for that pomp and splendour which the parsimony of Henry VII. had liberally accumulated for Henry VIII.

The bankrupt Emperor Maximilian, "the man of few pence," as he was styled in derision throughout Europe, had even less means for rivalling the splendour of the English court. Always receiving large sums for services he never performed, the activity of his intellect was concentrated on shifts and expedients for raising money which never made him richer. In the pursuit of it, there was no meanness to which he would not stoop, even to the sale of honour and of empire. The correspondence contained in this volume abounds with such instances. The most barefaced and importunate of beggars, he felt no delicacy in appropriating to his own use the sums entrusted him for other purposes. And yet he set up a claim for fastidiousness and modesty. He was too scrupulous and conscientious; and allowed his pride to stand in the way of his interests! When Dr. Knight, on April 18, 1514, asked Lady Margaret for an explanation of some suspicious movements of the Emperor, then coquetting with France in violation of his written engagements, she said "she did not know the reason; but from the manner which was peculiar to her father and her, and all their house, there was something he would have which he would not press." She lamented that such was the manner of their house; and

[1] Giust. Desp., i. 86.

[2] I. 5203.

[3] Lewis evidently suffered from some scorbutic affection. Peter Martyr says he was the victim of gout and *elephantiasis*. (Ep. 427.) But, of course, he does not speak technically.

had it been her and her father's fortune to have come of a low house and humble stock, her father and herself must have died for hunger, "rather than their courage should have served them to have asked a'-God's name." In the English camp at Tournay he took pay and served as a soldier under the King of England. There Tayler, clerk of the Parliament, saw him, and thus describes this renowned Head of the Holy Roman Empire in his diary already noticed: "The Emperor," he says,[1] "is of middle height, with open and manly countenance and pale complexion. He has a snub nose and a grey beard; is affable, frugal, and an enemy to pomp. His attendants are dressed in black silk or woollen."

The portrait of Ferdinand, as drawn by contemporaneous and independent writers, is scarcely more flattering. Peter Martyr, who was in constant attendance upon him at Valladolid, ridicules his uxoriousness, in common with the rest of the world, and Machiavelli with equal truth condemns his suspicious and niggardly disposition. His ungenerous or timid policy had estranged from his councils the ablest of his nobility. In his single hand he still grasped all the administrative functions of the State, which had long since outgrown his powers. "For in truth, sovereign lord," says Stile,[2] addressing Henry VIII., "according to my allegiance and fidelity unto your Highness, the King of Arragon, your good father, is a noble, wise, and well fortunate prince of himself, having right few noblemen of his council unto whom he may surely trust, except that it be his secretary Almaçan, and a gentleman called Fernando de Vega, and other such men learned in the law, and men of base manner (low degree); and never a lord meddles in his counsel, except the Conde de Cifuentes, which is a wise knight, and of no great lands nor rents. For the which, and it please your grace, the King your said good father taketh great labour and pain with his royal person, daily giving audience, and hearing all the matters and causes of this realm, and of all his realms, himself, be they of never so little substance; for all the causes here that resound not to their own profits, or perforce, be endless."

Such were the contemporaries of Henry VIII. As their political intrigues occupy a prominent place in history from the very outset of the reign, some remarks on the object which each of them had in view, will enable the reader to follow the course of events with greater facility.

[1] I. p. 625. [2] I. 490.

For the first two years after Henry's accession, England remained little more than an idle spectator of foreign intrigues. The league of Cambray[1] had virtually excluded it from all share in continental politics, and prostrated Europe at the feet of a powerful triumvirate. Henry VII. had quietly acquiesced in the dishonest compact. We must in charity believe that his closeness towards the latter years of his life had a little impaired and "perished his understanding."[2]

Ostensibly the work of Margaret of Savoy, the real author of this league was George Cardinal d'Amboise, who willingly abandoned the empty honour of its consummation to that princess, the daughter and confidante of Maximilian, whilst the substantial benefits of its arrangements were reaped by France. That Maximilian should have been cajoled might have been expected; that Julius II. should have been a consenting party can be attributed only to the blindness of his exasperation against the Venetians. By the terms of the compact Rimini and Ravenna were reserved for the Pope; Brescia, Bergamo, Crema, and Cremona, for Lewis XII.; the more splendid acquisitions of Verona, Padua, Vicenza, and Friuli fell to Maximilian; Trano and Otranto to Ferdinand. The real advantage rested with Lewis. He was content for the time to abandon his claim upon the rich cities of the south; for what man of military genius would commit so capital a blunder as to make the southern peninsula of Italy the basis of great military operations? He needed, moreover, Ferdinand's friendship. Content with the modest acquisition of Crema and Cremona, he abandoned to Maximilian the rich prizes of Padua and Verona. But Padua and Verona were more tempting to sight than tractable to the touch. Their subjection would have demanded all the energy, skill, and resources which the greatest military power could command; it might be left with perfect safety to the poor, ill-adjusted, desultory efforts of one whose greatest schemes evaporated in bluster. Whilst Ferdinand, safe in the possession of a wealthy and obedient son-in-law, was weaving his nets, like a solitary spider, for his own exclusive advantage, whilst Julius was snorting vengeance, and Maximilian dozing over his stove,[3]

[1] Concluded Dec. 1, 1508.

[2] Bacon's Essay on "Friendship." —It is, perhaps, too much to say that Henry VII. "acquiesced in the dishonest compact." He simply had nothing to do with it; and recent publications show that he tried to separate the confederates. But it was not his interest to quarrel with France.—Ed.

[3] The expression of Erasmus. His Flemish subjects were even less com-

Lewis had started off to the scene of conquest. With the energy and adroitness of his nation, he had opened the campaign as early as April, 1509. By the battle of Agnadel, on the 14th May, and the capture of the Venetian general D'Alviano, he had become master in effect of the north of Italy.

This was evidently more than his good friends and confederates had anticipated, with the exception, perhaps, of Maximilian. He writes with unaffected delight to his daughter Margaret of the successes of his faithful ally, and is persuaded that such good fortune is only a prelude to that promised aid of five hundred lances which Lewis had engaged to lend him for the reduction of Padua. With very different feelings Julius beheld the ascendancy of his hated rival. He bit his lips and stroked his beard in vexation.[1] He had baited the trap for himself by his own intemperate passion. Ferdinand concealed his feelings. He would not entrust them even to his son-in-law. So much of them, however, as he permitted to transpire are made known to us in a letter of John Stile, then in the court of Arragon, dated September 9, 1509.[2] "Touching the commandment of your Highness," proceeds the ambassador in his quaint and homely style, "I demanded of the King your good father, how that his Majesty intendeth for to be and continue in amity with the Emperor and with the French King, and with everiche of the said princes. To the which, an it please your Grace, the answer of the King your good father was, that he is fully determined for to continue in amity with the Emperor, for that there is none other cause reasonable betwixt them, by the which any variance or breach of peace should be; trusting that the Emperor will be reformed, and suffer him with the governacion of the realm of Castile"—the great point in debate between them. "And as touching the French King, that he also intendeth for to continue in amity with him, *as long as that your Highness and your good father shall think standeth with the honours and profits of your highness, and no longer.*" Then follows this cautious advice: "The King your said good father being joyous and glad that your highness is in amity and good peace with all Christian Princes, and his Majesty not counselling nor advising

plimentary. "Je prie à Dieu que sa tardité ne soit cause de beaucoup de maux. *Je ne sçay quel diable fait ses affaires si malheureux*" (De Burgo to Marguerite. Lett. de Louis XII. i. 230).

[1] "Præ ira in turbatorem Gallum nutrire barbam cingulo tenus dicitur" (Pet. Martyr, Ep. 451).

[2] I. 490.

your highness *as yet for to move any war unto any outward princes, unless that great causes shall move your highness thereunto.*"

From this it appears that Henry had already sounded the intentions of Ferdinand as to an expedition against France. But gladly as Ferdinand would have crippled the power of France, he dreaded no less the influence of Maximilian. More strangely still, he was afraid of his dutiful son-in-law. The marriage of the Princess Mary with Archduke Charles must naturally favour a settlement of the claims of the latter to Castile—claims which Ferdinand had resolved never to recognize. To friend or enemy he measured his conduct by his fears; as this party or that gained the ascendancy, and were likely to support the rights of the Archduke, Ferdinand turned against them. For the present, however, the Emperor was the more to be dreaded. The turn of affairs in Italy alarmed the apprehensions of Ferdinand. "An it please your grace," says Stile,[1] "the King of Arragon, your good father, doth not nor will not take pleasure in the Emperor's prosperous estate. He is in doubt of the realm of Naples that they will yield themselves unto the Emperor for the Prince of Castile, in case that the Emperor's cause prospers in Italy." So, without openly opposing, Ferdinand threw every sort of discouragement in the way of Maximilian, refused to let his fleet aid in the conquest of the Venetians, and masked his conduct with so much doubt and hesitation that the poor Emperor was in a continual flutter of hope and despair—at once amused, encouraged, and betrayed.

With the tact of a woman, Margaret saw through the artifice; but the simple-minded Emperor, in the conceit of his own sagacity, outwitted his daughter to his own disadvantage. He would not be led by a woman. He offered to accept the terms proposed him by Ferdinand, in the hope of securing his assistance in Italy.[2] To the delight of Margaret,[3] the arrangement ended in a total rupture. Meanwhile we find by the letters of Stile, of the 3rd of December,[4] that Henry had not only made a proffer of his services to Ferdinand, but had since been in correspondence with France. "Your noble good father is not contented nor pleased with the answers the French King

[1] I. 490, pp. 69, 70.

[2] See his extraordinary letter, Sept. 5, 1509, and March 31, 1510 (Le Glay's Lettres de Max. et de Marg., i. 185, 252).

[3] Lettres de Max. et de Marg., i. p. 189, Oct.

[4] 1509. Recited in one of 11th of Jan., 1510, p. 113.

made to your Highness." These letters have not been preserved. But we know the result. Ferdinand, now thoroughly alarmed, desired Henry to send a private mission to the Emperor, and induce him to join in a league which should comprehend the Emperor, England, Ferdinand, and the Prince of Castile. Both were to write secretly to the Pope and obtain his concurrence "to the intent that the French King shall not nor may not attain unto his cruel purpose for to destroy all the country of Italy."[1]

But the resolutions of Ferdinand and Maximilian were not to be trusted. With war on their lips they were ready to temporize; one to gain money, the other because peace and policy were more advantageous than violence. France had nothing to fear from the indecision of the Emperor, and nothing to hope from the promises of Ferdinand. Secret negociation went on through most part of the year 1510, without any open rupture. The fiery Julius employed all his energies, but in vain, to detach Ferdinand and Maximilian from their unholy ally. Every day the power of France grew strong in Italy, and threatened to overawe the papacy. But nobody moved. Even England continued indifferent apparently. Pageants and tournaments constituted its most serious occupations. If more ambitious designs had entered the thoughts of Henry VIII., young as he was, he still possessed enough of his father's reserve to conceal his future intentions. As late as the 26th of July, 1510, Docwra and West, the English ambassadors, were sent to Paris and received with every demonstration of respect. The cordiality of the two kings continued unabated. West, on the part of the King of England, enlarged on the unalterable affection between the two crowns, to the extreme satisfaction of Lewis.[2] The King of England would do more, he said, to oblige his Most Christian Majesty than for all other princes in the wide world. The King of France was not a whit behind in profuseness of compliments.

[1] I. p. 115.

[2] See I. No. 1104, sq. In the Lett. de Louis XII. (i. 263), Dr. Mota, who was present at the audience given to these ambassadors, thus describes the interview: "Nudius tertius immediate post prandium Regis sua Kristianissima Majestas dedit eis primam audientiam, in qua nos interfuimus. Scribam per aliam postam aliqua de particularibus; nunc solummodo significamus hæc pauca, quod Doctor (West) non potuisset habere orationem magis ad honorem et satisfactionem Kristianissimi Regis; et inter cætera dixit, quod plus amabat et æstimabat et erat facturus plus pro sua majestate quam pro cæteris omnibus principibus. Item dixit Regem fore semper tanquam bonum et naturalem filium Kristianissimi Regis; et ex parte suæ majestatis fuit etiam optime responsum."

This is not the first time in history that France, by its singular adroitness and dexterity, saw the Continent at its feet. Nor was it the only time that it lost all the advantages it had gained, by a single act of folly and bravado. Upon the ostensible pretext of ecclesiastical reform, but in reality to revenge himself on Julius II., Lewis set on foot the Council at Pisa. The most zealous advocate for ecclesiastical reform could not be misled by such pretences. He could not expect to see the spirit of peace and holiness shedding its influence over an assembly summoned for the purposes of strife and division; however much, in common with many of his age, he might have looked to a General Council as the only remedy for the troubles of Christendom. Barely supported by a few prelates notoriously in the interests of France, the Council fell into discredit from the beginning.[1] Its promoters, in their anxiety to gain credit with the world, published the names of certain cardinals among its adherents without their sanction. They were glad to disavow it and denounce it. The secret and open enemies of Lewis eagerly laid hold of the pretext to stigmatize him as the enemy of Holy Church. The "King Catholic" could do no less than come forward in its defence. Henry, the Pope's most obedient son, was bound to assert the cause of his spiritual father. From a turbulent sovereign, engaged in advancing his own exclusive interests, Julius was suddenly transformed into the champion of Christendom. He stood before the eyes of Europe as the uncompromising defender of that pure Faith of which Lewis and the Turk were the deadliest and most accursed enemies. The world justified the calumny. The arrogance of the French, and the cruel use they had made of their victories in Italy, recalled to the memories of men the sanguinary persecutions of their Christian brethren by the Infidels. A parallel to "the Son of Iniquity" had been found in the Most Christian King. Nor was Julius slow to see and seize his advantage. Nothing could daunt his indomitable energy. He flourished both swords. He opposed Council to Council, and army to army. He had fallen sick through anxiety and vexation, and had been like to die. Condoling cardinals had fluttered round his death-bed, as they supposed, and his attendants had stripped him to his last shirt. But he rose up when given over, and in midwinter led his troops on foot in the midst of ice and snow. Ferdinand at once made an alliance with the Pope

[1] Wingfield, May 24, 1511. *See* Calendar.

and the Venetians,[1] and used all his influence to induce Henry to join.

Maximilian, in the mean time, marching *pari passu* with Lewis, had taken to himself with inexpressible complacency the notion of an opposition Council. He had requested his daughter Margaret to send deputies to Pisa. She had told him, like a sensible woman, "Monseigneur, under your great correction, it seems to me you ought not to mix yourself up with this Council which is to be held at Pisa. Leave it to the Pope, to whom the cognizance of such things belongs." He was not to be dissuaded. Again he urges; again she replies: "Touching the sending of deputies to Pisa, of which you have written to me, Monseigneur, it seems to me, that as you are the governor of Monseigneur my nephew, and my lord and father, it will be sufficient if you send deputies for us both. And, to tell you the truth, our finances here are so low we cannot muster a penny for any such purpose." Abandoned by all, he was now left to weather the storm alone. Reproach and contumely pressed upon him from all sides. He was taunted for his heresy by Julius and Ferdinand.[2] Even Henry could not help telling him that those who had advised or supported the "Conciliable," as he contemptuously called it, had incurred the censures of the Church; and he read Maximilian a grave lecture on the sinfulness of setting at defiance the authority of his Holy Father.[3]

It was in vain for Lewis or the Council to make head against the general prejudice. The loss of Bologna by the Pope, May, 1511, the splendid military achievements of Gaston de Foix,[4] the siege of Brescia (Feb. 19, 1512), the victory at Ravenna (April 11, 1512), the terrors inspired by

[1] Nov. 1510.

[2] Lett. de Max. et Marg., i. 421.

[3] I. 1828, 4182. From a letter preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris (8464 = 2928), it appears that Julius had sent a nuncio into England as early as June, 1511, to engage Henry in a league against France. The writer, no less a person than the nuncio himself, proceeds to betray the whole design to Lewis; tells him that the Papal army is in confusion, that the King of Arragon is desirous of peace, and had sent his troops from Africa to Naples; that he wished for a league between himself, the Pope, and England; and to this Henry was well disposed. But the writer further informs Lewis that though Ferdinand imagined he could do as he liked with England, himself and Darizolles had devices in store to break the project. He then enters largely into the villainous schemes he intended to put in use to defeat the purposes for which he was sent by the Pope, and make Henry believe that his mission was really intended for the very opposite purpose for which it was ostensibly despatched. The letter is dated from London, June, 1511; but who the traitor was, I have not been able to discover.

[4] For the ultimate fate of Gaston de Foix, not mentioned by any other writers, see I. 3341.

his conquests, failed to regain for Lewis the advantages he had forfeited. Before the winter of 1512 he had lost every foot of ground in Italy, on which so much blood and treasure had been spent. Justice sits at the wheel of Fortune. The prime agent of the League of Cambray against the unhappy Venetians was to reap the fruits of his own lessons. Lewis now saw himself face to face with a powerful confederacy,[1] consisting of the Pope, the Emperor, the Kings of Arragon and England. The cruelties of which he had been guilty in Italy were to be retaliated on himself. In the swirling of St. Peter's boat,[2] consequent upon the dissensions raised by this degenerate son of the Church, his more obedient brothers had taken counsel together, by letters and messengers, how they should best protect it from the storm, and find a remedy, if need be, even to the cutting off of the rebellious member.

Tandem sic Deo disponente, it was arranged that Ferdinand of Arragon should invade the Southern, England the Western and the central provinces. Maximilian was to receive 200,000 gold crowns for making himself generally useful in molesting the extra-Italian dominions of Lewis. Julius, with anathemas in one hand and blessings in the other, should fulminate his censures, as often as required by his allies, against all who upheld and comforted this prodigal son who had endeavoured to rend the indivisible coat of Christ's Church; whilst plenary indulgence was in store for those who assisted this Holy Confederacy with men and victuals.

Whilst these matters had been in preparation, England in the summer of 1512 had fleshed its sword in a continental war—now for the first time after many years of inaction, for the expedition of Lord Darcy to Cadiz in 1511 had proceeded no further, owing to mutual jealousies. By arrangement between Henry and Ferdinand, a simultaneous attack was to be made upon France in opposite quarters.[3] Ferdinand, supported by a large body of English troops under the Marquis of Dorset, was to invade Guienne, whilst Henry himself prepared to attack Normandy or Picardy. A measure of so much boldness can be attributed to no other genius than Wolsey's, and we learn from the letters of Knight, that he was generally reputed the author of the war.[4] The armament

[1] *The Holy League*, concluded between the Pope and Ferdinand, Oct. 11; joined by Henry the December following.

[2] "Petri navicula fluctuante" (Rym. xiii. 358).

[3] See I. 3243, 3298, 3313, 3350, 3352, 3355, 3356, 3388, 3451, 3584, 3593, 3614, 3662.

[4] See I. 3356 and 3451.

was ready by May, 1512,[1] and landed on the coast of Spain, June 7.[2] But even the genius of Wolsey could not enforce strict discipline amongst raw soldiers drawn from hasty levies, and impatient of service in a foreign land. Great as his energy was, it failed to overcome the incapacity of commanders, whose personal bravery but ill atoned for their inexperience. Insubordination broke out in the fleet and the army; the seamen plundered the victuals when the soldiers were sea-sick;[3] no provision had been made for their landing, and no tents for their shelter. The troops slept out in the fields and under bushes, exposed to incessant rains, and the tropical sun of a Spanish sky. The season was pestilential;[4] the hot wines of Spain increased the evil; worst of all, no beer was to be had, and the English had not yet learnt to fight without it. "And it please your Grace," says Stile, in his quaint fashion, "the greatest lack of victuals that is here is of beer, for your subjects had lever for to drink beer than wine or cider; for the hot wines doth harm them, and the cider doth cast them in disease and sickness." The disorders and discontents were augmented by their total inaction. Faithless to all his promises, Ferdinand had failed to join them. He answered the repeated entreaties of the Marquis with excuses for delay. Instead of adhering to his arrangement made with Henry, he was busy in securing for himself the kingdom of Navarre. In August, Stile writes to the King:[5] "And it please your grace, as touching the King your good father and his council, as ever before this, according to the truth, I have certified unto your grace that their words and writings be so diligent and so fair, and their deeds so immeasurably slack, that I cannot judge, say, ne write what is to be thought or done; and continually I do write, according to the commandment of your grace, to the King your good father, and always his Majesty, by his letters, answereth that he will perform everything unto your grace, and that all the delays of time hath been for the best advantage for your enterprize of Guienne, that Navarre should be first put in a surety; the which surety could not be had otherwise than it is now had. And of a surety, Sovereign Lord, at my last being with the King your good father, I was so plain with his highness that I never saw his Majesty

[1] I. 3188. [2] I. 3243.
[3] Not without its parallel in modern times.
[4] I. 3298. [5] I. 3355

further out of patience than with me at that time, saying I believed not him, his Majesty affirming with many oaths that all his drift and entent was for the surety and weal of the Holy Church, and for your enterprize of Guienne. And in case, Sovereign Lord, that the entent or purpose of his Majesty be otherwise, it is hard for to trust the oaths and words of a prince or any other Christian man that so sweareth or sayeth it. It is evidently seen and known, by his policy and long drifts he attaineth many things to other men's pains."

No wonder the troops became intractable, and disaffection sprang up among officers and men.[1] A large number refused to serve any longer unless their wages were increased from 6*d.* to 8*d.* the day. The dearnëss of all necessaries in Spain, even the commonest, placed them out of the reach of the ordinary soldier. The mutiny was quelled, and one of the ringleaders suffered. But the inefficient management of those in command is strongly condemned in the summary expressions of Dr. Knight, who was then in the camp, and sent home to Wolsey accounts of its mismanagement. No martial exercises were kept, no training was insisted on, musters were neglected, many had been slain, others had died, and some had deserted. The instructions they received were disregarded, "and many of our council," he concludes with bitter sarcasm, "may suffer no counsel."

A letter from the same writer to Wolsey,[2] dated 4th of October, presents the rare and humiliating spectacle of a council of war held by the English commanders at St. Sebastian on the 28th of Aug., when the disaffection had reached its height. By a breach of discipline, unexampled in the military annals of England, the army resolved to return home, in direct violation of the King's commands. They had provided ships and baked their biscuit by the first week in October, turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of Ferdinand, and threatening their officers who dared advise them to stay. According to Polydore Vergil, who was exceedingly well informed on the subject, and evidently compiled this portion of his history from authentic materials, the indignation of the King was unbounded. He wrote to Ferdinand to stop them at all hazards, and cut every man's throat who refused obedience. But the order came too late. The world was breathless with astonishment at such a flagrant act of in-

[1] I. 3356. [2] I. 3451.

subordination, and expected from the King some signal mark of his displeasure. He would have brought the Marquis and his associates to trial.[1] But it was hard to discriminate where all were guilty alike. The matter was hushed up, and further proceedings were abandoned at the earnest request of the Council.

The news of this disgrace was not unacceptable to foreign courts and ministers. It confirmed the mean opinion entertained by them of the military inexperience of Henry, and deepened their conviction of English intractability and mismanagement. Even the Emperor and his daughter Margaret, though on the verge of bankruptcy, and stooping to every sort of meanness to extract a loan of 50,000 crowns from England, could not resist the temptation of throwing the popular taunt into the teeth of the English ambassador: "You see," said they, "Englishmen have so long abstained from war, they lack experience from disuse; and," added Margaret, "if the report be true, they are sick of it already."[2] The sarcasm circulated from mouth to mouth, and was so bitterly felt, that Henry considered it incumbent upon him to draw up formal instructions for his ambassadors, stating that Ferdinand and he had mutually agreed upon the return of the troops in consequence of the rainy weather.[3]

In fact, so signal a failure at the outset of his reign, and in the first attempt which England had made for many years to take part in a continental war, was infinitely more disastrous than it appears to us at this day, and threw an air of ridicule over the King's more ambitious pretensions. To the veteran politicians of Europe, accustomed to regard France as the first military power of the time, habituated to this conviction by its splendid victories in Italy, dreading its shrewd diplomacy and experienced statesmen, it appeared more than ordinarily quixotic and absurd for a young sovereign, who had never witnessed a siege, and never seen a sword drawn except at a tournament, to undertake the conquest of so great a kingdom. And, beside the blot on the national escutcheon, the late failure was the more disastrous from its effect on the minds of those whom Henry wished to conciliate, and whose co-operation, or at least whose tacit consent was requisite, before he could prosecute his cherished

[1] Hist. xxvii. p. 13, ed. 1641. Polydore was factor for Card. Hadrian, who managed to gain for a time the confidence of all the sovereigns of Europe. No man was better informed on European politics.

[2] I. 3469.

[3] I. 3555.

design with any tolerable chance of success. To invade France on the Flemish frontier, as he had proposed, it was expedient for him to gain the good will of the Emperor and his grandson Charles, Prince of Castile. The toilsome negociations by which he endeavoured to fix the shambling, shuffling, irresolute Maximilian to some definite and distinct arrangement are detailed in the letters of Poyninges and his associates.[1] Much, however, as Maximilian hankered after English crowns, it was easy to see that he placed little confidence in the warlike genius of England; he had no expectation that she would succeed in the struggle. He dallied with France, and offered but a feeble resistance to its fascinations.[2] Whilst, on the other hand, the governors of the Prince of Castile, the betrothed of the King's own sister, made no secret of their little esteem for the English arms, they were at no pains to dissemble their preference for its rival, and looked with studied contempt on Henry's preparations. Had any wavered before, the failure on Guienne was decisive.

If England is to right itself with Europe, and wipe out the stain of its recent discomfiture, needful it is she should fall to work in earnest. War was not the wish of Fox or Wolsey. They had rather opposed it, and thrown all their influence into the opposite scale. Now the directing genius of the enterprize was not Norfolk or Brandon, but Wolsey himself; and his vast influence with the King dates from this event. Though holding no higher rank than that of Almoner, it is clear that the management of the war, in all its multifarious details, has fallen into his hands. He it is who determines the sums of money needful for the expedition, the line of march, the number and arrangement of the troops, even to the fashion of their armour and the barding of their horses. It is he who superintends the infinite details consequent on the shipment of a large army. He corresponds with Gonson and Fox about the victualling,[3] and is busy with beer, beef, and biscuit, transports, foists, and empty casks.[4] He puts out or puts in the names of the captains and masters of the fleet, and apportions the gunners and the convoys.[5] Ambassadors, admirals, generals, paymasters, pursers, secretaries, men of all grades, and in every sort of employment, crowd about him for advice and information. By the unconscious homage paid to

[1] Commencing at I. 3196.
[2] See I. 3555.
[3] I. 3946, 4056. May 21, 1513.
[4] See his remarkable memoranda, I. 4311.
[5] See I. 3977.

genius in times of difficulty, he stands confessed as the master and guiding spirit of the age. Well may Fox say, "I pray God send us with speed, and soon deliver you out of your outrageous charge and labour; else ye shall have a cold stomach, little sleep, pale visage, and a thin belly, *cum pari egestione*."[1]

There was no lack of energy on all sides. Men felt that the credit of England was pawned in the encounter. But vigour and energy could not of themselves overcome the inert resistance of incapacity and inexperience. To bring together a large army from every part of England, to secure unity of action among officers who had never before served together, to assemble shipping from different ports, to ascertain the tonnage and sailing capabilities of the transports, to make the necessary provision of beef and bread and beer, to place all on board without confusion, to provide against minute accidents proverbially fatal to large bodies, demanded an amount of forethought, energy, patience, and administrative genius not to be found in any other man of that age. There was no war department, and no traditions of office to fall back upon. It is clear from the correspondence of the time that though Wolsey was surrounded by willing instruments, they had to look up to him for their instructions. He had seen no service; he had never so much as handled a sword, or tested the merits of a falconet or a culverin. His education had been that of a churchman; and till now he had only been employed in a subordinate capacity. Since the memory of the oldest Englishman, no enterprize on so large a scale had ever been undertaken by the nation. Not one in all that numerous host had seen much of foreign service. They had to encounter a great and powerful nation, full of veteran soldiers, accustomed to conquest, engaged for years in foreign wars, and rich in those resources which can alone bring war to a successful termination. Such an enterprize, with all the long training and subdivisions of modern official experience, must appear incredibly bold; how much more at that time, when the untrained genius of one churchman had to compensate for official defects and delinquencies, to ride triumphant over the inefficiency of officers, the absence of a commissariat, the disorganization of an army unaccustomed to discipline, unused to command, brought at haphazard from the plough, and never mustered for exercise except at the caprice or vanity of some great landed proprietor or some reluctant lord of the county?

[1] I. 4103.

To modern notions the motive for such an enterprize will doubtless appear inadequate. But war had not then lost all traces of its chivalrous aspect. It was the chosen field for the display of personal skill, courage, and gallantry;—a tournament on a grander scale. So long as martial exercises remained in vogue, so long as every gentleman was trained to feats of arms, war became a necessity; and those dangerous pastimes, which often toppled over the nice distinctions of game and earnest, were only redeemed from childishness by this necessity. War, like the duelling of later times, stood not on adequate motives; or found them adequate when measured by the spirit of the age. "Let nations," says Lord Bacon,[1] "that pretend to greatness have this, that they be sensible of wrongs, and that they sit not too long upon a provocation." And in that age nations that were not sensible to wrong and ready for war, with and almost without provocation, must have forfeited all claims to distinction, and abandoned the hope of security as well as of greatness. It was the race in which all started for the prize, who felt a drop of genuine blood in their veins; the heat of exercise which kept heart and body healthy, when no other employment that could be considered noble, no other chance of distinction, was open to men.

The expedition put to sea in March, 1513, under the command of Sir Edward Howard. It was arranged that the King should follow in June with the main body. Sir Edward had already gained reputation by his conduct in the late war of Guienne. His letters detailing the movements of the fleet will be read with interest.[2] There is something of that tone of self-confidence in them which will remind the reader of Wolfe and Nelson; and in men of more doubtful courage would be deemed vainglorious. The French had made great preparations to keep the sea and intercept the passage with a fleet of fifty sail. The English navy at the time consisted of twenty-four ships, of which the total tonnage amounted to 8,460 tons.[3] It carried 2,880 seamen and 4,650 soldiers. The Admiral's ship, the *Mary Rose*, was of 600 tons, and carried 200 mariners. His subordinates in command were Sir Edward Echyngham, Sir Henry Shirborne, Sir William Sidney, Sir Thomas Cheney, all equally anxious with himself to win the King's favour and signalize their valour against the French. On the 25th of April Sir Edward caught sight of the French

[1] Essay xxix. [2] I. 3820, 3857, 3877, 3903. [3] I. 3977.

galleys laid up in shallow water. They were protected by bulwarks on both sides, "planted so thick with guns and crossbows that the *quarrels*[1] and the gunstones came together as thick as hailstones."[2] He at once resolved to board them with his boats. The rest must be told in the words of Sir Edward Echyngham, who was present at the engagement.[3] "The admiral boarded the galley that Pryer John was in" (Prior John was an English corruption of the name of Pregian, the French Admiral), "and Charran the Spaniard with him, and sixteen others. By advice of the Admiral and Charran they had cast anchor [into the rails] of the French galley, and fastened the cable to the capstan, that if any of the galleys had been on fire they might have veered the cable and fallen off; but the French hewed asunder the cable, or some of our mariners let it slip, and so they left this [brave man] in the hands of his enemies." In the *mêlée*, at ebb of the tide, no one came to his support. "There was a mariner wounded in eighteen places, who by adventure (by mere chance) recovered unto the buoy of the galley, so that the galley's boat took him up. He said he saw my Lord Admiral thrust against the rails of the galley with marris pikes. Charran's boy tells a like tale; for when his master and the Admiral had entered, Charran sent him for his hand-gun, which before he could deliver, the one galley was gone off from the other, and he saw my Lord Admiral waving his sword and crying to the galleys, 'Come aboard again! Come aboard again!' which when my Lord saw they could not, he took his whistle from about his neck, wrapped it together and threw it into the sea." On making inquiries the next morning they could learn no more from the French Admiral than that, "one leapt into his galley with a gilt target on his arm, whom he had cast overboard with marris pikes." Such was the end of Sir Edward Howard, whose loss was universally lamented: "for there was never a nobleman so ill lost as he was, that was of so great courage and had so many virtues, and that ruled so great an army so well as he did, and kept so great order and true justice."

It was a costly sacrifice; but the gallantry of the action retrieved in the eyes of the world the reputation of England.[4] At such a time, when unbounded admiration was felt for personal bravery, and victory depended much less on scientific

[1] *Quarrels* or *quarreaux* were square iron bolts shot from crossbows.

[2] I. 4005.

[3] Ib.

[4] Henry took to heart the Admiral's fall, and expressed his displeasure that

combinations, such a "a dangerful enterprize" was fruitful in momentous consequences. It fastened on the imagination of both nations. From this man's example his countrymen jumped to the conviction that nothing was too arduous, and no odds on the side of an enemy justified retreat. From this man's daring the world took the measure of English courage generally. The French dared no longer dispute the possession of the narrow seas. The news was received with feelings of alarm and discontent by those who had hitherto disparaged the prowess of England. Its importance may be judged by the effect it had on those who were meditating treachery, and seeking an opportunity to make their peace with France. The victory gained over the French by sea, on St. Mark's day, as Knight informs the King,[1] gave no satisfaction to his father-in-law, Ferdinand. James IV., then plotting an invasion of England, condoles with Henry: "Surely your late Admiral, 'quha decessit to his grete honour,' was a greater loss than winning all the French galleys would have been to your advantage." He spoke more truth than he intended. But it was some consolation to remind his brother-in-law of his great loss in the full swing of his triumph. The most undeniable evidence of the importance of the victory were the sedulous endeavours taken to underrate it.

On June 30, 1513, Henry took shipping and arrived at Calais with the main body. The vanguard had crossed some days before, under the command of Charles Brandon Viscount Lisle, better known afterwards as Duke of Suffolk. The progress of the army step by step to the surrender of Tournay on Sept. 24, is traced by Tayler in his minute and faithful Diary.[2] The news and correspondence received during the expedition, the arrangements for the army, the cost of preparation, the "moving accidents" of the field, are here accurately detailed. The main body under the King marched in three divisions: first came the van-ward with the chief of the ordnance; then the middle-ward with the king himself; last the rear-ward under the Lord Chamberlain,[3] the Earl of Northumberland, and others.[4] The King was preceded by the Household, to the number of 300, mustered under the Trinity banner; in

he had been so badly supported. His brother and successor, Lord Thomas Howard, however, exculpates all who were concerned in the action, and expresses his opinion that "it was the most dangerful enterprize he ever heard of, and the most manly handled." I. 4020.

[1] I. 4058. [2] I. 4284.

[3] Charles Somerset Lord Herbert, soon afterwards created Earl of Worcester. [4] I. 4306.

advance was the unhappy Duke of Buckingham with his 400 men. His banner was followed by Mr. Almoner (Wolsey) commanding 200, the Bishop of Durham (Ruthal) with 100, Fox, the Bishop of Winchester, with the same number. Next came the King with his banner and guard of 600 men, the priests and singers of the chapel to the number of 115, secretaries, clerks, sewers, grooms and pages of the chamber, with Peter Carmelianus[1] his lutanist, whose bad taste and false quantities furnished endless jokes for Erasmus.[2] The King decamped from Calais, July 21, arrived before Terouenne on the 1st of August, and was visited by the Emperor on the 12th. The experienced eye of Maximilian at once detected a capital blunder in the king's strategic position, of which his enemies, however, had failed to avail themselves. In fact, notwithstanding the disuse of war and the impetuosity of the Englishmen, the experience and superior skill of the French proved of small service to them. The veteran regiments of Lewis, still remaining on the other side of the Alps, had been shivered into fragments at the terrible battle of Novara.[3] Sick at heart and feeble in body, Lewis himself had driven over in a carriage from Paris, but was prevented by illness from taking part in the action. With the exception of La Palice and the well-known Chevalier Bayard, made prisoner at Terouenne, we miss the great names of the veterans who had served in the campaigns of Italy.

The surrender of Terouenne on the 22nd of Aug., was followed by that of Tournay on Sept. 24.[4]

During the King's absence in France James IV. of Scotland had seized the opportunity of executing his long cherished project—the invasion of England. The letters of this King to the different potentates of Europe[5] have an indirect interest in connection with this subject which may justify a few words of comment. Not that their contents are always very important. They add something, though not much, to the scanty information we have of the state of Scotland in those

[1] I. 4314.

[2] I. 2001. I do not suppose that Wolsey and Fox were present at any engagement; but that they attended the army is certain. Tayler states that on one occasion Fox suffered from a kick of his mule. We know, from the amusing letters of Erasmus, that Ammonius was there, and employed himself in sending home to his witty correspondent ludicrous accounts of his life in the camp.

[3] June 6.

[4] For an account of the demolition of the fortifications of Terouenne see I. 4431.

[5] A selection of these was printed by Ruddimann in 1722 from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Abstracts both of these and of others still unprinted will be found in the Calendar.—Ed.

turbulent times. With the exception of these few facts, the history is nothing more than the turbulent doings of an intractable nobility, who—

"laid about them at their wills and died."

By means not very easily traced, a thin sprinkling of the new learning had been introduced into Scotland. Here and there, among a barbarous and unlettered nobility, hardly able to write their own names, might be found a scholar whose command of the Latin tongue would not have disgraced Muretus. James IV. was one of these; and his Latin letters, as compared with the general Latin letters of that age, are not unworthy of Erasmus, who is said to have been his master. But they are too often characterized by a feeble elegance, that shrinks in dismay from the rough and ready Latinity of earlier times, and so lose in force, perspicuity, and directness. The character of James was not unlike his letters. That he had some reputation for learning is clear from the remarkable letter addressed to him by Polydore Vergil, who was engaged at the time in composing his history.[1] A better proof may be found in the interest he took in the studies of the youthful Archbishop of St. Andrews.[2] But with these good qualities James had the vices of his family—a great conceit of his own wisdom and statecraft; an unshaken belief in his own powers as a universal peacemaker. Without the means of preserving peace and dignity at home, he was thrust forward by his vanity to mediate between the great conflicting powers of Europe. He was bearded and defied in the precincts of his palace, not merely by his nobility but by his bishops; and at the time when he was making pompous professions of what he intended to do to secure the peace and salvation of Christendom, he was writing letters to the Pope to save him from the insolent encroachments of the Archbishop of Glasgow. That such a King, though not without some amiable qualities, should be untrue to his word, and in this respect most opposite to his rival, my readers will have expected. Among all the documents of the time none are more painful than those in which Dr. West, the English ambassador, afterwards Bishop of Ely, describes his various interviews with James. A month before the expedition to Terouenne he had been sent by Henry into Scotland to ascertain the intentions of the Scottish King, and bring him, if possible, to some resolute

[1] I. 751.

[2] I. 379, 3618. This Archbishop was his own natural son, Alexander Stuart.

answer. The cool, patient, and determined bearing of the Englishman, who never betrays his temper or the contempt he feels for the swagger of James and his repeated prevarications, the ability with which he unravels his contradictions and hunts him out from one subterfuge after another, the King "sore moved and chafed," plunging and floundering from one false statement or imprudent admission to another, form a striking but not agreeable picture.[1]

He was bound by treaty between the two nations not to levy war against England, but allow their mutual disputes to be decided by arbitration. James had no intention to regard his oath, but he had not the courage to announce his determination to break it. He had written to the Pope already for a dispensation; and failing this, had resolved to obey his own inclination. Such was the state of hostility between the two kingdoms, that, notwithstanding the ties of blood, open war between the two Princes could never have been considered unnatural at any time. But James contrived to make his own share in the rupture wear a look of meanness and treachery. When the King was away, and all eyes were bent on the siege of Terouenne, James began his march into England. His defiance, sent by Ross Herald, reached Henry in the field before Terouenne, Aug. 11. If not a perfidious, it was an unchivalrous advantage. It told badly for James in the estimation of his contemporaries. From Henry it provoked no other reply than an expression of his disbelief that James would disregard the solemn obligation of an oath; but if such were his intention he doubted not the Scotch King would live to repent it.[2] No change was made in his arrangements. The only person who appears to have been despatched to meet this contingency was Ruthal, Bishop of Durham,[3] who returned to London, and immediately put himself into communication with the Lord Treasurer Surrey appointed Lieutenant-General of the North, and hastened towards Norham to arrange for its defence. "You are not so busy with war in Terouenne as I am encumbered with it in England," writes Katharine to Wolsey on the 13th of August. They are all here very glad to be busy with the Scots, for they take it for a pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horribly busy with making standards, banners, and badges."[4]

Could James have foreseen the result it would have added

[1] I. 1926, 3128, 3129, 3811, 3838, 3882.
[2] I. p. 624.
[3] I. 4388.
[4] I. 4398.

to the bitterness of his death, that he was to fall by the hands of a woman. For there is no doubt that Katharine herself was the soul of the enterprize. She quieted uneasy thoughts of Henry's dangers by occupying herself in warlike preparations. The story of her address to the soldiers, as detailed by Peter Martyr,[1] may be apocryphal; not so the evidences of her activity, as furnished by official documents. But the rashness of James, his impatience to take his rival at disadvantage, and strike the blow before Henry could return, proved his worst enemies. The battle of Flodden remains a lasting monument of his incapacity. Of the correspondence relating to it, the letters of Ruthal to Wolsey, lately discovered, are among the most curious.[2] The Bishop is bewildered between joy and grief, between wonder at the great victory obtained and greater wonder, if possible, that there should have been such a number of goodly men, "so well fed and fat," left among the slain. "The Scotch," as he tells Wolsey, "had a "large army and much ordnance, and plenty of victuals."[3] He would not have believed "that their beer was so good, had it not been tasted and viewed by our folks, to their great refreshing."[4] At one time he is for accumulating honours on my Lord Treasurer, who must be a Duke at least for his victory. "And if ye made twenty for Lords with their styles, and the residue with 'Trusty and well-beloved,' it would do very much good." At another time he attributes the entire glory of the day to "the banner of St. Cuthbert. The bannermen won great honor, and gained the King of Scots' banner, which now stands beside the shrine. The King fell near his banner."—"The victory has been the most happy that can be remembered. All believe it has been wrought by the intercession of St. Cuthbert, who never suffered injury to be done to his Church unrequited. But for that the Scotch might have done much more harm." Rising above all these varied expressions of triumph and wonderment is heard the sound of his grief for the destruction of his castle of Norham; "which news touched me so near with inward sorrow that I had lever to have been out of the world than in it." However, he expresses his trust that by penance, and spending on it

[1] Ep. 527.
[2] I. 4460, sq.
[3] See I. 4460, sq.
[4] Yet, as if the Scotch had been excellent judges of strong beer, as no doubt they were and are, the beer supplied to the English army of the North on this occasion was of a better quality and higher price than ordinary. It cost 10*s.* the pipe, the usual price being 7*s.* 6*d.*

10,000 marks the next four years, life may still be made tolerable. These remarks are followed by expressions of resignation worthy of so wealthy a prelate: "I never felt the hand of God so sore touching me as in this, whereof I most humbly thank Him; and after the inward search of conscience, to know the cause of the provocation of God's displeasure against me, I shall reform it, if it be in my power, and regard Him more than the world hereafter."

On the capture of Tournay, Maximilian, now thoroughly won over by English crowns and the discomfiture of France, was earnest with Henry to push his advantage to the uttermost. Polydore Vergil is willing to attribute it to Henry's moderation, that he turned a deaf ear to the Emperor's proposal. France had been sufficiently humbled to perceive its error; enough had been done to avenge the injuries of the Church. Without wishing to detract from the praises bestowed on him by Polydore for acting like a Christian Prince, we may reasonably believe that the lateness of the season, the difficulty of keeping such an army on foot, and the delicate state of affairs in Scotland, were strong motives in urging Henry's return. The late brilliant victories had fully sustained the honour of England; and in defeating his enemies Henry perhaps had learned to respect them.

Among the prisoners taken at the Battle of Spurs[1] was Louis d'Orleans, the young Duke of Longueville, and Marquis of Rothelyn, "un tres honneste jeune prince, whom I should pity," says Philip de Bregilles, writing to Margaret of Savoy, "if he were not a Frenchman." The young Duke was sent to London, to the safe-keeping of Queen Katharine, much to her annoyance; for she could find no one fit to attend upon him except my Lord Montjoy, the friend of Erasmus, who was then going over to Calais. Therefore, like a sensible woman, much too busy to have the care of lively French noblemen, she recommended that he should be disposed of in the Tower.[2] Young as the Duke was, he was in high estimation with Lewis XII., who had appointed him the year before his misfortune governor of Boulogne and the whole of Normandy. The tendency in England at the time to admire and imitate French fashions and French manners is well known. The great dramatist, in his wonderful play of Henry VIII., has given prominence—not more, however, than is warranted by

[1] I. 4405. The Battle of Spurs was fought at Guinegaste, or rather at Bomye, near Terouenne, on August 18.

[2] I. 4432.

history—to this passion in the English aristocracy. Then, as on subsequent occasions, French captives and hostages were courteously received and caressed by their English masters. How the young prisoner spent his time we are not permitted to learn precisely, from want of the necessary documents, at least here in England—a mortification to which students of English history are continually exposed. He was evidently taken into favour; contrived, with the dexterity of a Frenchman, to make himself agreeable, perhaps to Queen Katharine herself, certainly to the King and to Wolsey. He was not slow in turning these advantages to the interests of Lewis, as will be seen in the sequel.

Henry had returned to England in November, fully resolved, to all appearance, to continue the war, and make additional preparations in the ensuing spring. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his intentions, or of his resolution to continue the war in spite of the insincerity and defection of his allies.[1] At its commencement he could scarcely have reposed much faith in the constancy of Ferdinand. He had heard of the dissatisfaction expressed by his father-in-law at the naval advantages gained by the Howards over the French. Ferdinand's subsequent abandonment of the league to which he had sworn a few months before,[2]—the treacherous and underhand mission of his minister Quintana to form an alliance with France, when the conquest of that country by England seemed inevitable,—could not have been unknown to Henry, or occasioned him much surprise. Peter Martyr, on the information of Stile,[3] represents Henry as extremely indignant at Ferdinand's conduct, and protesting he will never trust him again; but this may be no more than Stile's version of the remonstrance which Henry thought proper to address to Ferdinand, through his ambassador, and not the expression of his actual feelings. Externally there was no change in his resolutions or designs. He appeared bent upon the conquest of France as much as ever. His ambassadors were instructed to demand leave from Maximilian and Charles to take up troops in the Low Countries.[4] They were ordered to remonstrate with the Emperor for his vacillation, and insist on the fulfilment of his engagements against France. Yet it appears from

[1] See the remarkable letter to the new Pope, Leo. X. I. 4502.

[2] He had actually concluded a treaty with Henry for invading France as late as Oct. 17, 1513.

[3] I. 4864.

[4] I. 4794. The Emperor had agreed, through his daughter Margaret, to a treaty with Henry, to carry on the war against France, Nov. 15, 1513. I. 4560.

the correspondence at this time[1] that the King and his ministers were fully aware that Maximilian was playing a double game. Whilst keeping up appearances with England, he was sidling and coquetting with France, anxious to secure the best terms from the highest bidder.

On the 24th of Jan., 1514, the Emperor wrote to his daughter Margaret announcing Quintana's arrival from the court of Ferdinand, and his proposal for an accommodation with France.[2] Margaret in return tried hard to persuade him that he could not in honour assent to the offered arrangement.[3] She warned him that the only object of Ferdinand was to amuse him. No man, as she told him frankly, ought to know better than he how little dependence was to be placed on French promises. Besides, Ferdinand's interest and his own were diametrically opposed. If Henry, she said, had agreed to an accommodation with France (as Ferdinand pretended, and Maximilian affected to believe), he would have communicated the information to his ally; but she was convinced there was no truth in the insinuation; and if a hint of Quintana's negociation transpired, or the suspicions of the King of England were awakened, it would put thoughts into his head he never would otherwise have entertained. The Emperor must consider how perilous that contingency would be, for if the King of England threw off his allies, and expressed a desire for an accommodation with France, his terms would be accepted with open arms. He needed not the help of Ferdinand or Maximilian for an arrangement with Lewis, who would be only too happy to receive him without caring for his allies. With the tact of a woman she easily perceived that the widowhood of Lewis XII.,[4] and the unsatisfactory state of the marriage settlement between Prince Charles and the Princess Mary opened the way for a union between the two crowns, of which France would only be too glad to avail itself.

"Monseigneur," she urges some days after, "there is great reason to fear that these fair offers are only put forward, on the part of France, to escape the storm that would fall upon it, if every one were as ready to do his duty as the King of England, who has made incredible preparations for continuing the war. . . . Ferdinand may desire peace, for he is old and

[1] I. 4622, 4725, 4831.

[2] Lett. Max. et Marg., ii. 229. The order of these letters is incorrect.

Lett. Max. et Marg., ii. p. 221.

[4] His Queen had died Jan. 9.

infirm; but that is not the interest of Monsieur (Prince Charles) and his dominions.[1] . . . This young king, be well assured, will aid you with his person and his purse, without any deceit (like France) or hypocrisy (like Ferdinand), if you give him no occasion to act otherwise; *car je vous asseure, Monseigneur, que en luy n'a nulle faintise; par quoy en ce que luy touche, l'on doit aller de semblable manière et ne luy rompre nulle promese.*"

The advice was as prudent as it was honourable. But this was not the only occasion on which Margaret had reason to suspect that Maximilian disclosed to her only half his intentions, and asked her advice when he had formed his resolution already. He announced to her, on the 9th of April, that the King Catholic and himself had agreed to a truce for a year with Lewis, upon an assurance from Quintana that Henry would make no objection. Her comment is very significant: "Monseigneur, the news you have sent me is very important, and very much opposed to my judgment (*entendement*).[2] I know not how the King of England will accept it, considering the great preparations he has made for war. However, Monseigneur, I do not want to know more than you are willing to communicate. I doubt not you have acted with the best intentions, and understand these affairs much better than I do."

In this same year, and at the time when this correspondence was going on between father and daughter, he who was the chief and unconscious subject of it had been struck down by sickness.[3] Peter Martyr tells his correspondent Furtado, in March: "The King of England has had the fever, and his physicians were afraid it would turn into pustules called the small pox (*variolæ*)."[4] By the instructions sent to Spinelly[5] on this occasion, it is stated to have been the small pox, apparently less dreaded than the plague—the universal scourge and terror of this century. Henry had escaped all danger by the end of February, and rose from his bed with renewed resolutions to continue his conquests in France. He then learnt for the first time the full extent of Ferdinand's cunning and insincerity. By a series of secret negociations, for which he was famous, he had contrived to detach the Pope and Maximilian from the confederacy, and in conjunction with them had agreed to an armistice with France for twelve

[1] Lett. Max. et Marg., ii. pp. 227, 228. [2] Ibid., ii. p. 215.
[3] I. 4726, 4727, and 4845. [4] I. 4845. [5] I. 4831.

months. The duplicity of which he had been guilty was increased, if possible, by the meanness of his excuses:—It was his duty to promote peace; he could not prevail upon his conscience to be a party any longer to a war against Christian princes, to which he had hitherto consented much against his will. He had never liked the war; had always expected that he would be betrayed by the English, and left to bear the burthen alone, which was more than an old man at his time of life ought to think of. Besides, the King of France had begged for peace;—to refuse it was inhuman; it was horrible. When such a king humbly sought reconciliation, and under such circumstances, he could not find it in his heart to refuse him, especially as he was anxious to devote the few days he might be spared to expeditions, not against the friends but the enemies of the Faith.

When he framed these excuses he knew full well that no one would believe them. He knew that they would not convince any one of the honesty of his proceedings, or impose upon the meanest understanding. If they served any purpose beyond that of mere diplomatic conventionalism, it was to trail off inquiry from the true cause, which was not so much as hinted at. It was the policy of Ferdinand to keep all things, if possible, in *statu quo;* and balance against each other the different powers of Europe. He was afraid of the aggrandisement of his son-in-law; he was afraid of the projected marriage of Prince Charles with the Princess Mary, lest it should lead to a demand of Castile by the former. By the skilful arrangements he had so secretly concluded he hoped that he had effectively prevented the further progress of all parties, and he trusted that out of gratitude for his compliance the King of France would shelter him from the vengeance his treachery had deserved. But, like most cunning men, he had overreached himself.

Henry saw all his hopes reft from him by his own father-in-law, and all his labours dashed to the ground. His indignation for the moment knew no bounds. He reproached Ferdinand for his ingratitude and deceit—reminded him that at his own earnest entreaty he had entered on the war, had gone to vast expense, and directed the war in person. He broke off all communications with Ferdinand, and swore he would never trust him again. Maximilian, on the other hand, conscious of his treachery, did not stay to weather the storm, but withdrew, like a coward, from the king's re-

proaches, and allowed the whole fury of them to fall upon Margaret.[1]

A few weeks after, strange rumours had got into circulation. Anne of Brittany, Queen of Louis XII., had died on Jan. 9, 1514, "underly lamented,"[2] in the language of the day. On April 20, Gattinara writes to Margaret that it was commonly reported, "the old gallant would marry the young girl."[3] The report was probably premature, but it is certain that some correspondence had been going on between his master and Henry by the means of the Duke of Longueville, who has been already mentioned. He writes to Wolsey from Canterbury as early as March 16, stating he had received a packet from France expressing the cordial feelings of his Sovereign towards Henry. The matter was kept a profound secret. Not the slightest hint of it was conveyed to the English ministers or the ambassadors at the different courts, who, like the rest of the world, were kept in entire ignorance of the negociation. Whether a marriage with Henry's sister Mary formed part of the original design cannot at present be ascertained. She was not more than seventeen years of age, and Lewis was fifty-two. Contemporary accounts describe her as the most beautiful woman of her times, though somewhat under size for a Tudor. "This last Sunday in Lent," says an unknown correspondent to Margaret,[4] "I saw the Princess Mary dressed in the Milanese fashion; and I think never man saw a more beautiful creature, or one possessed of so much grace and sweetness." Gerard de Pleine, writing to the Archduchess, bears similar testimony: "I would not write to you about the princess until I had seen her several times. I assure you

[1] No one, I think, can read the extraordinary letter of Maximilian to his daughter Margaret, in which he professes his intention of becoming a pope and a saint, and resist the conclusion that the Emperor was flighty at times. One expression—not to say more than one—in that letter is so extraordinary, that it is hardly possible to suppose it could have emanated from a sane intellect. He tells Margaret he is sending the Bishop of Gurce to Rome, to have himself made coadjutor to the Pope, and succeed to the Papacy. He intends to be sainted after his death; and then he proceeds in this extraordinary strain:—"et il vous sera de nécessité que, apres ma mort, vous seres constraint de me adorer, dont je me trouveré bien gloryees" (Lett. de Max. et Marg., ii. 38). The idea of Maximilian being worshipped as a saint by Margaret must, to the readers of this correspondence, appear infinitely comical! Yet the old Emperor is perfectly serious, as is shown by his other letters.

[2] I. 4692.

[3] "On dit communement que le dit Roy d'Arragon traicte le paix d'entre les Roys par le moyen des mariages, que entendez assez, *et la bon vieillard veult avoir la jeune garce*, pour essayer s'il pourra encoires avoir ung fils; mais j'entends qu'il est bien debile." Lett. de Louis XII. iv. 300. These correspondents of Margaret were not always very refined in their language.

[4] April, 1514.

that she is one of the most beautiful young women in the world. I think I never saw a more charming creature. She is very graceful. Her deportment in dancing and in conversation is as pleasing as you could desire. There is nothing gloomy or melancholy about her. I am certain if you had seen her you would never rest until you had her over. I assure you she has been well educated. It is certain, from everything I hear, that she is much attached to Monsieur (Prince Charles); of whom she has a very bad picture. And never a day passes that she does not express a wish to see him 'plus de dix fois, comme l'on m'a affirmé.' I had imagined that she would have been very tall; but she is of middling height, and, as I think, a much better match in age and person for the prince, than I had heard or could have believed before I saw her."[1]

By the terms of the original compact Prince Charles was bound to consummate the marriage in the May of this year, when he had turned fourteen. But his governor Maximilian, now completely under the influence of Ferdinand, would come to no definite arrangement, and invented various excuses to avoid a decisive answer.[2] Margaret did all that she could to fence off the evil day; and wrote to her father in agony, as one pretext gave way after another.[3] The prince was too young, or he was too ill, or he was not in the way. She was feebly supported by the Emperor, who was disingenuous and vacillating. Her efforts were thwarted in every way by the Prince's Council, who hated her influence, and feared their authority would be undermined by the alliance with England. They were, moreover, under the influence of France.[4] Peter Martyr says, in a letter dated June 8, 1514:[5]—"The sister of the King of England was betrothed to Prince Charles on condition that he should marry her when he had passed the age of fourteen. The king is urgent to have the marriage completed, as the Prince was of the age required on the 24th of Feb. last. But Maximilian and Ferdinand require its postponement, as the prince is naturally of a feeble constitution." The excuse was not perhaps entirely without foundation. The feebleness, both physical and mental, of his mother, cast its shadow on the earlier and later years of

[1] June 30.

[2] April 28, 1514.

[3] Her letters on this subject to Maximilian will be found in the Lett. de Max. et Marg., ii. 254 and 117. The editor has most strangely perverted their arrangement.

[4] Knight, May 2, 10, 1514.

[5] I. 5152.

Charles V. He was a sickly boy, of a sedate and melancholy disposition, grave and business-like beyond his years. Peter Martyr, in one of his letters,[1] endeavouring to impress his correspondent with a favourable notion of the Prince, then in his thirteenth year, dwells much upon the gravity of Charles. Even then he was a solemn censor of the manners of his attendants, and never failed to administer a severe rebuke if they had been guilty of any excesses over night. In fact, if he had one overmastering quality it was that of gravity;—a gravity that was never pierced by a single ray of passion or generous enthusiasm. The romantic affection of Mary, the appeals of Luther, the destruction of Rome fresh from the hands of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the fears of Katharine, and the curses of Spain, fell like water on that staid and decorous nature, and left no mark. At fifteen he was his own prime minister, and got out of bed at midnight to answer the despatches of his ambassadors. From his earliest years there was no spirit of boyish intemperance in Charles; no excesses to be corrected, no frivolity to be restrained. In active sports he took little or no delight; so that Margaret, writing on one occasion to Maximilian, thought it a grand piece of news to announce that the prince had been out hunting.[2] The utmost excess of which Charles is recorded to have been guilty in his youth, was that of dancing himself into an illness at his sister's marriage. In a chivalrous age, and with two such rivals as Henry VIII. and Francis I., he was never betrayed into an unconscious fit of romance or generosity. No good saying, no act of forgetfulness, no impropriety, so far as I can remember, is recorded of him. He was universally solemn, decorous, and insipid; indifferent to the feelings of others, and never forgetful of his own. Sordid as Maximilian in his money dealings, he was without Maximilian's carelessness, irresolution, and nonchalance. That preciseness which afterwards found scope in regulating clocks, manifested itself even now. It presided over the amusements of the boy and prescribed the affections of the man. One of his love letters to Mary is preserved,[3] written probably to dictation; but it is so dull and decorous, it might as well have been his own composition. Love he felt not, and he made no effort to prevent the rupture. The story of his regret in after life is a mere

[1] Let. 515.

[2] "Nous fumes bien jouyeulx," returns the old Emperor, "que nostre filz Charles prenne tant de plésir à la chasse; *aultrement on pourra pensé qui fust bastart.*"—Lett. Max. et Marg., i. 241.

[3] I. 4606.

invention. Who can wonder, therefore, that a respectable Scotch clergyman of the last age, on the look-out for a hero, should have thought he had found one in Charles V. The mistake is precisely one into which he was likely to fall—into which Princess Mary fell with her bad picture.

Early in June,[1] if not before, Lewis sent to demand the hand of Mary. He was ably seconded in his negociations by Longueville. There was not much to choose between a sickly, melancholy boy of fourteen, and a valetudinarian of fifty-two. What solicitations were used to obtain her consent we know not; perhaps Gerard de Pleine has exaggerated her attachment; perhaps, in that age, female scruples and female delicacy were not much respected. The love affairs of the Tudors never ran in a straight or smooth channel. We learn from her subsequent letters, when she was married to Suffolk, that her reluctance, whatever it might be, was overcome by the assurance, that if she would comply with her brother's wishes in this instance, on the next occasion of the kind she should be at liberty to do as she pleased;—a promise of which she afterwards availed herself. She was induced openly to renounce her contract with Charles on the 30th of July,[2] at the royal manor of Wanstead, in the presence of Brandon and others,—and in August to make a public declaration of her engagement to Lewis,[3] and appoint the Earl of Worcester as her proxy.[4] The whole course of her wooing, her love letters, the number of her dresses, her attendants, her reception at Paris, her coronation and life at the French court, may be read in the State papers of the period.[5]

She was conducted across the water with a splendid retinue, and met Lewis at Abbeville in the first week of October. The description given by Peter Martyr of his appearance as he sate on a great Spanish war-horse covered with magnificent trappings, giving unmistakable indications of premature senility, with moist lips and slouching gait, we may charitably trust, is somewhat exaggerated. But the contrast was the more remarkable when Lewis took her by

[1] I. 5164. See also the Commission, July 29.

[2] I. 5282.

[3] I. 5322.

[4] I. 5347.

[5] I., p. 848, sq. I take this opportunity of correcting a common error. It was not Anne, but Mary Boleyn, her elder sister, who attended the Princess into France; and no doubt it is Mary, and not Anne Boleyn, who was *fille d'honneur* to Margaret of Savoy and the subject of that lady's letter to Sir Thomas Boleyn, cited by M. Le Glay in his able edition of the Lett. de Max., etc., ii. p. 461. This letter has never attracted the attention of English historians, strangely enough. See especially the letters of Worcester, Oct 3.

the hand in all the freshness of youth and beauty,—beautiful (as Peter Martyr says) without the adventitious aids of art, and with her native roses on her cheek. (Epist. 542.) They were detained at Abbeville some weeks, as Lewis was suffering from the gout. The marriage ceremony had no sooner been concluded than all her English servants were dismissed. Mary does not scruple to ascribe this measure to the Duke of Norfolk. "I marvel much," she writes to Henry,[1] "that my Lord of Norfolk would at all times so lightly grant everything at their requests here. I am well assured that when ye know the truth of everything, as my mother Guldeford can show you, ye would little have thought I should have been thus intreated. Would God my Lord of York (Wolsey) had come with me in the room of my Lord of Norfolk; for then I am sure I should have been left much more at my heart's ease than I am now."[2]

[1] Oct. 12. See also her letters to Wolsey of the same date.

[2] Her appeal to Wolsey was not without effect, as will be seen from the following letter addressed by him to Lewis, copied from the French archives. For this interesting document I am indebted to the Rev. Joseph Stevenson.

"Sire, le plus treshumblement que faire je puis a votre bonne grace me recommande.

"Sire, pour ce qu'il vous a plu de votre grace me advertir par voz lettres, datees a Beauvais le xxvj. jour du moys precedent, que je vous ay fait singullier plaisir de ouvertement et privement vous escripre de ce que je vous escripviz auparavant, me pryant contynuer et faire le semblable, et tout ainsi que je feroye, si j'estoye de votre estroit and prive conseil:

"A ceste cause, Sire, je vous veuil bien advertir d'une chose. S'est que la ou le Roy, mon Souverain Seigneur et Maistre, votre bon frere, avoit ordonne pour la vraye, parfaicte and entiere confidence qu'il avoit en Madame de Guylford, quelle seroit avec la Royne, sa seur, votre compaigne, pour les bonnes meurs et experience qu'il congnoissoit qu'elle avoit et bien parlant le langaige; affin ausi que la Royne, sa dite seur, peust estre mealx conseillee et advertye par elle, comme elle se devoit en tous endroitz regir et conduire envers vous; considerant oultre que la Royne, sa dite bonne seur, est une jeune dame, et que quant elle se trouveroit pardela, non ayant le langaige parfaictement, ne aucune congnoissance a nulles des dames depardela, a qui elle pourroit discouvrir telles passions que les femmes ont, et que si elle n'avoit quelque une de sa congnoissance a qui elle pourroit dire et declarer familliérement son cueur, quelle se trouveroit quasy comme desolee, dont elle pourroit prendre aucun regret et desplaisir, que par aventure seroit occasion de prendre quelque malladye, et son corps en estre de pis, que Dieu ne veuille: Et si tel accident advenoit, je croy, Sire, que vous en serez le plus dollent et desplaisent. Et pour ce, Sire, que j'ay sceu et entendu que la dite Dame de Guilford est a Boullongue, pour faire son retour pardeça, et quelle estoit des tout dischargee, doubtant que le Roy, mon dit maistre, s'il en avoit la congnoissance, qu'il trouveroit la chose aucunement estrange, je me suys enhard[y] descripre a la dite dame de sejoourner encores au dit lieu de Boullongue, jusques ad ce que je vous eusse sur ce escript ma simple et petite oppinion. Ce que je faiz, Sire, a present. Et me semble, Sire, soubz correction, que la devez pour quelque espace de temps retenir au service de la Royne votre dite compaigne et non sy soubitement la discharger, veu et considere que le Roy, votre dit bon frere, la tiree hors d'un lieu solitaire; la ou elle estoit deliberee de non jamais en partir pour aller au service de la Royne, sa dite bonne

The truth of the complaint is substantiated in some measure by a letter from Suffolk to Wolsey;[1] who directly attributes the dismissal of the Queen's servants to Norfolk and his son, "because they were of Wolsey's choosing, and not theirs;" and advises him to have it redressed.

The alliance between the two crowns was not popular in England or the Netherlands; at least the disappointed correspondents of Margaret endeavoured to make it appear so, and magnified to the utmost the murmurs of the discontented. But, if we look back to the last three years, it cannot be denied that a vast advance has been made in the political position of England. From a second-rate kingdom, under the dictation of Ferdinand, it had at once risen to the highest rank in the confederacy of nations. Its power was not the less imposing or dreaded, because in the moment of victory it had acted with moderation.

The marriage dazzled the eyes of Europe. France was in one continual dream of delight. English ambassadors swarmed about the French court, which they had never visited before, to congratulate the bride and bridegroom, to feast their eyes on the pageants or take part in the tournaments. But in the midst of all this mirth, a conversation was going on between Dorset, Worcester, and Robertet, the purport of which can scarcely be gathered from the dark and

seur; et je ne faiz doubte nulle, Sire, que quant vous l'aurez bien congneue, que la trouverez dame saige, honorable, et secrete, toute desirante et preste d'ensuyvir et acomplyr en toutes choses a elle possible votre voullente et vous plaisira, en tout ce que vous luy ordonnerez et commenderez, quelque rapport que vous ait este, ou pourra estre fait au contraire; comme j'ay escript plus a plain a monseigneur le vous chambrelan, pour le vous declairer de ma part.

"Au surplus, Sire, je vous supplye que votre bon plaisir soit de me pardonner et tenir pour excuse, si je me suys tout enhardy d'ainsy promptement et entierement vous advertir de ceste matiere, et considerer que je le faiz a bonne intencion pour le tres singullier desir que j'ay de nourrir et entretenir le Roy, votre dit bon frere et vous, en amour, amytie et bien vueillance ensemble.

"Et pour faire fin a ma lettre, Sire, si vous advisez appres et quelle aura este pardela quelque espace de temps, et vous n'estez content de son demeure la, il vous plaira, Sire, m'en advertir, et je feray tant envers le Roy, mon dit maistre, qu'il y pourveyra de sorte que vous serez content. Mais il me semble, Sire, que si toust vous ne la devez descharger, ains entretenir pour la consollacion de la Royne, votre dite compaigne, et jusques ad ce quelle eit meilleure experience et congnoissance pardela. Vous supplyant, Sire, me signifiier et advertir de votre bon plaisir et intencion sur ce, affin que j'en puisse advertir la dite dame, et quelle congnoisse comme elle se devra conduyre en cest endroyt. Priant au demourant notre Seigneur qu'il vous doint, Sire, bonne vie et longue.

"Au manoir de Eltham, le xxiij. jour d'Octobre.

"Votre tres humble et tres obeyssant serviteur,

"T. EBOR.

Dorso. "A la bonne grace du Roy."

[1] No. 5512.

oracular hints dropped in the correspondence of these ministers. It is so silent and so dark, that their fellow-ambassadors in the same court have no notion of it, and Ferdinand for once was thrown off his guard. Suffolk writes to Henry, on the 3rd of November, that his letters were opened. "He had sent letters which he would not should have been seen, which the King knows well." After a variety of manœuvres to gain the ear of Lewis unseen, Suffolk is sent for by Lewis to come and visit his two daughters. In the midst of this innocent occupation, seeing the King at leisure, "and the chamber well rid," he took out his secret letter, and told the French king he had a private message for him from his master. Not a word is dropped by himself or Dorset, of the exact nature of this commission. "We have had," says Dorset, "divers communications with the (French) Privy Council. We leave (omit) to write because the charge is my Lord of Suffolk's. But, as far as I can perceive, all things go well, and to our master's honor."[1]

What was the purport of that communication we learn only from the reply of Lewis himself,[2]—not from the English, but the French archives. After thanking the King for sending so important a personage as the Duke, Lewis professes his desire to deal frankly with his new brother-in-law. With the proposition[3] made him by the English ambassadors, that he should assist Henry in expelling Ferdinand from Navarre, as a punishment for having violated his engagements, Lewis expresses his willingness to comply, and to raise an army for that purpose. To the second proposition, which was far more startling, he makes a more cautious answer. It seems that Henry had insisted that as the kingdom of Castile descended in equal portions to the sisters Katharine and Joan,[4] and he had married one of the sisters, he had a right to Castile, and as he was resolved to assert his claim he was anxious to know what aid Lewis would lend him for that purpose. Lewis excuses himself from giving any advice on this head, because he was not acquainted with the laws and customs of Spain, but if Henry would set an enterprize on foot for recovering the whole or part of Castile, Lewis would take his part without further inquiry; "mais là et quant le

[1] I. 5606.

[2] I. 5637.

[3] Knight was the author of this proposition. See his letter to Wolsey.

[4] The best account of the melancholy state of this unfortunate lady will be found in the letters of John Stile and Peter Martyr. Both knew her well, and had no reason for palliating the unwelcome truth.

Roy d'Angleterre trouvera par son conseil qu'il peult et doit faire l'entreprise mencionnée es dits articles, tant pour expeller le dit Roy d'Arragon du dit royaume de Navarre, que aussi pour recouvrer le dit royaume de Castille, *en tout ou partie*, le Roy lors, et en ce cas, sans soy vouloir informer autrement des dites querelles, est deliberé et resolu de pourter le querelle du dit Roy d'Angleterre." This important concession, however, is coupled with a reservation that in the mean time, without disclosing their intentions, both parties should hear what the ambassadors of Arragon had to say, and communicate the result to each other.

The death of Lewis, shortly after, put an end to this extraordinary project, of which no distinct record remains except in this letter of the French archives.

CHAPTER II.

INTERNAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

During this time the domestic events of the reign are comparatively barren and unimportant. For two years or more after the King's accession, the court and the people were too much occupied with pleasure and pageantry to pay attention to more serious matters; a little later war and foreign politics threw domestic affairs into the background. The chroniclers have been unjustly condemned for filling their pages with accounts of masques and revels, as if their attention had been engrossed by these to the exclusion of graver subjects. But at home, during the first two years, there was little else to chronicle. It was one unbroken round of amusements—revels at Christmas—masques and archery at May-day—tilting, and running at the ring the rest of the year. King, ministers, and people were occupied with no higher thoughts than such fantastic sports. The chroniclers are justified also by a curious letter of Queen Katharine to her father Ferdinand. "These kingdoms of your highness," she tells him with delicate flattery,[1] "are in great tranquillity, and show great affection to my lord and myself. The time is spent in continual feasting." Empson and Dudley[2] are borne to premature graves with little notice; the unfortunate Edmund De la Pole with less. The masques were not a whit less brilliant, or the maskers less lively. Who could expect that tragic and "hearse-like airs" should succeed such careless easy strains? Or that broken hearts and forms of blood should change places with all that mirth and laughter? These chroniclers see more into the texture of life than their philosophical critics. The reign of Henry VIII. was "a dark and melancholy work upon a

[1] I. 368.

[2] I must refer the reader to a very curious paper (I. 1212) containing the last will and confession of this unfortunate minister. It seems from that paper that he did *not* suffer for the crime of extortion, but for constructive treason in attempting to escape from the Tower; a crime which long disgraced English jurisprudence.

lightsome ground:" and therefore, in the language of the dramatist, "sad, high, and working."

For the present, whatever scruples might afterwards arise, there was nothing to interfere with Henry's affection for Katharine. Of his marriage he writes in the highest spirits to Margaret of Savoy;[1] he assures Ferdinand his love for Katharine is such that if he were still free, he would choose her in preference to all others.[2][3] In virtues befitting a Queen and a woman no one will deny her pre-eminence. The small disparity of age was rather in her favour at so early a period of their married life. She was a Spaniard born, of the bluest blood, of the noblest descent, of the proudest court in Europe. Ferdinand had not thought that in bestowing her on an English prince he was receiving a favour. What was Henry VII. in the eyes of Europe when he ascended the throne? Or what were the chances that he could hold it? It was he, not they, who received the favour, and touched his bonnet when the names of Ferdinand and Isabella were mentioned in his presence.[3] Accounts vary as to Katharine's personal appearance (as of what woman will they not, according to the taste or humour of the spectator?). "She is rather ugly than otherwise," says Nicolo Sagudino, secretary to the ambassador Giustinian.[4] "She is not handsome," says the ambassador himself, "but has a very beautiful complexion."[5] "She is of a lively and gracious disposition; quite the opposite of the Queen her sister (Joan) in complexion and manner," says Gerard de Pleine.[6] She danced well, was a good musician; was better educated, wrote and read much better, and composed in English more correctly than half the ladies of her court. Above all, her love and admiration for Henry were unbounded. There was not such a paragon in the world. He was her hero, her paladin. "With his health and life," she writes with affectionate solicitude to Wolsey, "nothing can come amiss to him; without them I can see no manner good thing shall fall after it."[7] She is persuaded that the victory at Flodden and the capture of Terouenne "is all owing to the King's piety."[8] Her greatest comfort in his absence is to

[1] I. 224.

[2] I. 338.

[3] This curious piece of diplomatic courtesy, which was first revealed by Mr. Bergenroth's researches at Simancas, was not practised by Henry VII. only, and perhaps did not mean so much as is here implied. The Emperor Maximilian, as noticed further on (see p. 117), did the same in deference to Henry VIII., in conversation with the English ambassador.—Ed.

[4] Despatches, i. 81.

[5] Despatches, ii. 313.

[6] I. 5203 (p. 835).

[7] I. 4398 (Aug. 13, 1513).

[8] I. 4417.

hear from Wolsey of the King's health, and all the news of his proceedings.[1] After the battle of Flodden she writes to Henry that she sends him "the piece of the King of Scots' coat which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a King's coat." She tells him she is praying for his return, and with characteristic devoutness is setting out on a pilgrimage to our Lady at Walsingham for that purpose.[2]

One great grief had befallen her which had redoubled her anxiety and devotion.[3] To the inexpressible delight of the King and the nation, a prince had been born Jan. 1, 1511. A household and officers were appointed for the royal babe.[4] His serjeant at arms with 12*d.* a day, and his clerk of the signet with an annuity of 20*l.*, are immortalized in Privy Seals and Treasury Warrants. Even the name of his nurse, Elizabeth Pointes, is recorded, and that of the yeoman of his beds and wardrobe. Preparations were made to celebrate the joyous event with all the fantastic splendour and magnificence characteristic of the times. In the spirit of the days of romance, the King, in the garb of a knight, held the barriers with three others against all comers. Articles of the challenge were put forth in conformity with the strict rules of ancient chivalry.[5] *Cœur loyal*, the title assumed by Henry himself, *Valliaunt desyr*, the appellation of Sir Edmund Nevill, *Bon valoir*, of the Earl of Devonshire, and *Joyaux penser*, of Sir Thomas Knevet, were to recall to the world once more the golden days of good report and knightly deeds. But the bright vision faded almost as soon as the pageant itself. On Feb. 22 this desire of all eyes died; and the following entry, signed by the King and his council, is found among the wages of minstrels, lords of misrule, and salaries of ambassadors, grim and emotionless as death itself:—

[1] I. 4432.

[2] I. 4451.

[3] Peter Martyr mentions another. He states that Henry, in his indignation at the treachery of Ferdinand, had bitterly reproached her with her father's infidelity, and vented his anger against her in no measured terms. Her grief brought on premature childbirth. (See I. 5718.) We learn from Holinshed and Stow that the Queen was delivered of a Prince in November, 1514, which died soon after. No notice of this event is found among any of the official documents; no rejoicings at its birth, as on a previous occasion, and no notice of its burial. Probably it was still-born. But the imputation of Peter Martyr is devoid of all probability. How could he, living at that time at Valladolid, come to the knowledge of this story? More probably it was a malicious report, with no other foundation than the ill humour of the Spanish court, never favourable to Henry, and now more than ever exasperated at his alliance with France.

[4] I. 1495, 1513, 1862.

[5] I. 1491.

By the King.

HENRY VIII.

Trusty and welbeloved, we greet you well. And forasmuch as our subject John Tomson of London, waxchandler, hath delivered in tapers of wax of 3 lb. the piece the weight of 432 lb., to burn about the hearse of the late Prince, our dearest son, within our monastery of Westminster, over and above the charges of the said hearse, which before this hath been accompted for and paid to the said Tomeson by Sir Andrew Windesore, keeper of our Great Wardrobe: We therefore will and command you forthwith and without delay, upon the sight of these our letters, to content and pay unto the said John Tomson or his assignee for the said 432 lb., of wax after the rate of 3*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* the 100, amounting in the whole to the sum of sixteen pounds sterlings. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf. Given under our signet at our castle of Windsor, the 13th day of July, the third year of our reign.

T. Surrey—Ri. Wynton—C. Somerset—Harry Marny—T. Englefild.

To our trusty and welbeloved servant, John Heron, treasurer of our Chamber.[1]

With these exceptions, there was nothing in those early years to cloud the brilliancy of the reign. The conspiracies that had troubled Henry VII. so often, dared not raise their front against Henry VIII. The Simnels and Warbecks had disappeared altogether. The only miserable shadow of a pretender, Richard De la Pole,[2] was a fugitive in France,

[1] There appear in the same accounts, about the same time, various entries of donations to religious orders; among others, the following, probably relating to the same event:—

30 June 1511. HENRY VIII. to JOHN HERON.

To pay 58*s.* for "one hundredth of pure wax," given in alms to the Friars Observants, Greenwich. Greenwich, 30 June, 3 Hen. VIII.

Among the warrants to the Treasurer of the Chamber is an order dated Feb. 25, 1512, to pay Wm. Lambert, "yeoman of the beds with our late dearest son, the Prince deceased," 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, for his year's wages ending Candlemas last, and for expense of boat-hire from Richmond to Baynard's Castle for conveying the wardrobe there, 7*s.* 25 Feb., 3 Hen. VIII.; and another dated Dec. 12, 1512, to pay "Wm. Lambert, late yeoman of the wardrobe of beds with our dearest son the Prince deceased," his wages for "keeping the same stuff" from the Feast of Purification last to the Feast of Circumcision, "by the space of 326 days, after the rate of 3*d.* for every day:" total, 4*l.* 18*d.* Westm., 12 Dec., 4 Hen. VIII.

[2] Of the execution of Edmund De la Pole in 1513, no notice is found in contemporary documents except in the letter of Peter Martyr (No. 4324), where it is attributed to his treasonable correspondence with his brother. The Wardrobe Warrants contain the following order:—

"By the King.

"HENRY R.

"We will and charge you, that unto our trusty and welbeloved knight for our body, Sir Richard Cholmeley, deputy lieutenant of our Tower of London, ye deliver or cause to be delivered for the use of Edmund De la Pole and William his brother these parcels following: first, for either of them two gowns, the one of russet furred with fox, and the other of tawney furred with black bogye, price of every yard 5*s.*; for either of them two doublets, the one of black satin, the other of black velvet; for either of them three pair of hosen and three shirts; for either of them three pair of sheets; for either of them a black bonnet, three pair of shoes or slippers, three dozen silk points and a ribbon girdle. And these our letters shall be unto you sufficient warrant and discharge at all times hereafter. Given under our signet at our manor of

dependent on a precarious subsistence, and surrounded by spies who transmitted notice of his movements to England. The nation at large was content and flourishing. It is astonishing to observe the rapidity with which it had settled down to order in the reign of Henry VII. after so many years of civil dissension. It would lead us to infer that those wars were the wars of a class, and not of the nation; and that the effects of them have been greatly exaggerated. With the single exception of Cade's rebellion,[1] they had nothing in common with the revolutions of later or earlier times. They were not wars against classes, against forms of government, against the order of the institutions of the nation. It was the rivalry of two aristocratic factions struggling for superiority, neither of them hoping or desiring, whichever obtained the upper hand, to introduce momentous changes in the State or its administration. The main body of the people took little interest in the struggle; in the towns at least there was no intermission of employment. The war passed over the nation, ruffling the surface, toppling down high cliffs here and there, washing away ancient landmarks, attracting the imagination of the spectator by the mightiness of its waves, and the noise of its thunders; but the great body below the surface remained unmoved. No famines, no plagues, consequent on the intermittence of labour caused by civil war, are recorded; even the prices of land and provisions scarcely varied more than they have been known to do in times of profoundest peace.

But the indirect and silent operation of these conflicts was much more remarkable. It reft into fragments the confederated ranks of a powerful territorial aristocracy, which had hitherto bid defiance to the King, however popular, however energetic. Henceforth the position of the Sovereign in the time of the Tudors, in relation to all classes of the people, became very different from what it had been: the royal supremacy was no longer a theory, but a fact. Another class had sprung up on the decay of the ancient nobility. The great towns had enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity, and even flourished, under the storm that was scourging the aristocracy and the rural districts. Their population had increased by numbers whom fear or the horrors of war had induced to find

Greenwich, the 23rd day of July, the first year of our reign.

"To our trusty and welbeloved Sir Andrew Wyndysor, knight, keeper of our Great Wardrobe."

[1] Which is not a real exception after all, for Shakespeare was certainly wrong in attributing to Cade's movement the democratic character of Wat Tyler's.—ED.

shelter behind stone walls. The diminution of agricultural labourers converted into soldiers by the folly of their lords, had turned corn-lands into pasture, requiring less skill, less capital, and less labour. Consequently, a new class of men, at the commencement of this century, were occupying the soil and had invested their money in land; and a complaint is made to the Parliament of Henry VIII. that "in consequence of the occupation of land by merchants, clothiers, and others,"[1] housekeeping had decayed, and tillage had been turned into pasture. The petition assumes as self-evident that picturesque form of the happiness of ancient days, not uncommon in such complaints. But this tendency to recall the past, and invest it with brilliant but imaginary colours, was characteristic of the reign. It was the same with knight and peasant. The bright sunset of a departing age, from which men were rapidly and unconsciously drifting, still fascinated many minds, and filled them with wistfulness and regrets. When every man was contented, say the petitioners, with one farm, there was plenty of everything, as "every acre of land ploughed bore the straw and chaff besides the corn, able, with the help of the shack in the stubble, to feed as many great beasts as the land would keep laid in leyes; and by the winnowing of corn there were kept at every barn-door pigs and poultry, to the comfort of the people in every shire. Now in a town of twenty or thirty dwellings the houses are decayed, the people gone, the churches in ruins, and in many parishes nothing more than a neatherd or a shepherd or a warner is to be seen."

But allowing that this account may be exaggerated, it could scarcely be entirely without foundation. The efforts of the Legislature to regulate wages and punish vagabondism are a proof that many irregularities did exist. Licences to beg, and the continuous efforts to repress unlicensed begging, indicate the prevalence of beggary. In fact, while wages remained high in the towns, and skilled labour commanded good prices, the drying up of the ordinary employments and means of food in the agricultural districts led probably to the wretchedness described by Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*, and the severe measures required to suppress it. If Latimer thought that two acres of hemp, sown up and down England, "were all too little to hang the thieves in it," the prevalence of thieving must have been notorious. And these statements are

[1] I. 5727.

countenanced by the frequent complaints of robbers made by Erasmus when resident in England, and still more by a letter of Peter Martyr, dated May 19, 1513:[1] "John Stile told him that a band of robbers had attacked the King's wagons carrying money to the wars, and afterwards fled to sanctuary. But the King caught 80 of them before they could escape, and hanged them all."

To the religious foundations, which had sprung up in such numbers in every shire of England, and engrossed the revenues of the secular and parochial clergy, the civil disturbances of the last century were specially disastrous. Discipline had relaxed and could not easily be enforced. The springs of charity which had supported the smaller houses ceased to flow; the estates of the greater houses, by the loss of their tenantry, were neglected and became unproductive. Debt, with no chance of redemption, weighed heavily upon all. An extreme measure was required to avoid the scandal and misery caused by this state of things; and Wolsey, by an Act not altogether unlike what we have seen in our own days applied to Ireland,[2] found it necessary to suppress and sell the smaller and more encumbered houses. The larger, which still remained, were necessarily modified by the circumstances of the times, and their religious character impaired. They admitted a number of lay inmates, or at least kept open house for persons not connected with their foundations. In some cases the abbots were bound to give endowments to scholars of the King's nomination, or provide them with competent benefices;[3] pensions and corrodies were granted under the Privy Seal to yeoman ushers of the wardrobe and the chamber, to clerks of the kitchen, sewers, secretaries, and gentlemen of the chapel royal,[4] and these were strictly enforced, whatever might be the other incumbrances of the house. We find Ammonius, in a letter to Erasmus, discussing

[1] I. 4096.

[2] It is important to note that this was written in the year 1862. The author, of course, alludes to the Encumbered Estates Act (1848), the memory of which, and of all the good it did while in operation, has since been almost effaced by causes of which, doubtless, the less said here the better.—Ed.

[3] I. 1235, 1360. One of the most interesting of these cases is that of a pension paid by the prior of St. Frideswide's, Oxford, to Reginald Pole, then a student in the University of Oxford, afterwards Cardinal. No. 4190. Among the warrants to the treasurer of the Chamber is an entry dated Feb. 17, 1511-12, commanding him to pay "for the behoof of our scholar, Raynold Pole, son unto the said Lady Margaret Pole," 12*l.* assigned to him for his study and learning for this year ensuing, "like as we be minded to give unto him yearly the same exhibition hereafter." Westm., Feb. 17, 3 Hen. VIII.

[4] I. 49, 60, 106, 615, 920, 1072, 1081, 1595.

the question where the latter is to lodge when he comes to London. The Augustinians have only unfurnished apartments. He will not recommend the monastery where he is lodging, as they keep a poor table. Another is not to be thought of; it is too mean, and the rooms are not comfortable.[1] Expressions strangely at variance with modern notions of monastic seclusion and religious asceticism.

But, in fact, respect for monastic life had in a great measure passed away with the necessity that created it. The writings and example of Erasmus himself, a monk leading a secular life, caressed by bishops and all the eminent men of his time, were not of a nature to inspire respect for monastic institutions. In England, no minister, no ecclesiastic, no scholar, of any eminence, had of late years sprung from the religious orders. Their influence over public opinion, at least in the southern counties of England, had been entirely eclipsed, and they had done nothing to recover it. That in so large a body of men, so widely dispersed, seated for so many centuries in the richest and fairest estates of England, for which they were mainly indebted to their own skill, perseverance, and industry, discreditable members were to be found (and what literary *chiffonnier*, raking in the scandalous annals of any profession, cannot find filth and corruption?) is likely enough; but that the corruption was either so black or so general as party spirit would have us believe, is contrary to all analogy, and is unsupported by impartial and contemporary evidence. The general complaint against them is that of ignorance and bigotry; and—what an Englishman would now consider as the root of all evil—the absence of any ostensible employment. Of this, however, more will be said hereafter.

The laxity thus introduced by the events of the last century, and the occupation of bishops in political affairs, allowed a freedom in religious practice and discussion to spring up unchecked among the middle classes. Except a man with more zeal than discretion chose to obtrude his heresies in the face of his diocesan, he had little chance of incurring the penalty of martyrdom. Of course then, as now, there were exceptions. The canons were enforced with different degrees of severity in different dioceses. A prelate might distinguish himself by unreasonable severity;—he might enforce the law against a length of beard,[2] or laxity of opinions. But, in general, the indifference or contempt with

[1] I. 1982. [2] The canonists are very strict upon clerical beards.

which the bishops regarded departures from established doctrines, especially when that dissent was not attended with scholarship, was more galling in many cases than when they launched against it their ecclesiastical fulminations. At a later period, when Lutheranism grew into notice by its daring defiance of ecclesiastical authority, the bishops changed their measures, and became more strict and vigilant. The King's own book against Luther gave a new tone to the age, and a sharper edge to ecclesiastical discipline. But as late as 1520, diversities of religious opinion spread among the lower orders, especially in the towns, without much notice from the hierarchy. We find Ammonius, indeed, bantering Erasmus, who was very susceptible of cold, on the price of faggots, in consequence of the daily multiplication of heresy, and Erasmus answering in the same tone.[1] "But this is a sort of banter which must not be interpreted too literally. Had it been literally true, a man of so mild a temper as Erasmus, and an enemy to religious persecution, would scarcely have indulged in so cruel a jest. Foxe, who was not likely to have overlooked such instances, records only two cases of capital punishment for heresy during this early period of Henry's reign.[2] The rapid increase of religious independence among the lower and more illiterate classes in London, as stated by the Italian secretary,[3] may be accepted as a fact. But, saving their old freedom of taxing the Pope and his doings, and the cherished national privilege of preaching and being preached to, the general body of the people had not yet learned to question the established doctrines of the Church. For the most part they paid Peter pence, and heard mass, and did as their fathers had done before them.

I turn to some remarks on the ministers and ambassadors through whom the business of the nation was carried on, at home and abroad.

Sir Harris Nicolas has collected with great assiduity all that relates to the constitution and powers of the Privy Council.[4] Unfortunately his researches point to a later period, and he has been able to throw very little light on the functions and formation of that body as it existed in the early years of

[1] I. 1948, 1957.

[2] Had Foxe, the Martyrologist, been an honest man, his carelessness and credulity would have incapacitated him from being a trustworthy historian. Unfortunately he was not honest; he tampered with the documents that came into his hands, and freely indulged in those very faults of suppression and equivocation for which he condemned his opponents.

[3] Ammonius was Italian secretary to Henry VIII.—Ed.

[4] Proceedings of the Privy Council. Pref. to Vol. VII.

Henry VIII. It is certain, however, from the answer made by Henry VIII. to the rebels of Yorkshire in 1536, that the appointment of the Lords of the Council,—of the Privy Council, as it is sometimes called,—was entirely dependent on the King's pleasure. As some of the great officers of the Crown had no seat at the Council, so men holding no office, and of no rank, were to be found among its numbers.[1] In fact, the Privy Council at this time was apparently nothing more than a body of advisers whom the King might summon at pleasure to his presence, without binding himself to accept their suggestions; without necessarily consulting them on matters of great moment. He might declare war, or determine peace, or form treaties, or enter upon the most important negotiations, not only without their advice, but without so much as making them privy to his intentions. To our modern notions it will seem strange that the orders of the Privy Council, which are pretty frequent at the commencement of the reign, should diminish in number in proportion as events become important, as if they had been entrusted only with the ordinary and formal business of the administration. In all matters of domestic, and still more of foreign, politics the King was absolute. No check was imposed upon his inclinations by his ministers or the House of Commons. Even as late as 1526, when a body of regulations was issued for the establishment of a Council, it will be seen that the Council was far from being of the highest consideration in the State. "Forasmuch as the Lord Cardinal," it is stated, "the Lord Treasurer of England, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Steward, and divers other Lords and personages before mentioned, by reason of their attendance at the terms for administration of justice, and exercising of their offices, and

[1] The King, in his answer to the demands of the rebels (State Papers, I. 507), specifies as members of the Privy Council in these early years the Treasurer (Surrey), the High Steward of the Household (Shrewsbury), Lords Marney and Darcy, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Warham), and the Bishop of Winchester (Fox). The rest, he says, were lawyers and priests. Among the latter he doubtless includes Wolsey, who was only Almoner when he sate in the Council. It is strange, and hardly candid, that he should have omitted the names of the Earls of Oxford and Worcester, and Dr. Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, Secretary of State. The entire list embraced the following names:—the Archbishop (Warham), the Bishops of Winchester, London, Rochester, and Durham, the Earls of Surrey, Oxford, Shrewsbury, and Worcester, Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Henry Marny, Sir T. Brandon, Sir T. Englefeld, Sir Edw. Poyninges, Sir John Husee, Sir H. Wiat, Sir Th. Darcy, Dr. Yong, T. Docwra, and the law officers Sir J. Cutte, Sir J. Fyneux, and others. Wolsey does not appear to have had a seat in the Council till Nov., 1511, and therefore I. 679 is misdated in the Calendar, and should probably be referred to that year.

other reasonable impediments shall many seasons fortune to be absent from the King's court, and specially in term times, to the intent the King's highness shall not be any season unfurnished of an honourable presence of councillors about his grace, with whom his highness may confer upon the premises at his pleasure;—it is ordered that the persons hereafter mentioned shall give their continual attendance on the causes of his said Council, unto what place soever his highness shall resort." Then follow the names of the Lord Chamberlain, the Bishop of Bath, and others. "And because per case it may chance some of these aforenamed persons to be absent, be it always provided that the Bishop of Bath, the Secretary, Sir Thomas More, and the Dean of the Chapel, or two of them at the least, always be present, being every day in the forenoon by 10 of the clock at the furthest, and at afternoon by two of the clock, in the King's dining chamber, or in such other place as shall fortune to be appointed for the Council Chamber."[1]

The great officers of the Crown were Warham Archbishop of Canterbury, Chancellor; Thomas Earl of Surrey, Lord High Treasurer; Fox Bishop of Winchester, Privy Seal; Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral; the Earl of Shrewsbury, Steward of the Household; Lord Herbert, Chamberlain; Ruthal Bishop of Durham, Secretary of State. Of the members of the Privy Council who enjoyed the greatest influence, Wolsey, as might be expected, occupies the most conspicuous place. Next to him was the Duke of Norfolk, "a person of extreme authority;" to whose jealousy of the Cardinal foreign ministers, when they could not succeed with Wolsey, were more than once indebted for valuable information. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, nearer than any other to the King in age, tastes, and love of martial exercises, shared much of his confidence, although he was infinitely inferior to Henry in all literary and intellectual qualifications. "He is associated with his Majesty," says Giustinian, "*tanquam intelligentiam assistentem orbi*, which governs, commands, and acts with authority scarcely inferior to the King himself."[2] Next in authority was Fox, Bishop of Winchester;

[1] Ordinances for the Household (Soc. of Antiquaries), 160.—I have abridged one or two needless expressions. I may observe that the style "King in Council" has no warrant whatever from any document of this early date. The letters are always simply addressed, "To the King's Majesty," etc.

[2] Brown's *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*, i. 119. As Mr. Brown remarks, the "orb" which governs is evidently Wolsey.—Ed.

last of all, Ruthal, the patient drudge of Wolsey. Warham is seldom mentioned, and none of the rest appear to have enjoyed any consideration.

It will seem strange that the name of Warham should occur so seldom except in connection with his high legal functions. He is never engaged in any diplomatic mission of importance. He appears from the first to have declined all public business. Drafts, memoranda, and letters are frequent in the handwriting of Fox, Ruthal, and Wolsey. But nothing of the kind is found in the handwriting of Warham. In the bustle and excitement consequent on the wars in Guienne and Flanders, and the naval preparations against the French, Warham remained an impassive spectator. He fell at the first from the great group which surrounded the throne of the young prince, and lost whatever influence he might otherwise have commanded by his station and experience. To what causes this neglect is to be attributed, it is by no means easy to discover. The vulgar supposition which imputes it to jealousy on the part of Wolsey is without foundation. Long before Wolsey's name appears among the king's advisers, Warham's want of influence is visible. Jealousy of the Archbishop's power over the young king would have been the most causeless thing imaginable; for he never had any. He was never acceptable either to Henry or to Katharine. His munificence to Erasmus procured for him the praise and gratitude of that somewhat venal scholar; but with the solitary exception of Erasmus, and perhaps of the unhappy Duke of Buckingham, for whom he seems to have entertained some kindness, it would be hard to point out a single person with whom Warham lived on terms of friendship. Probably, therefore, the little influence he enjoyed at court may be attributed, with more justice, to a hardness and inflexibility of temper, which could not bend to the new state of things, or comply with the impetuous and stirring movements of Henry VIII., so contrary to the stateliness, reserve, and mystery of the previous reign. In 1513 we have indications that the Archbishop was engaged in a dispute with Fox,[1] the most devout and gentle of all Henry's ministers. We find Katharine, no less gentle and conscientious than Fox, in allusion to the same dispute, hinting at the same infirmity;[2] and Warham's own letters at a subsequent period confirm the impression of his discourtesy, not to say moroseness.

[1] "A lord of extreme authority and goodness," says Giustinian, i. 163.
[2] I. 4452.

Nor does the common tradition, which owes its parentage to the spite of Polydore Vergil, whom Wolsey had committed to prison, rest on any better foundation. This historian, who never forgot the injury, and never could forgive the Cardinal, would have us believe that Wolsey paved the way for his own advancement by supplanting Fox, and driving him from the Council. The calumny, like many others affecting the intimacies of great men, has no foundation. It was better suited to the atmosphere of Rome than of England. And had it been uttered here, Polydore would probably have been told, as one of his countrymen was told by an Englishman on a similar occasion: "*Non isto vivitur illic, quo tu rere modo.*" The insinuation is at variance with the correspondence of the two ministers. We see in their letters, not only the cordial friendship which existed between them, but also the rooted disinclination of Fox to a life of diplomacy. It is only with the strongest arguments that Wolsey can prevail on him to give his attendance at the court, and occupy his seat at the Council table. He was always anxious to get away. He felt it inconsistent with his duties as a bishop to be immersed in politics, and he laments it to Wolsey in a letter to be noted hereafter, in terms the sincerity of which cannot be mistaken. In fact the noblest minds of the time often experienced the bitter struggle between the King as their conscience and their conscience as their King. Others than Fox regretted that they had neglected their spiritual calling to serve the State.

It must also be remembered that Fox belonged to the old order of things, when monastic seclusion to men of his devout turn, and total retirement from secular employments seemed the only life that deserved the name of religious. Great was the fascination exercised by Henry VII., and still more by Henry VIII., over the minds of such men; but times of compunction came when this total alienation of thought and action from their duties as spiritual men became an intolerable burthen. So far from driving Fox from the court, it is the utmost that Wolsey can do to bring him there; and when he succeeds, it is evidently more out of compassion for Wolsey's incredible labours than his own inclination.

In this respect the statesmen of Henry differ greatly from those of Elizabeth. Numerous are the complaints of the weariness and expense of public employment. There is not an ambassador who does not send reiterated entreaties to the King or Wolsey to be recalled and released. Men of still lower

grade petition continually for exemption from offices which were greedily sought a century later. The simpler and sincerer habits of those days, must not be measured by the finesse and dissimulation of later times. Habits of seclusion were congenial to the age.

So the main weight of public business fell upon Ruthal and Wolsey; the former of whom had the reputation of being the wealthiest prelate in England, and was not altogether exempt from the imputation of penuriousness. His importance was due to his close connexion with Wolsey,[1] and to his dignity as Bishop of Durham. Owing to the proximity of Durham to the borders, none but a wealthy prelate could hold that see with efficiency. It demanded a princely income to keep Norham and the neighbouring fortresses in repair, and provide against the continual incursions of the Scots. It needed a wealthy bishop, but no more; the less formidable for genius or ambition the better. For there were elements of discord and insubordination in the North, which might burst forth at any time, and find a nucleus for their organization in an active and enterprizing prelate. On that head there was not much to apprehend from the talents or ambition of Ruthal. The numerous letters and drafts in his handwriting, often mistaken for Wolsey's, and probably written at Wolsey's dictation, show Ruthal's labour and patience. His own letters do not inspire much respect for his judgment or his genius.

Unlike his fellows in the Council, Wolsey's attention to business was not distracted by the duties of a high ecclesiastical appointment, or even the claims of large territorial estates. He held at this time no other preferment than the deanery of Lincoln. The bent of his genius was exclusively political; but it leaned more to foreign than domestic politics. It shone more conspicuous in great diplomatic combinations, for which the earlier years of the reign furnished favourable opportunities, than in domestic reforms. No man understood so well the interests of this kingdom in its relations to foreign powers, or pursued them with greater skill and boldness. The more hazardous the conjuncture, the higher his spirit soared to meet it. His intellect expanded with the occasion. Even at this early time he knew the extent of his power, and the temper of those with whom he had to deal. In a very characteristic letter to his vicar-general at Tournay, Dr.

[1] "Singing treble to the Cardinal's base," is the expression of Giustinian, i. 260.

Sampson, who alleged the difficulties he encountered in his administration there, Wolsey tells him to do his duty:[1] "Ye need not doubt thereof; the pope would not offend me for one thousand such as the elect[2] is, nor there is no such thing spoken of nor intended. I would not have you muse upon the moon, but to go straightly and wisely to my matters." Proud Cardinal and proud prelate were the terms lavished upon him by men as proud as himself, with much less reason to be proud. From a humble station, by his own unassisted efforts he had raised himself to the most conspicuous position, not in this nation only, but throughout the whole of Europe. "He was seven times greater than the Pope himself," is no exaggeration of the Venetian Giustinian; for he saw at his feet, what no Pope had for a long time seen, and no subject before or since, Princes, Kings, and Emperors courting his smiles. Born to command, infinitely superior in genius to those who addressed him, piercing their motives at a glance, he was lofty and impatient. But there is not a trace throughout his correspondence of the ostentation of vulgar triumph or gratified vanity. Grave and earnest, it occasionally descends to irony—is sometimes pungent, never vainglorious. Ambassadors from foreign courts, when they first visit England, address themselves to the King, and write letters to the Council. After a few weeks a little penetration enables them to discover by whose judgment and decision every great question will be eventually decided.

But throughout the whole period of his long administration, and through all his correspondence, it is remarkable how small a portion of his thoughts is occupied with domestic affairs; and with religious matters still less. Looking back upon the reign, and judging it as we do now by one great event, and one only, it appears inconceivable that a man of so much penetration and experience should have taken such a little interest in the religious movements of the day, and regarded Luther and the progress of the Reformation with so little concern. Grand also and munificent as were his notions of education, it is hard to find any statesman of his eminence who manifested less interest in the revival of letters, and cared less for Ciceronianisms and Latin elegancies. When, from a variety of causes, questions of domestic interest became

[1] I. p. 949.

[2] The French bishop elected to the see of Tournay before its conquest by the English; who was never consecrated, but was continually seeking recognition from the Pope.—Ed.

paramount, and the Sovereign and the nation were engrossed in religious discussions, the genius of Wolsey was no longer required. It no longer occupied the entire field of politics. The result was fatal; younger men understood the temper of the times better than he; they had the advantage of mixing in the strife with minds less prejudiced by the traditional maxims of the past; they were less trammelled by rules which no longer suited the rapid changes of the age. But so long as domestic questions remained in abeyance—so long as the movements of Francis I., Charles V., or the Pope, were immeasurably more important than labourers' wages, the exactions of the London clergy, or the excesses of the Ecclesiastical courts—so long the genius of Wolsey rode triumphant. No one could for a moment mount within his sphere, or contest his superiority.

The eclipse of his greatness was inevitable. It was in some measure owing to the dying off of his older associates who had served under Henry VII.—to the youth and inexperience of the men about Henry VIII.—to the reluctance with which Wolsey admitted fresh hands to a share of his labours. More than once he was urged by the King to promote younger associates, and provide for contingencies in the public service. More than once he finds excuses for complying, not from envy or selfishness; but, like other great and successful ministers who have long stood supreme and alone, he grew more fastidious as he grew older; he was less willing to hazard his measures by intrusting them to others, or damage the success of his plans through the indiscretion and inexperience of younger heads. With the failing natural to old age, he was more willing to tax his waning strength, than undertake the ungracious and unpalatable task of communicating his designs and explaining their bearings to raw associates. The policy was fatal;—it angered the King, it raised up a host of enemies in the able and rising courtiers. It left Wolsey friendless when he most needed friends; and the moment an opportunity offered of attacking the minister behind his back, it was readily seized on. Without any great ingratitude on the part of his Sovereign, his fall was inevitable; the work and the time had outgrown him;—and the expression put into his mouth by the great dramatist, "the King has gone beyond me," expresses Wolsey's profound conviction of the real causes of his disgrace, and the impossibility of his restoration.

But of his wonderful genius, most wonderful in the earlier

stage of his career, abundant proofs will be found in the correspondence of the time. The policy of Henry VIII. at the outset presented as great a contrast to the policy of Henry VII. as the administration of Cromwell did to his predecessor's. No minister so thoroughly understood that change as Wolsey, or entered upon it with so much zeal and energy.

Of his personal appearance the most faithful record will be found in his picture at Hampton Court. On that portrait the memorial sent by Sebastian Giustinian to his Signory in 1519 is the best comment:—

"He is about forty-six years old," says the writer, "very handsome,[1] learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs likewise are managed by him, let their nature be what it may.

"He is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just. He favours the people exceedingly, and especially the poor, hearing their suits and seeking to despatch them instantly. He also makes the lawyers plead gratis for all paupers. He is in very great repute, seven times more so than if he were Pope.[2]

"He is the person," continues the ambassador, "who rules both the King and the entire kingdom. On the ambassador's first arrival in England he used to say, '*His Majesty will do so and so;*' subsequently by degrees he went on forgetting himself, and commenced saying, '*We shall do so and so;*' at this present he has reached such a pitch that he says, '*I shall do so and so.*'"

The story of his low birth, though noticed by Giustinian, is apparently exaggerated.[3] Its common version is hardly

[1] Yet his implacable enemies, Skelton and Roy, state that he was disfigured by the small-pox. Skelton adds that he was

"So full of melancholy,
With a flap afore his eye."—
Why come ye not to Court? ver. 1166.

Apparently a hanging eye-lid. He elsewhere speaks of Dr. Balthazar, Queen Katharine's surgeon, being employed by Wolsey for a complaint in his eye. Ver. 1194. It is noticeable that Holbein gives Wolsey's side face only.

[2] Desp. ii. 314.

[3] The story was probably set afloat by Skelton. Speaking of the dread entertained of Wolsey by the nobility, he has these lines:—

"They dare not look out at doors
For dread of the mastiff cur;
For dread the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog."
Why come ye not to Court? ver. 293.

And again he asserts:—

"His base progeny
And his greasy genealogy;
He came out of the sink royal
That was cast out of a butcher's stall."—Ver. 488.

consistent with the Privy Seal,[1] Feb. 21, 1510, granted to Edmund Daundy, of Ipswich, empowering him to found a chantry in the southern nave of St. Lawrence, Ipswich, to pray for the good estate of the King and the Queen, and among others for the souls of Robert Wolsey and Joan his wife, father and mother of Thomas Wolsey, Dean of Lincoln. Indeed, had the story been true, it is highly improbable that it would have escaped the notice of his implacable enemy Polydore Vergil. He was educated at Oxford for the priesthood, but from the expression in his father's will, published by Fiddes, appears to have felt some reluctance at taking orders. Many evidences remain of his skill in the Latin tongue, but none that he was a master of any other, whether French or Italian. Though theology was not his forte, yet even his old enemy and maligner, Polydore Vergil, admits his abilities as a theologian.[2] According to the same writer, he was a Thomist, and induced the King to study the works of Aquinas. Beneath the malice of his personal enemies it is easy to trace the more obvious traits of his person and character. He was extremely popular in his manners; offended the older courtiers of the last reign by his wit, and by the absence of that reserved and solemn demeanour which, we can readily believe, was acceptable at the court of Henry VII. From the bitter and indiscriminate satire of Skelton, written at a later period, we gain a few other personal traits of the Cardinal. After affirming that the French, though defeated in legitimate warfare, shot crowns at the cardinal's hat and blinded him—

> "That he ne see can,
> To know God or man;"

he proceeds in the following strain:—

> "He is set so high
> In his hierarchy,
> Of frantic phrenesy
> And foolish phantasy,
> That in the Chamber of Stars
> All matters there he mars.
> Clapping his rod on the Board,
> No man dare speak a word;
> For he hath all the saying,
> Without any renaying.[3]
> He rolleth in his records,
> And saith, 'How say ye, my Lords?

[1] I. 899. [2] "Divinis litteris non indoctus," p. 17. [3] Contradiction.

Is not my reason good?'
Good even, good Robin Hood![1]
Some say, 'Yes;' and some
Sit still as they were dumb.
Thus thwarting over them
He ruleth all the roast
With bragging and with boast."[2]

Expressive enough this, of the Cardinal's abrupt behaviour to the Lords in the Star Chamber. The charge of not keeping the Lent fast, a graceless accusation from Skelton, has some foundation in fact:

"In Lent, for a repast,
He eateth capons stewed,
Pheasant and partridge mewed."

for we find in the records of the time that, in consequence of the weakness of his stomach, Wolsey had obtained a dispensation from Leo X. to eat flesh in Lent. The poet is not less severe against the Cardinal's conduct as chancellor, and his contempt of the lawyers who pleaded before him:

"At the Common Pleas,
Or at the King's Bench,
He wringeth them such a wrench,
That all our learned men
Dare not set their pen
To plead a true trial
Within Westminster Hall.
In the Chancery where he sits,
But such as he admits,
None so hardy to speak.
He saith, 'Thou huddypeke,
Thy learning is too lewd!'"[3]

He then alludes to divisions in the Privy Council;[4]—to the vast crowd of suitors who attended the Cardinal's palace at Hampton Court as compared with the King's Court;—to the influence which the Cardinal exercised over the King's mind:

"That all is but nut-shells
That any other saith:
He hath in him such faith."[5]

Not satisfied with this indiscriminate condemnation of Wolsey's public conduct, Skelton proceeds to attack him for his want of learning:

"He was but a poor master of art;
God wot, had little part

[1] They are compelled to be civil as one is to a robber who demands his purse.

[2] *Why come ye not to Court?* ver. 181. Written about 1524.

[3] Ib. 383.

[4] Ib. 401.

[5] Ib. 440.

Of the quadrivials,
Nor yet of trivials,[1]
Nor of philosophy.
* * * *
His Latin tongue doth hobble,
He doth but clout and cobble
In Tully's faculty." [2]

And for this charge there might be some foundation in the little apparent interest taken by Wolsey in classical learning. Such indifference was enough to expose him to the attacks of the popular writers of the day. But abuse so virulent and unguarded defeats itself. Besides, in animosity against the Cardinal, Skelton was animated by party feelings. He was a native of Norfolk, had evidently resided some time at Norwich,[3] was intimate with the Duke of Norfolk and his son, and never omits any opportunity of recommending himself to their good graces by praising some member of the family, or blackening their personal and political adversaries.[4] Yet when occasion demanded, Skelton could be as servile to Wolsey as at other times he was severe.

For the long feud between Wolsey and his formidable rival in the cabinet, Thomas Earl of Surrey, the Treasurer, created for his victory at Flodden Duke of Norfolk, there is much better authority. From one of Wolsey's own letters[5] it is clear that Polydore Vergil was not far wrong in stating that he and Fox regarded this nobleman with dislike. They suspected him of tempting the King into habits of extravagance, and fostering his passion for military distinction. Polydore insinuates that the earl made use of his influence with the King for the selfish purpose of repairing his estates crippled by the late civil wars. I cannot find any documents which justify this assertion. No extraordinary gifts to the Earl in land or money are to be found among the earlier records of the reign; with the exception of his patent of nobility, and the annuities granted him after the battle of Flodden;[6]—a victory which eclipsed all others in the estimation of his contemporaries, and could scarcely be overpaid by any honours or emoluments. In common with other members of his family,

[1] That is, either of the higher or lower university training.

[2] Ver. 509.

[3] The scene of his most popular poem, "Philip Sparrow," is laid at Carrow Abbey, the ruins of which remained not long since at a little distance from the gates of that city.

[4] One of his most biting poems is upon Christopher Garnish, whose name frequently occurs in the Calendar.

[5] I. 3443.

[6] I. 4694.

the Duke was not partial to Wolsey. He disliked the influence exercised by the Churchmen over the young King; and probably hoped to counteract their authority by engaging Henry in foreign conquests and removing him from the sphere of their influence. The feud descended to the next Duke; and their party was espoused by the Earl of Northumberland. They would have been much more formidable opponents, but for the affection which the King entertained for Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Henry's partiality to this brilliant nobleman exceeded the bounds of ordinary friendship. He pushed Brandon's fortunes with the affection and assiduity of a brother. But Suffolk managed a war-horse much better than he wielded a pen.[1] He took but little interest in politics, and his subsequent marriage with Mary, the King's sister, compelled him to espouse the side of Wolsey rather than of Norfolk. The other members of the Council had a vote, no more; *vox et præterea nihil.*

Of the offices connected with the Privy Council little needs be said. The chancellorship of the Exchequer was a patent office of forty marks a year. The King's secretary, if Erasmus may be trusted, was a more lucrative post. The most eminent of the number was Richard Pace, who in these early years appears only as the faithful servant and executor of Cardinal Bainbridge. The Secretaries of State were secretaries, and no more, employed in making fair copies of despatches. The secretary for the Latin tongue was Andreas Ammonius, the friend and correspondent of Erasmus; the secretary for the French tongue, Peter Meautys, whose salary amounted to no more than forty marks a year.[2]

Of the ambassadors of the time few seem to have been drawn from the higher class of the nobility. The duties and emoluments, and even the honour of such appointments, were not sufficiently tempting. The usual fixed pay of a resident was five shillings a day, increased by occasional bounties from the King. In some instances the ambassador was paid as much as 20*s.* per diem, but this sum included his own travelling expenses and diet and those of his suite. John Stile, sent to reside with the King of Arragon, Jan. 20, 1511, is

[1] Of the three greatest noblemen of the time, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Marquis of Dorset, it would be hard to say which was the most illiterate. Perhaps the spelling of the Duke of Suffolk is the most tortuous and ingeniously perverse. Doubtless it was phonetic; and fastidious readers will be shocked to learn that the aspirate often predominated where it had no right.

[2] I. 588.

paid 10*s*. a day; Sir Robert Drury and Lord Dacre, ambassadors into Scotland, 20*s*. a day; June 19, 1511. Dr. Yong, Master of the Rolls, on his embassy into France, July 18, 1511, the same. When the Bishop of Rochester (Fisher), the Prior of St. John's, and the Abbot of Wynchcombe, were sent ambassadors to the Pope, Feb. 5, 1512, the first and second received 800*l*., the third 800 marks, for their expenses during 160 days. Dr. West, ambassador into Scotland, April 16, 1512, had 20*s*. a day, and Lord Dacre, sent with him, 40*s*. a day. In addition to his pay as an ambassador, John Stile receives a pension, May 12, 1511, of 40 marks yearly for his services beyond sea; Thomas Spinelly, 50*l*., Dec. 23, 1511.[1] But their emoluments and their dignity were entirely dependent on the King's liberality; and, as the sums given them were often irregularly paid, and generally in arrears, the position of an ambassador was not always to be coveted. More, writing to Erasmus,[2] in his usual pleasant strain, describes in lively colours the miseries to which an English plenipotentiary was subjected. "Tunstal," he says, "has just left this; having spent scarcely ten days here, and none to his own satisfaction. He has been anxiously and arduously employed all the time in setting forth those things which belong to an ambassador's commission. No sooner is this over, than, vastly against his will, he is thrust again on a new legation, without any warning. I never liked the office of an ambassador. We laymen and you priests are not on equal terms on such occasions; for you have no wives or children at home, or find them wherever you go. Whereas whenever we laymen are away, we are called back by the love of our wives and our families. When a priest starts on his mission, he can take his whole family with him, and feed at the King's expense, those whom he must otherwise have fed at home; but whenever I am absent I have two families to keep, one at home and one abroad. The King provides tolerably well for those whom I must take with me; but no consideration is paid to those whom I leave behind. You know what a kind husband I am! what an indulgent father, and lenient master! and yet for all this I cannot prevail on my wife, children, and servants to close their mouths and stop eating until I return." The miseries of ambassadors,

[1] These notices are from the warrants directed to the Treasurer of the Chamber.

[2] Ep. ii. 16.

thus jocosely insisted on by More, find an echo in earnest in the correspondence of the ministers at the different courts; and though the cares of their employment were sometimes alleviated by donatives or appointments, it was sufficiently onerous and ill-paid to deter many competitors from seeking it.

Of the ambassadors thus employed few were of high birth, or, with one exception, of high position. John Stile, the English ambassador at the expensive court of Ferdinand and Isabella, was a man of no rank or education. His English is extremely uncouth and often obscure. It is not improbable that he was engaged in business, like others in the same position.[1] Peter Martyr calls him a gentleman of the chamber. This may well be; for such occupations were not considered incompatible with a place at court. Thus, Richard Lloid, groom of the chamber, is searcher in the port of Yarmouth;[2] Brian Tuke, clerk of the signet, obtains a licence to export kerseys;[3] James Worsley, groom of the robes, to import wine and woad;[4] Giles Talbot, groom of the chamber, to import 400 tons of the same;[5] Sir Wistan Brown and William Sydney, to export 2,000 sacks of wool.[6] They may have retailed these licences to Italian or other merchants, and occupied their offices as searchers by deputy. But whether they traded in their own names, or used their influence at Court in obtaining these licences for others, never seems to have been either questioned or condemned.

Another of these ambassadors, Thomas Spinelly, the English resident in Flanders at the court of the Archduchess, was evidently a merchant like his brothers. His earlier letters are written in French, his latter ones in English; but he wrote neither of those languages with elegance, and barely with correctness. He seems to have been by birth an Italian; but little else is known of him beyond the information furnished by his own correspondence. Like Stile, he appears to have been employed by Henry VII. He died in the King's service at the court of Spain in 1524. Sir Robert Wingfield, on the contrary, the ambassador with Maximilian, was of a good family, settled in the county of Suffolk, and evidently a man of some literary culture,—a gift he did not hide in a corner. He was deputy of Calais, but discharged the duties of that

[1] The name of John Stile, grocer (that is, engrosser), London, *alias* scribe, occurs in I. 1662; and again, of John Stile, collector at the port of Plymouth (I. 1810), who is certainly the same as the ambassador at the court of Arragon.

[2] I. 700.

[3] I. 1873, 3700.

[4] I. 2058.

[5] I. 4746.

[6] I. 3143.

place by Sir Richard Wingfield, his brother. His allowance at the court of the Emperor was 20*s.* a day,[1] and the liberal grants made him by the King are evidences of the estimation in which he was held.[2] He, too, seems to have been employed by Henry VII. In fact, with the exception of Cardinal Bainbridge at Rome, the same names of English and foreign residents occur under both reigns. Cardinal Bainbridge was selected for his high ecclesiastical position in a court entirely governed by Archbishops and Cardinals. His wealth probably was an additional motive. For none but a wealthy prelate could hope to support the expense of a residence at Rome. His rival in the same court, De Giglis, Bishop of Worcester, who was supposed to be instrumental in Bainbridge's death, had been in the service of Henry VII. So was Hadrian de Corneto, the patron of Polydore Vergil; both of whom seem to have tasted the bounty of Henry VIII. The letters of these ecclesiastics, and the correspondence relating to Bainbridge's murder, are of the greatest interest. Above all, the letter of Wolsey to the Bishop of Worcester,[3] partly on that subject, and partly on the efforts made to obtain for him the cardinalate, will repay an attentive perusal. Sir Edward Ponynges, Dr. Will. Knight, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Dr. Tunstal and Dr. Yong, Masters of the Rolls, and the Earl of Worcester, were employed on occasional missions of more than usual delicacy and importance. But the permanent residents were generally men of a lower position. This policy was inaugurated by Henry VII. It seemed to his reserved and suspicious temper safer to trust meaner instruments, whom he could shake off at pleasure without incurring danger from their resentment. It was more economical. The employment of humbler men had, moreover, this advantage: they could more easily accommodate themselves to circumstances, and collect information with greater readiness than men of higher rank and pretensions. We are gainers by this policy in the minuteness of details furnished by such negociators, and in the absence of all affectation of political sagacity. They report the occurrences of the hour and the day with a laborious fidelity, which is of the utmost value to the modern historian, and forms a refreshing contrast to the dry and pompous formalities of later diplomatists. Of the actions and personal appearances of Maximilian and

[1] From the 20th of May, 1510, to the 31st of Oct., 1512, his full allowance was 896*l.* See Calendar, Vol. ii. p. 1459.

[2] See Index to Vol. i. of the Calendar.

[3] I. 5465.

Ferdinand, of the movements of the unconquerable Julius, the Cæsar of all Pontiffs, more trustworthy information can be gained from the unpretending reports of Wingfield, Spinelly, or even Bainbridge, than from any other sources.

But it is desirable to know something, not merely of ministers and ambassadors, but of the nation. Of what elements were the people, the gentry, the nobility composed? What classes were now on their way to promotion? What changes were taking place in social life? A careful study of the grants from the Crown, partly enrolled on the Patent Rolls, but many of them only recorded in the Privy Seals and Signed Bills of the reign, supplies the best answer to these questions. It is from documents such as these, bald and uninteresting as they may seem, that we must look in future for any light on the history of the English gentry and of that body of men who from the time of the Reformation have been identified with all the great constitutional struggles in this country. The dissensions which ploughed up the land in the previous century exterminated with few exceptions the old race of nobility. A few, like the Duke of Norfolk, still remained, rather as fragments of their ancient grandeur, to connect the era of the Tudors with that of the Plantagenets, than in the full integrity of their might. But the civil wars turned up a new soil to the surface, from which all the great names in modern history have sprung; and the cradle of the new race is to be seen in these Signed Bills and Privy Seals.

This will be understood more clearly when we describe the nature of the information which these documents contain. Among them are to be found the nominations of ambassadors, confirmations of treaties, commissions, summonses for Convocation and Parliament, creations of nobility, *congés d'élire* of bishops, abbots, and priors, presentations to livings and pensions, stewardships of forests and manors, distribution of forfeited lands, appointments at court, pensions, lists of sheriffs, mortmain licences, wardships, cancels of recognizances wrung from his subjects by Henry VII., licences to import and export merchandize, to beg alms for the redemption of captives and the like. But even this list will scarcely convey to the reader a just idea of the significance of these documents, unless he bear in mind that they are also the records of the personal acts of the Sovereign, not of his ministers. No other papers, in fact, can give such an adequate notion of the enormous powers of the Crown, under the Tudors, or show

more distinctly the steps by which it had been aggrandized under Henry VII. Under Henry VIII. the patronage and the revenues of the Crown were immense. Besides the ordinary grant of tonnage and poundage, the expenses of the King's household were provided for by an annual grant of 19,400*l.*, not including the assignments for the Wardrobe. To these must be added the sums received from Lewis XII., the subsidies voted to the King in various years by the Commons and the Convocation, benevolences exacted under the title of free gifts, and loans that were never repaid. Happily these were not of frequent occurrence. When, however, the necessities of the Crown were urgent, the nobility and gentry were sent down to their several counties to stir up the liberality of the inhabitants. They were commanded to bring up their tenantry and the neighbouring towns to meet together, in order to determine on a contribution for the King, and each man's quota. A troublesome opponent or refractory minority was easily controlled by a threat of being sent to London, to state their objections before the Privy Council—a threat which generally proved effectual in silencing opposition. For the expenditure of these and other sums, levied on the nation, the King was responsible to no one. He had no control beyond his own sense of right, or the dread of unpopularity, always a potent check upon the Tudors. Henry VII., by his ministers Empson and Dudley, imposed fines, upon different pretexts, under the names of recognizances, with what justice may be seen in the acts of his son and successor. The early pages of the Calendar are loaded with cancels of these recognizances. In more than one instance, the writ is even charged with a clause that such recognizances were made "without any cause reasonable or lawful, by the undue means of certain of the learned Council of our late father, contrary to the law, reason, and good conscience, to the manifest charge and peril of the soul of our late father, and that the sums contained in those recognizances cannot be levied without the evident peril of our late father's soul, which we would for no earthly riches see nor suffer."[1]

These remarks, however, can only give a feeble idea of the wealth and power of the Sovereign. Small chance as there was of successful opposition to his wishes, the King was in some measure dependent for these sources of his revenue on the good will of his subjects. There were others for which he

[1] I. 1004, also 1756, *sq.*

was not dependent upon them in any measure, and in the employment of which they would no more have presumed to express an opinion than he would have thought of demanding it. In the union of the houses of York and Lancaster in Henry VII., it must not be forgotten that, besides a union of claims to the Crown, there was a union of estates. Before this time Yorkist or Lancastrian had to supply the expense and means for war from one-half only of the revenues which fell into the hands of Henry VII. The lands of attainted and rebellious nobles were confiscated to the Crown; the estates of a Yorkist increased the Crown lands of a Lancastrian, the triumphant Yorkist retaliated the same measure on his Lancastrian opponent. When the war ended, heirs and claimants had died off, or were in ill-favour or under suspicion of disaffection; and even when the attainted lands were restored, some portion stuck fast in the transit; a part was voluntarily surrendered to secure the remainder. The rebellions under Henry VII. added greatly to these acquisitions; and the reader has only to turn over a few pages of the Calendar to see how the Crown lands had augmented throughout the length and breadth of England by the attainders of the De la Poles, the Salisburies, the Charltons, the Empsons, and the Dudleys. In fact, treason was more profitable to Henry VII. than any other branch of his revenue.

Amidst the legal and state fictions of this day, it is hard to realize the true position of a Tudor sovereign in the sixteenth century. The lands of the Crown, by whatever means acquired, were as much in the King's power as those of any other landlord. His personal management and control of them were as unlimited. He exchanged them, cut down the timber, built up or pulled down, appointed stewards or managers as he pleased, and at whatever salary he pleased. The revenues he derived from them were his own, to employ or waste at his pleasure. It is probable that this vast increase of estates under the first Tudors did not bring a proportionate increase of revenue; but it placed the power and supremacy of the King on a footing it had never been placed on before. It afforded him numerous opportunities of bestowing lucrative appointments on his courtiers. He had at his own immediate disposal the stewardships of forests, manors, chaces, castles, fisheries, and mines; the collectorships of customs in various ports; nominations to churches on his estates; not to mention his ancient right of wardship and marriage, which now sunk

into an insignificant item compared with the more splendid and lucrative offices at his sole disposal. What is the result? The forests and chaces maintained a numerous and hardy race of men, trained to arms, and ready for the King's service at any time he should deem fit to employ them. They formed a standing army without its obnoxious features; without the dangers to which standing armies are subject, of becoming mischievous weapons in the hands of their officers. The appointment of customs at various ports was not only a reward for past services, but a watch on the loyalty and disaffection of the towns, and the indirect means for transmitting important information of foreign or domestic insurrections. Even wardships were not without their uses in this respect; for the King could, as we have positive evidence that he did, entrust to those of whose fidelity he had no suspicion the wardship, training, and marriage of the sons and daughters of disaffected families. Of course, appointments of ambassadors, commissions in the army and navy, had been in his gift from time immemorial; but now, in consequence of the vast augmentation of the Crown lands, he could supplement the small wages attached to such employments by some lucrative post on the royal estates.

It may be thought that, after all, Henry would be guided by his ministers; that he could know nothing or little of the hundreds of claimants on his bounty. As an answer to that objection, we find among the warrants to the Treasurer of the Chamber,[1] signed by the King, one in favour of William Wynesbury, his Lord of Misrule, directing the treasurer to pay him 5*l.*, "upon a prest, (*i.e.* as an advance) towards his reward for his business against this Christmas next ensuing." But annexed to the above is a note from the petitioner to the following effect:—"If it shall like your Grace to give me too much, I will give you none again; and if your Grace give me too little, I will ask more." An indication of the freedom with which Henry sometimes allowed himself to be addressed, for he granted the petition; and still more, of the petitioner's conviction that the writ would be read by the King.

But we have better evidence than this. On examining these appointments, it is remarkable how many of them are made to those who are or have been in personal attendance on the Sovereign. Scarcely any man holds an office of importance who is not familiarly known to the King. The Howards,

[1] Dated Dec. 9, 1509.

the Brandons, the Jerninghams, the Sydneys, the Plantagenets, the Sherbornes, the Fitzwilliams, the Marneys, were or had all been squires or knights of the Body or gentlemen of the Chamber. The King's patronage naturally flows in this direction; and we have this curious result, that not only all great and important offices in the army, the navy, and all influential departments of the State, are filled by men who have been in personal attendance on the King, but that the exclusive road to promotion is dependent on this personal service. No minister dispenses or even shares the patronage of the Crown; he may recommend, but evidently that recommendation is confined within the narrow circle of those who are already known to the Sovereign by personal and assiduous service. All this has changed the King's position, and vastly augmented his power. Unlike the old haughty nobility, who kept a jealous watch over the powers of the Crown, and, in the absence of constitutional restraints, acted as a check upon the undue extension of its prerogatives, the ministers under the Tudors, taken from a lower rank, looked up to the Crown and the extension of its authority as a support for their own. They are the servants of the Crown, an epithet which the ancient nobility of a past age would have rejected with disdain, as they would have rejected that subordination which it signified.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point the moral suggested by these remarks. It begins to shape itself in the dim vision of the past, and the confusion of the civil wars. As it drifts along the current of events, it assumes more gigantic and more definite proportions. War, peace, and even rebellion force the consideration of it on the minds of men. It flits in dim consciousness across the thoughts of devout men like Fox in their struggle between loyalty and conscience. It stings fierce men into treason, and thoughtful men into disobedience. Even the passions of men and the policy of kings, with no higher object than their own selfish interests, become instrumental to its development. The ecclesiastics who surrounded the throne of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and sanctioned with their presence and authority the acts of both those monarchs, invested royalty with a spiritual influence in the minds of the people which could not be disintegrated from it, or resumed when the Kings changed their religious principles, and dismissed their spiritual ministers. The royal supremacy was now to triumph after years of efforts apparently fruitless

and often purposeless. That which had been present to the English mind for centuries was now to come forth in distinct consciousness armed with a power which nothing could resist. Yet that it should come forth in such a form is marvellous. All events had prepared the way for the king's temporal supremacy. Opposition to papal authority was familiar to men; but a spiritual supremacy, an ecclesiastical headship, as it separated Henry VIII. from all his predecessors by an immeasurable interval, so was it without precedent and at variance with all tradition. Fools could raise objections, the wisest could hardly catch a glimpse of its profound significance.

CHAPTER III.

SUFFOLK AND MARY—DESIGNS OF FRANCIS I.

THE political fabric reared by Wolsey with so much labour, skill, and perseverance, fell to the ground at the death of Lewis XII. By the marriage of the Princess Mary with Lewis the policy of the treaty of Cambray had been turned back upon its authors. One chief object of that policy had been, as explained already, to shut out England from all interference in continental politics; to render France, in effect, the dictator of Europe; and, what in those days was scarcely less important for this purpose, to leave the Pope entirely dependent on the will of the Christian King. But by this marriage alliance Wolsey had contrived, under the semblance of an equal partition of authority, to make England in reality predominant. So it was felt to be by Lewis himself, and more so by his successor. The feeble health of the King, prematurely aged,[1] and shorn of his due influence by this new affinity, was no match for the ambition of Henry or the genius and vigour of Wolsey, now in the prime of his life.[2] Ferdinand, advanced in years, and not less a martyr to sickness, was contented to let things take their course, provided he was not molested in his own dominions, and his new conquest of Navarre was not called in question. Maximilian, penniless, fertile in devices for raising money too transparent to deceive, and never a penny the richer, even when his plots were successful, was a greater terror to his friends than to his enemies. No prince

[1] In that age life wasted and waned apace. Men were old and worn out at 60. Lewis XII. did not live to complete his 54th year, and was a wreck, not merely by the report of his enemies, but by his own admissions to Suffolk and others. Francis I. died at 53; Maximilian at 60; Charles V. at 59. Wolsey, who passed for "an old man broken with the storms of State," even before his fall, died at 55. More remarkable still, Henry VII., whose portraits show indications of extreme age in the wasted face and neck, the long bony fingers and feebleness of their grasp, died at the early age of 52, completely worn out in mind and body. The fearful excitement through which they had passed told heavily upon them;—like men who had struggled and buffeted for life in a stormy sea, and saved it only to drag out a few weary years on dry land.

[2] He was only 40 or 41.

had grander schemes, or less ability and perseverance. Ready to pawn the Holy Roman Empire to the highest bidder, it was fortunate for the tranquillity of Europe that none of the Frescobaldi or Fuggers of that age would advance the money on any security Maximilian could offer. Nominally the governor of his grandson Charles, he possessed no real influence. Grandson and ministers were alike deaf to his entreaties for money, and jealous of the interference of Margaret of Savoy, who furthered his schemes with the adroitness of a female politician and the fidelity of a daughter.

So the triumph of Wolsey was complete. For his triumph it was, and none ventured to dispute his claim. It was his first great effort at diplomacy; and his influence dated from that effort. With what prudence and ingenuity he had mastered the difficulties that stood in his way cannot be told. He had to overcome the reluctance of Mary herself, even at that time attached to Suffolk, and break off her engagement with Charles. This was but a small part of his task. It was not to be expected that Francis would submit without a struggle to a match which imperilled his succession. The difficulties were greater at home. Any union with France was unpopular; it was not acceptable even to those councillors who shared the King's confidence. The old nobility, represented by Norfolk,[1] opposed it; and the more so as Wolsey's success sealed his supremacy and their downfall.

The debates upon this marriage and the alliance with France had given rise to a mortal struggle in the Privy Council between the old party and the new, of which only feeble indications have reached us. Would the King yield to this new influence and new nobility, of whom Suffolk was the chief, or would he continue his old advisers? The struggle had ended in a triumph for Wolsey, to be dissipated by the death of Lewis XII. The powers of confusion were again abroad. A powerful minority, irritated by defeat, had resolved once more to strike for supremacy. Matters abroad wore a gloomier aspect;—a young sovereign on the throne of France,

[1] "Would God my Lord of York (Wolsey) had come with me in the room of my Lord of Norfolk, for then I am sure I should have been left much more at my heart's ease than I am now."—Mary to Henry VIII., I. 5488. And in I. 5512 Suffolk tells Wolsey that he will perceive the hostile intentions of the Duke of Norfolk and his son, to whom it was owing that Mary's servants were discharged on their arrival in Paris because they were of Wolsey's choosing, not theirs. It is worth observing that at the tournament held at the French court in honour of Mary's marriage, no mention occurs of any of the Howards.

full of ardent hopes and ambition, the darling of all the daring and restless spirits of the age, despised the English alliance;—Charles and his ministers were sulky and offended,—Ferdinand old and distrustful,—Maximilian ready to sell himself, his lance-knechts, and the Swiss, to work for pay, plunder, or conquest;—war gloomed in all directions and in all forms. Who was to ride the storm, and manage the elements?—that was the question, which every man asked, and each one answered in his own way.

This struggle, productive of so many momentous consequences, drew Suffolk and Wolsey closely together. The first thing to be done was to send an embassy, and congratulate Francis I. on his accession. At the head of it was the Duke of Suffolk, who had only returned from France six weeks before. The deputation arrived at Senlis on Saturday the 27th of January.[1] Francis was then at Rheims for his "sacring," and desired the ambassadors to meet him at Noyon on Thursday, Candlemas eve. No reception could be more gracious or condescending. He gave them hearty welcome; asked lovingly after the health of the king and the queen, expressed his pleasure at this renewal of the good understanding between the two countries, and appointed a formal audience for Friday, February 2. That day West, afterwards Bishop of Ely, made a Latin harangue, a wearisome and indispensable part in such ceremonials. He enlarged on the virtues and qualities of a good ruler, and concluded by expressing a hope that the future conduct of Francis would be conformable to the promises he had made, when Duke of Angoulême. To his livelier audience the speech had too much the air of a homily; but they were civil enough to say that the matter was good, and the Latin elegant. Francis thanked the deputation for their compliments, and alluded to the death of his predecessor. They had good reason, he said, to be sorry, "forasmuch as the late King had married the Princess Mary, of which marriage," he said, "he was a great cause, trusting that it should have long endured." In their reply the ambassadors thanked the King in their master's name for the singular comfort he had given Mary in this season of her affliction, calling to his mind "how lovingly he had written to Henry, by his last letters, that he would neither do her wrong, nor suffer her to take wrong of any other person, but be to her as a loving son should be to his mother."

[1] II. 105.

Francis answered, "he could do no less for his honour, seeing that she was Henry's sister, a noble princess married to his predecessor;" and he expressed a hope that she would write to England, and report, "how lovingly he had behaved to her." Thus ended the public audience.

The same day, sending for the Duke into his bedchamber, Francis thus addressed him: "My Lord of Suffolk, so it is that there is a bruit in this my realm that you are come to marry with the queen, your master's sister." Utterly taken aback by this announcement, it was in vain that the discomfited Suffolk stammered out a denial, and protested he had no such intentions. In the utmost confusion, he entreated the King not to impute to him so great a folly as to come into a strange realm and marry a Queen there without the consent of the Sovereign. "I ensure your grace," he added, "I have no such purpose, nor it was ever intended on the King my master's behalf, nor on mine." Francis replied, that if Suffolk would not be plain with him he must be plain with the Duke; and then proceeded to inform him that Mary herself had broken the matter to him, and he for his part had promised "on his faith and truth, and by the troth of a King," that he would do his best to help her. He then detailed certain secrets which had passed between Mary and Suffolk,[1] calling up the deepest crimson into Suffolk's face. "And when," continues Suffolk, describing the interview to Wolsey, "he had done thys, I cold do non lyes but to thanke hes grace for the greth godnes that his grace in tynded to schaw unto the quyene and me; how by et (howbeit) I schowd hes grace that I was lyke to by ondon (to be undone) if the matter schold coume to the knollag of the kyng me masster." Francis reassured him; told him to be under no apprehension, for as soon as ever he reached Paris he would see the Queen, and then both should write letters with their own hand to Henry "in the best manner that could be devised." Suffolk concluded by expressing his satisfaction at what had passed: "My Lord," he says, repeating the conversation to Wolsey, "after mine opinion, I find myself much bounden to God, considering that he that I feared most is contented to be the doer of this act himself, and to

[1] "The which I knew no man alive could tell them but she; and when he told them I was abashed, and he saw it, and said: 'Be not disturbed, for you shall say that you have found a kind friend and a loving; and because you shall not think no wrong of her, I give you in your hand my faith and troth, by the word of a King, that I shall never fail her or you, but to help and advance this matter betwixt her and you with as good a will as I would for mine own self.'"

instance the King my master in the same for me, whereby his grace shall be marvellously discharged, *as well against his council as all the other noblemen in his realm.*"

Wolsey's reply to this letter is of so much importance to the clear understanding of this strangest of all negociations that I venture to insert it entire. The draft only remains at the Record Office. The words in *italics* were inserted by Wolsey himself.

"My Lord,

"In my most hearty manner I recommend me unto your good Lordship, and have received your letter written with your own hands, dated at Paris[1] the 3rd day of this month, and as joyous I am, as any creature living, to hear as well of your honorable entertainment with the French king, and of his loving mind towards you for your marriage with the French queen, our master's sister, as also of his kind offer made unto you, that both he and the said French queen shall effectually write unto the king's grace for the obtaining of his good will and favour unto the same. The contents of which your letter I have at good leisure declared unto the king's highness, and his grace marvellously rejoiced to hear of your good speed in the same, and how substantially and discretely ye ordered and handled yourself in your words and your communication with the said French king, when he first secretly brake with you of the said marriage. And therefore, my Lord, *the king and* I think it good that ye procure and solicit the speedy sending unto his grace of the letters from the said French king touching this matter, *assuring you that the King continueth firmly in his good mind and purpose towards you, for the accomplishment of the said marriage, albeit that there be daily on every side practices made to the let of the same, which I have withstanded hitherto, and doubt not so to do till ye shall have achieved your intended purpose; and ye shall say, by that time that ye know all, that ye have had of me a fast friend.*

"The king's grace sends unto you at this time not only his especial letters of thanks unto the French king for the loving and kind entertainment of you and the other ambassadors with you, and for his favorable audience given unto you and them, but also other letters of thanks to the queen his wife, and to other personages specified in your letter jointly sent with the other ambassadors to the king's grace. And his Highness is of no less mind and affection than the French king is for the continuance of good peace and amity betwixt them. And his grace will favourably hear such ambassadors as the said French king shall send hither to commune and treat upon the same; and upon the overture of their charges ye shall be with all diligence made privy thereunto. *The Lady of Suffolk is departed out of this present life; and* over this, my Lord, the king's grace hath granted unto you all such lands as be come into his hands by the decease of *the said* Lady of Suffolk; and also *by my pursuit* hath given unto you the lordship of Claxton, which *his* highness had of my Lord Admiral for 1,000 marks, which he did owe to his grace.

"And finally, my Lord, whereas ye desired at your departing to have an harness made for you, the king's grace hath willed me to write unto you, that he saith that it is impossible to make a perfect headpiece for you, unless that the manner of the making of your sight were assuredly known. And because I am no cunning clerk to describe the plainness of such a thing, inasmuch as ye shall perceive by this my writing what the matter meaneth, ye may make answer to the king's [grace] upon the same, like as ye shall think good.

[1] An error for Senlis.

"And whereas ye write that the French king is of no less good will towards me than his predecessor was, I pray you to thank his grace for the same, and to offer him my poor service, which, next my master, shall have mine heart for the good will and mind which he beareth to you; beseeching you to have my affairs recommended, and that I may have some end in the same, one way or other. And thus for lack of more leisure I bid you most heartily farewell, beseeching you to have me recommended to the queen's grace.
"From my house besides Westminster."

Suffolk and his fellows went on to Paris, and arrived there on February 4. The King stayed behind at Compiegne to give audience to the ambassadors sent by Charles, Prince of Castile, for a marriage between himself and Madame Renée, the youngest daughter of Lewis XII., then four years old. Ferdinand, the old King of Spain, with unwise rivalry had demanded her hand, at the same time, for the Infant Ferdinand, thus early fomenting a misunderstanding between the two brothers. On the 13th, Francis made his entry into Paris. "M. de Nassau and M. de St. Py," says Gattinara, who was present on the occasion, writing to Margaret of Savoy—

"were on a scaffold, with the queen and the ladies to view the sight; and on the same scaffold were the duke of Suffolk and the deputy of Calais (Wingfield), who have left off their mourning; and we others were in a house, and looked out of the windows at the pageant. Very near us, in another house, was the queen widow (Mary), and certés, Madame, the entry was fine and sumptuous. First came the archers of the town, a goodly number, all with their habits of goldsmith's work of one pattern; then the eschevins and governors of the town, all attired in black velvet, with a great train of people; after them, the crafts, dressed in silks, and all on horseback; then the foot soldiers of the town in great number, dressed *en Suisse;* then the provost on horseback and the town councillors, in scarlet; and next his archers, bedizened with goldsmith's work; after them "*la Justice du Chastellet,*" with a dozen councillors in scarlet and fur hoods (*chaperons*); then the general of the finances, followed by the accountants, in cloth of silk and splendid furs; then 80 members of the court of parliament, in scarlet, with their hoods on their shoulders, and the four presidents, with their mantles and hoods, and caps on their heads, clothed in the same manner as I am, when we pronounce our *arrets.* After a short interval followed 200 pensionaries, all armed and trapped, accoutred and covered, both horse and man, with cloth of gold of various fashions and devices;—a sight very gorgeous to behold. Next followed the Swiss Guard; then the old knights of the Order, armed, trapped, and accoutred with cloth of gold; amongst whom I recognized M. de Piennes, M. de Bussy d'Amboise the elder, M. de Champdenyer, and M. des Chanes. Then came the ushers of the Chancery in great number, and the masters of requests, attired in black velvet furred with *letices;* then a horse by itself, which carried the little casket of the seal, set upon a cushion on the saddle, which was of blue velvet sprinkled with *fleurs de lis* of gold; then came the Chancellor, wearing over his crimson robe a scarlet cloak, cut on both sides in a different manner from those of the others, and a different cap on his head. Afterwards came the pages and the equerry of the king, all dressed in white, partly in velvet and partly in silver cloth; and the horses, all Spanish, were also accoutred in white; then the trumpeters, the heralds, and the kings of arms, in white silk

robes, bearing their coats of arms; next the king, armed, upon his barbed horse, wholly accoutred in white and in cloth of silver. The king did not keep under the canopy (*pale*), but displayed his horsemanship by continually curvetting and prancing. And there were good horses and riders who did marvels to attract the notice of the ladies. After the king, and behind the canopy, came the princes of the blood, so richly accoutred, mounted, and barbed, that I know not how to describe them. Then came the 200 gentlemen of the king's household; all armed and barbed in divers colours, some more richly than others, and they marched in troops and in battalions, with their lances on their thighs, and morions on their heads. Finally came the 400 archers of the guard, all armed and bearing lances.

"After the king's servants had passed, we waited to see the queen pass as she returned to the palace. First came 20 horses of the duke of Suffolk's servants, all attired in grey damask, with many of M. de Nassau's gentlemen; next those of his household and of his litter, with M. de Nassau and M. de Sainct Py in front. The queen's litter followed, with the queen and Madame d'Angoulême. In another litter were Madame Renée and the daughter of the Duke of Longueville lately deceased, and another young lady. A third litter contained the old Madame de Bourbon and the young Madame d'Alençon, sister to the king. Five other litters followed. After these came the *acquinées* to the number of 24; the first 14 ladies being dressed in cloth of gold, the others in various fashions. The duke of Suffolk spoke as he walked with the first of the said ladies, who some say was the Duchess of Longueville. Next followed three chariots filled with ladies.

"This evening a banquet was held in the palace, in which M.M. de Nassau and Sainct Py supped with the King. The ambassador of the Pope sate next the king on his right hand, then the duke of Suffolk, M. de Nassau, the deputy of Calais, and M. de Sainct Py, the Venetian ambassador, and no more. On the left hand were seated:—M. d'Alençon, M. de Bourbon, his brother who was made duke, M. de Lorraine, M. de Vendôme, who has also lately been made duke, and others, whom I have forgotten, as I was not there. The banquet is said to have been sumptuous.

"This morning M. de Nassau was told that an answer would be given us to-day, which has not been the case. The king has caused the English embassy to go to him; and the grand master, M. de Boissy, M. de Bussy the elder, and three or four great personages, have gone to accompany and conduct them, which it is not the custom to do until after the first audience. This appears to be done in order to make us advance; but as we do not know the wishes of our master, the king and his council will perhaps think we have come only to entertain them.

"Paris, 16 Feb. 1515.

"I forgot to say that at the entry there were a great number of ecclesiastics, and more than 300 Cordeliers, without mentioning the other Orders; for after the king had caught sight of them, they were made pass through other streets where the men-at arms did not come."

There were anxious hearts at the gay ceremony. On the Tuesday previous Suffolk had paid his first visit to Mary. To his inquiries of the French King's behaviour, she replied, in general terms, as if evading the question, that he had been in hand with her about many matters, but on hearing of Suffolk's arrival had promised to desist, praying her not to disclose what he had said to her, either to the King or Suffolk; "for because your grace (Henry) should not take none un-

kindness therein." Suffolk would fain have persuaded himself that Francis had observed his promise: "I think," says the Duke, writing to Henry,[1] "he n'old do anything that should discontent your grace; or else I will say that he is the most untrue man that lives." The same day the Duke wrote to Wolsey,[2] to say he had been in hand with Mary to ascertain the nature of the communications between her and Francis, of which he had written in his last; and she had confessed that Francis had used importunities that made her "so weary and so afeard" he would try to ruin Suffolk, that she had thought it best to be candid, and had said to him: "Sir, I beseech you that you will let me alone, and speak no more to me of these matters; and if you will promise me by your faith and truth, and as you are a true prince, that you will keep it counsel and help me, I will tell you all my whole mind." On his promise of secrecy, Mary avowed her engagement to Suffolk, begging the King to have pity and mitigate her brother's displeasure.

Once already she had been sacrificed to political considerations, and might reasonably apprehend that the promises made her by Henry would not be permitted to take effect, if an eligible match were demanded by the nation, or dictated by national expediency. Henry was aware of her affection for Suffolk before her late portentous union with Lewis. He had promised her, when she parted with him "at the water side,"[3] that if, to oblige him, she would marry Lewis this time, she should be permitted on the next occasion to do "as she list."[4] But besides her brother's good will, the consent of others had to be gained, "hinderers," as she calls them, and enemies to the man she loved, who would not scruple to retard his advancement. Her marriage was the topic of conversation in every court of Europe; political agents and ambassadors canvassed the chances of this or that suitor for the Fair Queen, *La Royne Blanche*, as she was commonly called, whose hand was eagerly sought for its own sake, and not less for the prospective advantages it held out in the uncertainty of Henry's issue. What was the nature of the offers made her by Francis, whose Queen[5] had been already consigned to

[1] Feb. 8. II. 133.
[2] II. 134.
[3] No. 227.
[4] No. 228.
[5] Claude, like her mother, was very short and very corpulent. "She is with child:—many fear for her delivery;" "et mesmes pour ce que le roy (Francis) est puissant, et qu'il y ha signe et apparence que l'enfant qu'elle porte sera gross et puissant." —Gattinara to Margaret, Feb. 14. Le Glay, *Négociations*, ii. 53. See also Calendar, II. 647.

the tomb by the seers and prognosticators of the time, I do not care to inquire. More than once she had been pestered by his solicitations within the first week of her widowhood,[1] sometimes in his own behalf, sometimes in behalf of others, and among the rest for the Duke of Savoy.[2] "If Mary continue at this court," writes Gattinara to Margaret of Savoy, "they speak of her marriage with your brother-in-law, whom the King, as I am told, has invited to court, and offered to furnish with money." The Duke of Lorraine, as the Emperor told Maraton, was anxious to have her, and his suit was favoured by the King of France.[3] To this list must be added the Duke of Bavaria and the Prince of Portugal. Maximilian, too, who had foresworn matrimony, and resigned himself to the hopes of canonization, entertained designs upon the hand of this modern Penelope. In the depth of his embarrassments, and the difficulty of finding some decent pretext to raise money, a negociation for a marital alliance with England, whether successful or not, held out the prospect of wealth in earnest, or at least a liberal loan from the purse of so rich a brother-in-law. Not long since he had written to his daughter Margaret, declaring that he would never marry again for "beauty or money," were he to die for it.[4] But beauty he could resist; not so the charms of money. "Madam," says Lewis Maraton, writing to Margaret on the 9th of February, "I have received your letter this morning, dated Brussels, the 1st February, with the portrait *of a certain person* whom you know; and after dinner, when the Emperor was in his chamber, I showed it him. He kept his eyes fixed upon the portrait for a full half-hour or more; and after thus attentively gazing he summoned a secretary who had seen the said personage, and asked him if it was very like. The secretary told him, 'there could not be a better likeness.' The Emperor has commissioned me to ask you, without letting it be known that he had taken any interest in the matter, to write to the king of England to get the lady into his own hands, urging his majesty of England that if she be married in France, and were to die without heirs, his kingdom would be exposed to great hazards."[5] The Emperor's application arrived too late, and was strangled in the birth, like most of his projects.

But whilst sovereigns were looking wistfully at the great

[1] Nos. 134, 139.
[2] Charles III., Duke of Savoy. *Négociations*, ii., 46, 47, Feb. 4.
[3] *Négociations*, ii. 73 n.
[4] Corresp. de Max., ii. 379.
[5] Le Glay, *Negociations*, etc., ii. 73.

prize, and politicians at home and abroad were speculating on the chances, or projecting matches for Mary, she had taken the matter into her own hands. She possessed, like the rest of the Tudors, though with less opportunities of displaying it, a spice of that wilfulness, which more than once, in cases of emergency, served her family in lieu of nobler qualities, and, if not magnanimity itself, might easily be mistaken for it. The attentions of Francis had been intolerable, ungenerous, and unmanly, especially in her forlorn and youthful state. She had waived the subject, when pressed by Suffolk, with natural modesty and reluctance. But to Henry himself she spoke out more plainly.[1] She told him she had been compelled to disclose to Francis her affection for Suffolk, in order to be relieved of the annoyances of his suit, which was not to her honour; and, in conclusion, she urged her brother for leave to return, that she might not be exposed to a repetition of them. Henry's answer was not such as she might have expected. There was a party in the Council who opposed her union with the Duke for obvious reasons. She wrote to her brother a second time, reminding him of his promise:[2]

"Sir,—Your grace knoweth well that I did marry for your pleasure this time; and now I trust that you will suffer me to do what me list to do. For, Sire, I know well . . . rs[3] that they doth (do); and I insure your grace that my mind (affection) is not there where they would have me; and I trust your grace will not do so to me, that have always been so glad to fulfil your mind as I have been; whereto I beseech your grace will have granted. . . . For if you will have me married in any place, saving whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your grace nor none other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your grace would be very sorry of, and your realm also. Sir, I know well that the king that is now will send to your grace for his uncle the duke of Savoy for to marry me; but I trust your grace will not do it."

She then tells him that he knows "where she purposeth to marry, if ever she marry again;" meaning Suffolk, who, as she adds, had many hinderers about his grace.

Meanwhile Suffolk's opponents in the Council had not been inactive. They had employed a friar, named Langley, to poison her ear against the Duke.[4] The friar told her that Suffolk and Wolsey had dealings with the devil, and "by the puissance of the said devil" kept Henry subject to their wills.

[1] II. 163.

[2] II. 228.

[3] The passage is mutilated in the original manuscript, but she evidently refers to Suffolk's opponents in the Council, who were urging Henry to marry her elsewhere. Some passages, now lost, have been supplied from Masters' Extracts, in Jesus College, Oxford.

[4] II. 138.

He assured her that Suffolk, by his diabolical arts, had caused the disease "in Compton's leg;"[1] for he knew "the premises well, and could not doubt it was the Duke's doing." So Wolsey was left to fight her battles single-handed. The disputes at the Council table were long and obstinate. If Suffolk triumphed, and a good understanding were, by his means, promoted between the two Sovereigns, Wolsey and he would monopolize their master's favour, as the Duke hinted. If he failed, he must not only forfeit the hand of Mary, but, to all appearance, he and Wolsey would be irretrievably ruined. That Henry should tolerate such scandals, ringing so loudly throughout the courts of Europe; that he should apparently care so little for Mary's comfort and reputation as to expose her week after week to the importunities of Francis;—still more, that he should continue with Francis on the most friendly terms, as if nothing had happened;—are difficulties not easily solved. Was it confidence in his sister's honour, though she was but a widow of eighteen? Did he disbelieve her fears, and think that her assertions were unfounded?

Two other projects were bound up with Suffolk's commission: one was, to obtain possession of the jewels presented to Mary by her late husband; the other, to make profit out of the wish of Francis to recover Tournay.[2] It is recorded that at her marriage with Lewis "a great diamond and a tablet with a great round pearl"[3] formed part of the bridal offerings. The Earl of Worcester wrote in glowing terms of "the goodliest and richest sight of jewels that ever he saw."[4] All of them, the King had told Worcester, were destined for Mary's use; but he added, merrily laughing, "My wife shall not have all at once, but at divers times;" for he would have "many and at divers times kisses and thanks for them." These jewels, and Mary's claim to them, now formed the basis of a long and intricate negociation, in the conduct of which Mary's honour and happiness held but a secondary place. The price of her hand was to be the Duke's success in accomplishing this intricate and difficult task; and as Suffolk's abilities as a negociator, though sharpened by his affection for Mary, were not brilliant, he was no match for the subtle

[1] No doubt Sir William Compton, who was in great favour with Henry VIII., and afterwards died of the "sweating sickness."

[2] Whether these were part of Suffolk's original and secret instructions does not appear. The first mention of Tournay is in Feb. 10 (II. 140).

[3] I. 5495.

[4] I. 5468.

politicians of the French court. If his accomplishments as a mathematician were no better than his spelling, it may be doubted whether a "sum in addition of money" would not have proved to him an inextricable mystery. At all events, he staggered under the difficulties of his task, and panted to get away from the "stinking prison" of Paris, as he calls it, in words more emphatic than elegant. Again and again he earnestly besought the King "to call him and the Queen his sister home."[1] "Her grace nor I shall never be merry to win," he tells Henry, "and therefore I beseech your grace she and I may be in your remembrance."

In reply to these urgent and repeated entreaties, Wolsey, their unflinching friend, entreated the two lovers to have patience. He told Suffolk that the King, after the sittings of the Council, had called him apart, and bade him write to Suffolk to use all his efforts to obtain from Francis Mary's gold plate and jewels;[2] and until this were accomplished, Suffolk and the Queen would not obtain licence to return. "I assure you," continues Wolsey, "the hope that the King hath to obtain the said plate and jewels is the thing that most stayeth his grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his sister; the lack whereof, I fear me, might make him cold and remiss and cause some alteration, whereof *all men here*, except his grace and myself, would be right glad."

The terms imposed were somewhat of the hardest. In a fit of stinginess, more befitting his father, Henry demanded the restoration of Mary's jewels and furniture; all the expenses of her passage were to be returned, and the sums reimbursed that had been laid out in providing her bridal apparel. Though rarely accustomed to remonstrate, Suffolk and the commissioners could not but complain of such extreme demands. "As the queen," they wrote to Wolsey,[3] "shall have all her stuff returned, we think it is not reasonable to demand such sums as have been laid out by the king's officers for provision of the same, for she may not have both the money and stuff. And sithence it is likely that we shall commune with reasonable men, we would be rather loth to demand anything out of season." Every day the negociations became more hampered and more perplexed; the generous spirit in which they had been commenced was fast disappearing, and was superseded by the less amiable desire of each

[1] II. 115. This letter was written apparently about the 21st of Feb. Compare No. 82, which is evidently of that date.

[2] II. 203.

[3] II. 204.

party to outwit and overreach the other. The English, instructed from home, especially by Suffolk's opponents—who, to suit their own party purposes, urged the King to unreasonable demands—endeavoured to obtain an advantageous exchange for Tournay. They insisted on the delivery of the jewels which Lewis had promised or given her, and the dowry he had settled upon her. The French negociators fell back upon the promise made at Mary's marriage, that Tournay should be restored unconditionally; and pleaded in return that the jewels had been given to Mary only as Queen of France, and could not be transported out of the realm. The disposition of the two courts became daily more bitter and impracticable, and Mary's hopes of a happy union with Suffolk more distant every hour. She wrote to her brother to say that all her plate and jewels should be "at his commandment;" and she only regretted that the gift was not so large as it might have been, in consequence of the difficulties created by the negociation.[1] "And, Sir," she added, in a tone of respect contrasting with the more familiar address of her earlier letters, "over and above this, I most humbly beseech your grace to write to the French king and all your ambassadors here, that they make all the speed possible, that I may come to your grace, for my singular desire and comfort is to see your grace, *above all things in this world.*"

We may overlook this extravagant expression of affection for her brother in a young woman of nineteen, brought unexpectedly into the prospect of a union with the man she had long loved, the success of which depended entirely on that brother's consent. But there was a stronger reason for this urgency and vehemence, unknown to all except herself and Suffolk;—Mary was married already, and her marriage could no longer be kept secret. The history of this strange affair may be learnt from a letter of Suffolk's, addressed to the King, and inclosed in another to Wolsey, for Wolsey's perusal. Whether the letter was delivered to the King or not is uncertain, for to Wolsey alone were the secrets of this love-making confided, and his advice was implicitly followed, even to the expressions contained in the letters of the Queen-widow.[2] After stating that he had done his best to obtain "hall her stouf and jowyelles," Suffolk continues,[3] "I find you so good lord to me, that there is nothing that grieves me, but that she and I have no more to content your grace. But, Sir, as she

[1] II. 229. [2] See the curious instance in II. 272. [3] II. 80.

has written to you of her own hand, she is content to give you all that her grace shall have by the right of her *wosbound* (husband); and, if it come not to so much as your grace thought, she is content to give your grace what sum you shall be content to axe, to be paid on her jointure, and all that she has in this world." Then, after entreating the King, as well he might, not "to let his enemies have the advantage over him," he thus proceeds :—

"Sir, one thing I ensure your grace, that it shall never be said that I did offend your grace in word, deed, or thought, but for this matter touching the queen, your sister, the which I can no longer nor will not hide from your grace. Sir, so it is, that when I came to Paris,[1] the queen was in hand with me the first day I came, and said she must be short with me, and open to me her pleasure and mind. And so she began, and showed how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her she would never have none but me. She showed me she had verily understood as well by friar Langley and friar Fr . . that and ever she came in England, she should never have me; and therefore she swore that and I would not marry her at once, she would never have me, nor never come to England."

Then follows a passage, unfortunately too mutilated to be intelligible, but apparently implying that she had received information that Suffolk's purpose was to take her to England and marry her elsewhere :—

"I axed her what it was; and she said that the best in France (Francis) had said unto her, that and she went into England she should go into Flanders.[2] To the which she said that she had rather to be torn in pieces than ever she should come there; and with that she wept. Sir, I never saw woman so weep; and when I saw that, I showed unto her grace that there was none such thing, upon my faith, with the best words I could: but in none ways I could make her to believe it. And when I saw that, I showed her grace that and her grace would be content to write unto your grace and obtain your good will, I would be content; or else I durst not, because I had made unto your grace such a promise. Whereunto, in conclusion, she said: 'If the king, my brother, is content, and the French king both, the one by his letters and the other by his words, that I should have you, I will have the time after my desire, or else I may well think that the words of the men in these parts, and of them in England, be true—that you are come to 'tice me home, to the intent that I may be married into Flanders;—which I will never, even to die for it; and so I possessed the French king ere you came. And if you will not be content to follow my end (comply with my determination), look never after this day to have the same proffer again.'"

Rather than lose all, Suffolk tells the King he thought it best to comply; and so she and he were privately married in the

[1] The 4th of Feb. His interview with Mary took place next day.

[2] To be married to Charles of Castile. This was an artifice on the part of Francis, for negociations were at that time pending for marrying Charles to Renée, sister to Queen Claude. The purpose of such a deceit is as obvious as it was dishonourable.

presence of ten persons only, none of his fellows from England being made aware of his intentions: for Mary would not suffer it; "for she said and I did so she thought they would give me counsel to the contrary."

Suffolk's pathetic appeal was seconded by the following letter from Mary:[1]—

"Pleaseth your grace, to my greatest discomfort, sorrow, and disconsolation, but lately I have been advertised of the great and high displeasure which your highness beareth unto me and my Lord of Suffolk for the marriage between us. Sir, I will not in any wise deny but that I have offended your grace, for the which I do put myself most humbly in your clemency and mercy. Nevertheless, to the intent that your highness should not think that I had simply, carnally, and of any sensual appetite done the same, I having no regard to fall in your grace's displeasure, I assure your grace that I had never done against your ordinance and consent, but by reason of the great despair wherein I was put by the two friars . . . which hath certified me, in case I came to England, your council would never consent to the marriage between the said Lord and me, with many other sayings concerning the same marriage; so that I verily thought that the said friars would never have offered to have made me like overture unless they might have had charge from some of your council; the which put me in such consternation, fear, and doubt of the obtaining of the thing which I desired most in this world, that I rather chose to put me in your mercy by accomplishing the marriage than to put me in the order of your council, knowing them to be otherwise minded. Whereupon, Sir, I put my lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days, or else that he should never have enjoyed me; whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises he made your grace, as well for fear of losing me, as also that I ascertained him that by their consent I would never come into England. And now that your grace knoweth the both offences of the which I have been the only occasion, I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister, requiring you to have compassion upon us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your grace to write to me and my lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, for it shall be the greatest comfort for us both.

"By your loving and most humble sister,

"MARY."

In a letter to Wolsey the Duke writes:—[2]

"My Lord,—I recommend me to you, and so it is that I wit that you have been the chief in . . . and has been the helper of me, so that I am obliged to you next God and my master, and therefore I will hide none thing from you, trusting that you will help me now as you have done hall ways. Me Lord, so it is that when I came to Paris I heard many things which put me in great fear, and so did the queen both; and the queen

[1] II. 226.

[2] This touching and eloquent letter is written in Mary's laborious holograph, with very little correction. I have no doubt that it was copied from an original, dictated or overlooked by Wolsey, as on another occasion. (See p. 93, *post*.) The style is too guarded and the tone too humble for Mary, who certainly believed that she had a perfect right to dispose of her own hand as she pleased; not to insist upon casual expressions here and there which are not those of a young woman who had very little practice in writing.

[3] II. 222.

would never let me be in rest till I had granted her to be married; and so to be plain with you, I have married her heartily, and has lien with her, insomuch as far [as in] me lies[1] that she be with child. My Lord I am not in a little sorrow if the king should know it, and that his grace should be displeased with me; for I ensure you that I had rather 'a died than he should be miscontent, and . . . or for me nown good lord, since you have brought . . . hitherto, let me not be undone now, the whiche I fear me shall be, without the help of you. Me Lor, think not that ever you shall make any [friend] that shall be more obliged to you; and therefore me nown good Lord . . . help."

Then after a very mutilated passage, implying that Francis and his mother would write to Henry in his and Mary's favour, he adds: "Me Lord, I doubt not they will write this for me, or how you shall think best they should write." Then he proceeds to tell Wolsey that in France,

"they marry as well in Lent as out of Lent, with licence of any bishop. Now my Lord, you know all, and in you is all my trust, beseeching you now of your assured help, and that I may have answer from you of this and of the other writings as shortly as may be possible, for I ensure you that I have as heavy a heart as any man living, and shall have till I may hear good news from you."

This letter was apparently accompanied by the following,[2] although the former is preserved in the British Museum, and the latter at the Record Office,—such separation of documents being not uncommon. I have retained the original spelling as a specimen of the Duke's orthography, though not the most intricate by any means. Both are wholly in Suffolk's hand.

"Me Lord,—For to in deus the quyenes mattar and myene un to the kynges grace, I thynke byest for your fourst entre you schold dyllewar un to to (*sic*) hem a dymond wyet a greth pryell, wyche you schall rysayef wyet thys from the quyen hes sustar. Ryquyer hem to take et aworth, asuarryng hes grace y^t^ whan soo ewar sche schall have the possesseun of the resedeu y^t^ he schall have the chowse of them acourdyng unto her formar wrettyng. Me Lord, sche and I bowth rymyttys thes mattar holle to your dysskras[eun], tresting y^t^ in hall hast possebbyll wye schall her from you som good tydynges tocheng howar afyeres, wher wyeth I ryquyer you to depeche this byrrar, and y^t^ he tarre for noon oddar caus. By youre, the 5 day of Mache, at tyn a cloke at neth.

"CHARLYS SUFFOLK.

"To my Lord of York."

I think it is clear from these and other expressions scattered throughout his correspondence that Suffolk had left England in the first instance with a promise from Henry that he should be united to Mary on her return; the King, at least, would offer no obstacle to their union. How far Mary

[1] "Fyer me lyes;" query, fear me lest?

[2] II. 223.

was right in supposing that if she returned that promise would be evaded, or what were its precise terms, we have no means of deciding. It is clear from the tone of his letter to Wolsey, that Suffolk did not apprehend any settled displeasure on the part of his Sovereign. He had pledged his word to the King not to take advantage of Mary's affection or precipitate their union. The offence was venial, and he assured himself of an easy and prompt forgiveness. But Wolsey understood his master's temper much better than Suffolk, and he replied to the Duke, in the following letter, every word of which must have struck a pang into Suffolk's heart:[1]

"My Lord,—With sorrowful heart I write unto you, signifying unto the same that I have to my no little discomfort and inward heaviness perceived by your letters, dated at Paris the 5th day of this instant month, how that you be secretly married unto the king's sister, and have accompanied together as man and wife. And albeit ye by your said letters desired me in no wise to dis[c]lose the same to the king's grace, yet seeing the same toucheth not only his honor, your promise made to his grace, but also my truth towards the same, I could no less do but incontinent upon the sight of your said letters, declare and shew the contents thereof to his highness, which at the first hearing could scantly believe the same to be true; but after I had showed to his grace that by your own writing I had knowledge thereof, his grace, giving credence thereunto, took the same grievously and displeasantly, not only for that ye durst presume to marry his sister without his knowledge, but also for breaking of your promise made to his grace in his hand, I being present, at Eltham; having also such a[n] assured affiance in your truth, that for all the world, and to have been torn with wild horses, ye would not have broken your oath, promise, and assurance, made to his grace, which doth well perceive that he is deceived of the constant and assured trust that he thought to have found in you, and so his grace would I should expressly write unto you. And for my part, no man can be more sorry than I am that ye have so done, being so incumbered therewith that I cannot devise nor study the remedy thereof, considering that ye have failed to him which hath brought you up of low degree[2] to be of this great honor; and that ye were the man in all the world he loved and trusted best, and was content that with good order and saving of his honor ye should have in marriage his said sister. Cursed be the blind affection and counsel that hath brought you hereunto! fearing that such sudden and unadvised dealing shall have sudden repentance.

"Nevertheless in this great perplexity I see no other remedy but first to make your humble pursuits by your own writing, causing also the French king, the queen, with other your friends, to write: with this also that shall follow, which I assure you I write unto you of mine own head without knowledge of any person living, being in great doubt whether the same shall make your peace or no; notwithstanding, if any remedy be, it shall be by that way. It shall be well done that, with all diligence possible, ye and the queen bind yourself by obligation to pay yearly to the king during the queen's life £4,000 of her dower; and so ye and she shall have remaining of the said dower £6,000 and above to live withal yearly. Over and besides this ye must bind yourself to give unto the

[1] II. 224.

[2] The words "low degree" were inserted in the place of "nowgth."

king the plate of gold and jewels which the late French king had. And whereas the queen shall have full restitution of her dote, ye shall not only give entirely the said dote to the king, but also cause the French king to be bound to pay to the king the 200,000 crowns, which his grace is bounden to pay to the queen, in the full contentation of the said dote *de novissimis denariis*, and the said French king to acquit the king for the payment thereof; like as the king hath more at the large declared his pleasure to you, by his letters lately sent unto you. This is the way to make your peace; whereat if ye deeply consider what danger ye be and shall be in, having the king's displeasure, I doubt not both the queen and you will not stick, but with all effectual diligence endeavour yourselves to recover the king's favor, as well by this mean as by other substantial true ways, which by mine advise ye shall use, and none other, towards his grace, whom by corbobyll drifts and ways you cannot abuse. Now I have told you my opinion, hardily follow the same, and trust not too much to your own wit, nor follow not the counsel of them, that hath not more deeply considered the dangers of this matter than they have hitherto done.

"And as touching the overtures made by the French king for Tournay, and also for a new confederation with the king and him, like as I have lately written to you, I would not advise you to wade any further in these maters, for it is to be thought that the French king intendeth to make his hand by favoring you in the attaining to the said marriage; which when he shall perceive that by your means he cannot get such things as he desireth, peradventure he shall show some change and alteration in the queen's affairs, whereof great inconvenience might ensue. Look wisely therefore upon the same, and consider you have enough to do in redressing your own causes; and think it will be hard to induce the king to give you a commission of trust, which hath so lightly regarded the same towards his grace.

"Thus I have as a friend declared my mind unto you, and never trust to use nor have me in anything contrary to truth, my master's honor, profits, wealth, and surety; to the advancement and furtherance whereof no creature living is more bounden; as our Lord knowyth, who send you grace to look well and deeply upon your acts and doings; for ye put yourself in the greatest danger that ever man was in."

With so many anxieties, and the dread of punishment hanging over his head, it is not to be wondered that Suffolk's negociations at the French court failed of success. His enemies accused him of studying his own interests with Mary and neglecting the interests of the nation. They insinuated that he had sacrificed the purposes of his mission to ingratiate himself with the French King. He desired to have "some word of comfort" from Henry; but none apparently came. The French, on their side, were displeased with him for the jewel he had sent to England on first announcing his marriage, and demanded its restoration as an heirloom of the Queens of France. They assured him that Queen Claude had such a mind to it she would never be satisfied without it.[1] As for the restoration of Mary's property and jewels, Suffolk tells Wolsey he had done his best; but it passed his learning, whether she

[1] II. App. 7.

had her right, or had been outwitted by the subtlety of the French ministers. Above all other things Mary's condition occasioned him great perplexity. His intimacy with her was daily becoming more notorious; his honour and hers was compromised whilst the marriage was kept strictly private. No man with a spark of courage and generosity could endure to see the woman whom he loved exposed to such a scandal, or himself and his Sovereign pointed at by the public finger of scorn in every court of Christendom. "My Lord," he says to Wolsey, in great anguish, "at the reverence of God help that I may be married, as I go out of France, openly, for many things of which I will awartes (advertize) you by mine next letters. Give me your advice whether the French King and his mother shall write again to the King for this open marriage; seeing that this privy marriage is done, and that I think none otherwise but that she is with child."[1]

It was now unfortunately the season of Lent, and Easter Sunday did not fall until the 8th April. No licence could be obtained without a dispensation, and such a course would have given rise to unfavourable comments in England, where these ecclesiastical restrictions were, at present, more closely observed than in France. Possibly there might be other motives of a political nature, with which we are not acquainted. But, whatever they were, the wishes of Suffolk and Mary were disregarded. Notwithstanding their earnest entreaties for a speedy and favourable reply, there seems to have been a total cessation of correspondence from England between the 12th of March and the 3rd of April. In the displeasure of Henry, and the momentary triumph of Suffolk's enemies, it was uncertain what line of conduct the King would pursue. For a subject to marry the sister of his Sovereign, without his consent, was a thing unheard of in England; and the Duke's enemies called loudly for signal vengeance on the man who had been guilty of such gross presumption. At last Mary obtained leave to depart the first week after Easter; for Francis was now impatient to start on his Italian expedition. On the 14th of April she gave a receipt at the Abbey of Clugny in Paris for 200,000 gold crowns, including 20,000 paid for her travelling

[1] Her eldest son was born 11th March, 1516, and was named Henry, from his godfather, Henry VIII. (II. 1652). The eldest daughter was born at Bishop's Hatfield, 17th July, 1517, and named Frances. See the account of her christening in II. 3489. Lady Boleyn and Lady Elizabeth Grey stood as proxies for Queen Katharine and the Princess Mary. Her godfather was Thomas Ramridge, Abbot of St. Alban's, whose monument still remains in the abbey church, now the cathedral of St. Alban's.

expenses, as a moiety of her dowry;[1] but her gold plate and her jewels, with the exception of "four *bagues* of no great value"[2] were never restored, on the beggarly plea that Francis, sorely displeased at the loss of the diamond called the Mirror of Naples, would do no more.[3] On the 16th the pair started for England, and reached Montreuil on the 22nd, uncertain of their reception, and even of the fate which awaited them. At Calais they were afraid to leave the house, as the Duke would have been killed by the angry mob.[4] On his road to the seaside Suffolk addressed the following letter to his master:—[5]

"Most gracious Sovereign Lord,—So it is that I am informed divers ways that all your whole council, my Lord of York excepted, with many other, are clearly determined to 'tympe' your grace that I may either be put to death or be put in prison, and so to be destroyed. Alas, Sir, I may say that I have a hard fortune, seeing that there was never none of them in trouble but I was glad to help them to my power, and that your grace knows best. And now that I am in this none little trouble and sorrow, now they are ready to help to destroy me. But, Sir, I can no more but God forgive them whatsoever comes on me; for I am determined. For, Sir, your grace is he that is my sovereign lord and master, and he that has brought me up out of nought; and I am your subject and servant, and he that has offended your grace in breaking my promise that I made your grace touching the queen your sister; for the which I, with most humble heart, I will yield myself unto your grace's hands to do with my poor body your gracious pleasure, not fearing the malice of them; for I know your grace of such nature that it cannot lie in their powers to cause you to destroy me for their malice. But what punishment I have I shall thank God and your grace of it, and think that I have well deserved it, both to God and your grace; as knows 'howar' Lord, who send your grace your most honourable heart's desire with long life, and me most sorrowful wretch your gracious favour, what sorrows soever I endure therefor. At Mottryll, the 22nd day of April, by your most humble subject and servant,

"CHARLES SUFFOLKE."

But Henry showed no signs of relenting. A day or two after the following letter addressed by Mary to her brother is found in the form of a draft carefully revised by Wolsey:—

"My most dear and most entirely beloved brother, in most *humble manner* I recommend me to your grace. Dearest brother, I doubt not but ye have in your good remembrance, that whereas for the good of peace, and for the furtherance of your affairs, ye moved me to marry with my lord and late husband King Loys of France, whose soul God pardon, though I understood that he was very aged and sickly, yet for the advancement of the said peace and for the furtherances of your causes I was contented to conform myself to your said motion, so that if I should fortune to survive the said late king, I might with your good will marry

[1] II. 319.

[2] The Chancellor of France, however, insisted that "the jewel of Naples" was worth 30,000 crowns, and the 18 pearls Mary had received, worth 10,000 crowns. (II. 437.)

[3] II. 343.

[4] II. 399.

[5] II. 367.

myself at my liberty without your displeasure. Whereunto, good brother, ye condescended and granted, as ye well know, promising unto me that in such case ye would never provoke or move me but as mine own heart and mind should be best pleased, and that wheresoever I should dispose myself ye would wholly be contented with the same. And upon that your good comfort and faithful promise, I assented to the *said* marriage; else I would never have granted to, as at the same time I showed unto you more at large. Now that God hath called my said late husband to His mercy and that I am at my liberty, dearest brother, remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived heretofore in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind, as ye well know, I have affixed and clearly determined myself to marry with him; and the same, I assure you, hath proceeded only of mine own mind, without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk, or of any other person. And to be plain with your grace, I have so bound myself unto him, that for no cause earthly I will or may vary or change from the same. Wherefore, my good and most kind brother, I now beseech your grace to take this matter in good part, and to give unto me and to my said Lord of Suffolk your good will herein; ascertaining you, that upon the trust and comfort which I have for that you have always honourably regarded your promise, I am now comen out of the realm of France, and have put myself within your jurisdiction, in this your town of Calais, where I intend to remain till such time as I shall have answer from you of your good and loving mind herein; which I would not have done but upon the faithful trust I have in your said promise. Humbly beseeching your grace for the great and tender love, which ever hath been and shall be between you and me, to bear your gracious mind and show yourself to be agreeable hereunto, and to certify me by your most loving letters of the same; till which time I will make mine abode here, and no further enter your realm.

"And to the intent it may please you the rather to condescend to this my most hearty desire, I am contented, and expressly promise and bind me to you by these presents, to give you all the whole dote which was delivered with me, and also all such plate of gold and jewels as I shall have of my said late husband's. Over and besides this I shall, rather than fail, give you as much yearly part of my dower to as great a sum as shall stand with your will and pleasure. And of all the premises I promise, upon knowledge of your good mind, to make unto you sufficient bonds. Trusting verily that in fulfilling of your said promise to me made, ye will show your brotherly love, affection, and good mind to me in this behalf, which to hear of I abide with most desire, and not to be miscontented with my said Lord of Suffolk, whom of mine inward good mind and affection to him I have in manner enforced to be agreeable to the same without any request by him made, as knoweth our Lord, whom I beseech to have your grace in his merciful governance."[1]

The effect of this letter is unknown, for we have no further notice of Mary and her troubles. Henry contented himself with taking her plate and jewels, and binding her in an obligation of 24,000*l.* to repay the expenses of her former marriage with Lewis, by yearly instalments of 1,000*l.*, and to give up her dowry to its full amount.[2] The terms were rigidly enforced. On the 13th of May she was openly espoused

[1] The draft is in Tuke's hand, much corrected; the words in italics were corrected or added by Wolsey himself.

[2] See II. 436, pp. 1488, 1489.

to Suffolk at Greenwich,[1] in presence of the King and Queen. Sir William Sidney, the Duke's relative, was despatched to Francis with instructions:[2] "That, considering there were no more privy to the secret marriage made between them in France, but only the said French king, and none privy here thereunto but the king, to whom the said French king and duke disclosed the same, the said Sir Wm. Sidney shall say that the king's grace desireth and perfectly trusteth that, for the honor of the said French queen, and for avoiding all evil bruits which may ensue thereof, he will reserve and keep the same at all times hereafter secret to himself without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the king shall do for his part."

Henceforth Mary's name drops from the page of history, and is only mentioned in connection with some court banquet or ceremonial. Her dower continued to form a subject of dispute between the two courts for three years after, and more than once Suffolk complained of the pecuniary difficulties into which he was plunged by the hard terms imposed upon him by his royal brother-in-law.[3]

[1] II. 468.

[2] II. 1129, Act for her jointure.

[3] Upon the whole, Suffolk had reason to felicitate himself that it was no worse. He had a narrow escape, and was indebted for it entirely to Wolsey. There were other circumstances in his private history, not known perhaps to his opponents, or to the King or his Council, which would probably have thwarted all Wolsey's efforts to save the Duke, had they transpired. He had been twice married already, before his union with Mary, and his first wife was still alive. It seems that in after years, and about the time of Wolsey's disgrace, the Duke entertained suspicions of the validity of his marriage with Mary, and the legitimacy of her children. Consequently he applied to Pope Clement VII. for a bull annulling all objections which might hereafter be raised against their union. The bull was granted apparently on an *ex parte* statement set forth by the Duke himself, and the facts detailed are strange enough. The bull was exhibited according to the notarial attestation, which is without signature, by Ralph Cantrell and Humph. Wingfield, the Duke's retainers, to Rich. Nyx, Bishop of Norwich, August 20, 1529. (IV. 5859.)

We learn from it the following facts of Suffolk's early life. When he was a young man in the reign of Henry VII. he was contracted to a lady named Ann Brown, *per verba de præsenti;* but before the marriage was celebrated, he obtained a dispensation, and then married one Margaret Mortymer *alias* Brandon,* living in the diocese of London. With her he cohabited. For some cause—and here his arguments for dissolving the marriage forcibly remind us of those of his master—he resolved to separate from his wife, on the plea that they were in the second and third degrees of affinity;—that Margaret, and Ann his first betrothed, were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity;—"ac etiam ex eo [quod] avia tua et genitor olim conjugis dictæ Margaretæ frater et soror fuerant."

* I have corrected the footnote here, as I see no evidence that this lady (notwithstanding the *alias* of Brandon) was Suffolk's aunt, and the ground of affinity quoted from the bull a little further on seems to imply the contrary.—ED.

On Suffolk's return to England the negociations in France fell into the hands of West, afterwards Bishop of Ely; a man of great ability, and not easily misled. But in every point of his commission, even to the prevention of the Duke of Albany's return to Scotland, Suffolk had been foiled, and to recover the lost ground was impossible. Secure of his treaty with England, which had been signed in London on the 5th of April,[1] Francis was indifferent to the threats and remonstrances of West. He had agreed to pay one million of gold crowns due from Lewis XII. to Henry VIII., and all other sums owing to Mary for her dower. So, having locked the door on his old enemy, and with nothing to fear from that quarter for the present, he started at once from Paris, impatient to carry

The bull goes on to state that the Duke, considering that his marriage was not legal, stung by his conscience, and reflecting that lapse of time, instead of diminishing only increased his crime, determined on a divorce, and appeared before the official of the archdeacon, who, as Suffolk alleges, pronounced the marriage to be null and void. He then married Ann Brown, by whom he had a daughter named Ann, whom he committed to the care of his old love, Margaret of Savoy, and, after his marriage with Mary Queen dowager of France, brought home to England (II. 529). The pope granted the bull as supplementing all defects and omissions in the ecclesiastical courts in England; "supplentes omnes et singulos defectus tam juris quam facti, si qui forsan intervenerint in eisdem;" and the Duke's issue by Ann Brown and Mary of France were thus declared legitimate. To defeat any claim on the part of his first wife, Margaret Mortymer, she and her friends were subjected to ecclesiastical censure, should they make any attempt to invalidate this decree. The bull is dated Orvieto, May 12, 1528, just as the legate Campeggio was starting on his last mission to England.

These circumstances give point to the rebuke administered to the Duke for his insolence at the trial of Katharine. He had never shown himself grateful, and, little to his credit, was a main instrument in Wolsey's ruin, making use of his influence with Francis to poison the mind of the King against his former favourite. Cavendish reports that when Queen Katharine's trial was going on at Blackfriars, "the duke of Suffolk stepped forth from the king, and by his commandment spake these words with a stout and a hault countenance: 'It was never merry in England,' quoth he, 'whilst we had cardinals among us;' which words were set forth with such a vehement countenance, that all men marvelled what he intended; to whom no man made answer. Then the duke spoke again in great despight. To the which words my Lord Cardinal, perceiving his vehemency, soberly made answer and said: 'Sir, of all men in this realm, ye have least cause to dispraise or be offended with cardinals; for if I simple Cardinal had not been, you should have had at this present no head upon your shoulders, wherein you should have a tongue to make any such report in despight of us, who intend you no manner of displeasure.' Then, with a hint at Suffolk's clandestine proceedings in this mission—a hint well understood by the duke and the king—Wolsey proceeded: 'My Lord, I pray you, show me what ye would do if ye were the king's commissioner in a foreign region, having a weighty matter to treat upon; would ye not advertize the king's Majesty or ever ye went through with the same? * * * Wherefore, my Lord, hold your peace, and frame your tongue like a man of honour and wisdom, and speak not so quickly and reproachfully by your friends; *for ye know best what friendship ye have received at my hands, the which I yet never revealed to no person alive before now, neither to my glory, ne to your dishonour.*'" (Life of Wolsey, 232). Suffolk was wisely silent.

[1] II. 301.

out his Italian expedition, leaving West to follow or not as he pleased. In fact, he wanted no English eyes to spy into his intentions; least of all, eyes so active and suspicious as West's. The Council of Charles were entirely at his devotion. Charles himself had been betrothed to Madame Renée. Should England, unfaithful to the treaty, venture to move, he had taken the precaution of sending Albany into Scotland with a large sum of money; and nothing was easier than to endanger and hamper his rival with an irritating and pertinacious border warfare, on the very verge of those counties which were least affected to Henry's rule. If this project failed he had still a card to play in *The White Rose*, Richard de la Pole, the exiled claimant of the dukedom of Suffolk, whom Francis fostered, pitied, and cajoled with promises of restoration to the crown of England.

Francis was now in his twenty-first year.[1] His accession to the throne had been the signal for all the ardent and adventurous spirits of the age to rally round him, dissatisfied with that English alliance, to which Lewis had ingloriously resigned himself. His person is too well known to need description here, but most readers will be surprised to hear that Silvester de Giglis, the Bishop of Worcester, not a favourable witness, who had seen him with the Pope at Bologna, describes him at this period of his life as tall and broad-shouldered, with an oval and handsome face, very slender in the legs, and much inclined to corpulence.[2] The contrast of his legs to his stomach seems to have fastened on the memory of his visitors. Pasqualigo, who saw him in Paris, gives an amusing account of a conversation he had with Henry VIII. on the personal appearance and manners of his cousin of France.[3] "His majesty came to me and said: 'Is the king of France as tall as I am?' I told him there was little difference. 'Is he as stout?' I told him he was not. 'What sort of legs has he?' I replied 'Spare.' Whereupon he opened the front of his doublet, and placing his hand on his thigh, said, 'Look here; I have a good calf to my leg.'" Trivulcio told Giustinian[4] that Francis was so extremely liberal he would drain the very blood from his veins; but his mother, Louise of Savoy, hoarded money, and interfered in everything. He regretted that the king was under petticoat government, remained so short a period at the council board,

[1] Henry was three years older.
[2] II. 1281.
[3] II. 411.
[4] I. 253.

was fond of amusement, and wasted so much of his time in his mother's chamber. But Trivulcio belonged to the old school, and was of a jealous and suspicious temper. That the influence of Louise was great is apparent from the letters of the Flemish and English envoys. And she deserved it, for never did mother more idolize a son. She had witnessed the accession of him of whom she was so fond and so proud with unrestrained delight. "God has amply recompensed me," she writes in her diary on that occasion, "for all the sorrows and incommodities I have endured in my earlier years. Humility has kept me company, and patience has never abandoned me." Her inward satisfaction displayed itself outwardly. "A good report," says Solomon, "maketh the bones fat," and so it proved with her. "The king's mother," says Gattinara to Margaret of Savoy,[1] "appears to me much younger and fresher looking than she was four years ago." "Sir," writes Suffolk to Henry VIII., "it is she that rules all; and so may she well; for I never saw woman like to her, both for [wit], honor, and dignity."[2] "She hath a great stroke in all matters with the King her son," he observes on another occasion.[3] In all his ambitious projects she encouraged him; she hoarded money, refused marriage, for his sake, lavished upon him all those epithets which could rouse even the most dormant ambition, "C'est mon filz glorieux et triomphant César." "L'exaltation de mon César," she murmured to herself as she noted down his exploits in her diary. "He is young," says Sir Robert Wingfield, writing to Henry VIII.,[4] "mighty, insatiable; always reading or talking of such enterprises as whet and inflame himself and his hearers. He keepeth no silence; for his common saying is to all that he speaketh with, that his trust is that by his [valor and] industry the things which have been lost, lettyn, [and spoiled] by his ignoble predecessors shall be recovered, and that the monarchy of Christendom shall rest under the banner of France, as it was wont to do. And your Majesty may be sure that at this day it is no small part of that kingdom that would the same were true."

In this temper and with these incitements, Francis now started on the conquest of Milan. He kept all his plans to himself, not disclosing his intentions even to his best allies, the Venetians. All correspondence with England ceased. In

[1] Feb. 4, 1515, in Le Glay's *Négoc.*
[2] II. 82.
[3] II. 105.
[4] II. 2536.

vain Wolsey and the King fretted and fumed at this galling neglect, which wore the air of contempt; in vain they treated with an ill-assumed indifference the rumour that Francis was meditating the conquest of Italy without communicating his intentions to them. "Sir ambassador," exclaimed Henry, pale with anger, to Giustinian, who had announced [1] to him with malicious candour the departure of Francis from Lyons, "the French King will not go into Italy this year, though he says so. I believe he is afraid of me, and that will prevent him from crossing the Alps." On Sebastian stating that the French King was adored by his subjects, "By God!" exclaimed Henry, "he gives them poor reason to love him, running thus at the very commencement of his reign into the toil and charges of war." "The King of France never cares," says Wolsey to the same ambassador three days after, "to ask aid of England; he omits to make us the least communication of his intentions, showing in how small account he holds his Majesty. Think, sir ambassador, whether this is to be borne, and say if these are the fashions of confederates!" [2] Now and then Louise sent a letter so well timed as to come too late to do mischief, offering ample amends for any apparent injury or neglect. Regardless of all idle menaces Francis held on his way. Ferdinand, who had already been in treaty [3] with Francis to secure his late conquest of Navarre, was too old and too ill to offer serious opposition. Maximilian wasted the time in hunting or coquetting with the Princess of Hungary,[4] a young girl not yet in her teens. "The Emperor," said Pope Julius, "is fickle and inconstant; he is always dunning for money, which he spends in hunting the chamois; yet he must be conciliated in the devil's name,[5] and money always provided for him." [6] From him there was no danger. So Francis, the new Cid, started from Lyons for Grenoble at the end of July. The passes in Italy had already been occupied by the Swiss under their captain general, Galeazzo Visconti. Galeazzo [7] makes their number not more than 6,000,

[1] July 3, 1515.
[2] II. 666.
[3] II. 685.
[4] Anne, daughter of Ladislaus VII. of Hungary, afterwards married to Ferdinand of Austria, brother of Charles V., who became King of Hungary in her right.
[5] "Conciliandus nomine diaboli.
[6] II. 1876.
[7] See his letter, II. 1349. Guicciardini reckons them at 20,000; half of whom kept the passes. The French were more than double the number. But in such warfare position was more than number. "The king of Arragon, fearing at first" (says Guicciardini) "lest such great preparations should be made against him, had armed his frontiers, and perpetually united the realm of Navarre to that of Castile; but as

in consequence of the defection of Berne, Friburg and Soleure, who had gone home from want of pay. They were posted at Susa, commanding the two roads from Mont Cenis and Geneva, by one of which the French must pass or abandon their artillery. In this perplexity it was proposed by Triulcio to force a lower passage across the Cottian Alps leading to Saluzzo. The attempt was attended with almost insurmountable difficulties. There was no regular road;—every foot of ground had to be gained hand to hand by pioneers, filling up ravines and undermining rocks or fencing the dangerous slopes, as they dragged their heavy guns with toilsome march to the steep summits of the mountains. Arrived at the top, the prospect was still more formidable. The mountain sloped to the bottom with sharp and projecting cliffs, unsafe for the giddy footing even of an unencumbered passenger. Men in armour fell headlong into the abyss; horses plunged and struggled in vain with their unmanageable burthens, lost their footing, and rolled thundering over the precipice with guns, carriages, and drivers. But the French troops with wonderful spirits and alacrity—never mounting higher than when they have to overcome the most formidable natural difficulties—were not to be baffled. They dropped their artillery by cables from steep to steep; down one range of mountains and up another, until five days had been spent in this perilous enterprise, and they found themselves safe in the plains of Saluzzo. Happily the Swiss, secure in their position at Susa, had never dreamed of the possibility of such a passage. The men-at-arms and the foot under La Palice clambered over the rocks, some by one passage and some another.

Prosper Colonna, who commanded in Italy for the Pope, was sitting down to his comfortable dinner at Villa Franca when a scout covered with dust dashed into his apartment announcing that the French had crossed the Alps. The next minute the town was filled with the advanced guard, under the Sieur d'Ymbercourt and the celebrated Bayard. The Swiss at Susa had still the advantage of position, and might have hindered the passage of the main body of the French; but they had no horse to transport their artillery, were badly led,

soon as he found that the war was intended for Italy, he dismissed all the companies he had levied, holding no more reckoning of his promises, made that year to his confederates, than he had done of all covenants and contracts made to them the years before." The accuracy of Guicciardini in this part of his narrative is exactly borne out by the contemporary documents.

and evidently divided in their councils. They retired upon Novara without accomplishing any other feat except that of sacking and plundering Chivasso and Vercelli. In fact the brilliant enterprise and audacity of the French in crossing the Cottian Alps had won for them the victory, and dazzled and dismayed the confederates. Cardona, the Spanish viceroy, lingered in Verona; Leo temporized and hesitated in his plans; the Gallicizing Swiss at Novara openly advocated the French cause, and the dissension was increased by the backwardness of Ferdinand in sending the pay he had promised them.

There was in the armies of the Swiss, now constantly recruited by fresh and hungry adventurers, an ecclesiastic named Matthew Scheiner, Cardinal of Sion, who plays an important part in the transactions of this particular period. He was a man of inexhaustible activity, of rough and ready eloquence, and highly esteemed by his countrymen. He hated, or at least affected to hate the French, with a hatred that nothing could extinguish. The Swiss were now at Milan, intending to effect a junction with the viceroy of Naples, who had advanced to Cremona. Early in the morning of the 13th of September, Sion called the troops together at beat of drum, in the courtyard of the castle of Milan; then, mounting a chair in the midst of them, he harangued them on the valour and glory of their nation.[1] They were, he exclaimed, the real rulers of this world: they it was who dispensed crowns and empires; without them no prince could be assured of his dominions, and with them the weakest might promise himself assured victory. He enlarged upon their conquests in Italy, reminded them how popes and kings had sought their alliance, and ended by pointing to the French camp and promising them an easy conquest.[2] "There," said he, "are treasures sufficient to enrich you all for life; glory enough to make you the most redoubtable nation on the face of the earth." It was in vain that Galeazzo and others more experienced in these matters denounced the folly of the enterprize, and advised delay.[3] Sion's speech was received with enthusiastic cries; hogsheads of wine were broken up and distributed

[1] "Comme un reynard qui presche les poules," says Fleuranges, ch. 50.

[2] Marillac, *V. de Bourbon*, 158, *ed.* Buchon.

[3] See Galeazzo's letter (II. 1349). Sion and Galeazzo were afterwards employed by Henry VIII., but they never could agree. Their intrigues with the Swiss and the French occupy many pages in this volume of the calendar.

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among the troops; the *cornet de bœuf* sounded the rendezvous through the camp and the streets of Milan,[1] and every man hurried forward, anxious to be the first to assail and plunder the French. The French camp was at Marignano, about twelve miles distant. The day was hot and dusty. The advanced guard of the French was under the command of the Constable of Bourbon, whose vigilance defeated any advantage the Swiss might otherwise have gained by the suddenness and rapidity of their movements. At nine o'clock in the morning, as Bourbon was sitting down at table, a scout, dripping with water, made his appearance. He had left Milan only a few hours before, had waded the canals, and came to announce the approach of the enemy. Bourbon ordered his horse, and galloped to the King's quarter. As they stood discussing the probability of the news, a gentleman-at-arms rode up, saying that a great cloud of dust had been seen in the direction of Milan.[2] The Swiss came on apace; they had disencumbered themselves of their hats and caps, and thrown off their shoes, the better to fight without slipping. They made a dash at the French artillery, and were foiled after hard fighting, though Galeazzo avers that they captured fifteen great guns, and drove the French back half a mile.[3] Marillac, who was with Bourbon that day, admits that the French could make no impression on the main body of the Swiss, who fought with such obstinacy and determination, that the French recoiled, and at one time gave over the battle for lost. It was an autumnal afternoon; the sun had gone down; dust and night-fall separated and confused the combatants. The French trumpets sounded a retreat; both armies couched down in the darkness within cast of a tennis-ball of each other.[4] The *cornets de vache* of the Swiss blared and brayed through the night, answered by the French trumpets and clarions. Where they fought, there each man laid down to rest when darkness came on, within hand-grip of his foe;—foot-soldier pike in hand, the horseman in the saddle, the gunner with his linstock, longing for the dawn.

It was Friday morning;[5] the autumnal mist crawled slowly

[1] Fleuranges, cap. 50.

[2] Marillac, p. 158.

[3] II. 1349. Whether it was so, or that Galeazzo made capital of the current report of their capture, I cannot decide. Guicciardini, speaking of the retreat of the Swiss, states: "Some say they buried 15 pieces of great artillery, which they won at the first charge, for that they had no opportunity to carry them away."

[4] "Si près," says Francis, writing to Louise, "que j'eusse bien tiré un eteuf, et n'y avait qu'un fossé entre deux." It was pitch dark, and there was no moon that night.

[5] Sept. 14.

away, and once more exposed the combatants to each other's view. The advantage of the ground was on the side of the French. They were drawn up in a valley protected by a ditch full of water. Though the Swiss had taken no refreshment that night,[1] they renewed the fight with unimpaired animosity and vigour. A party of them broke into the French camp, and found their way to Bourbon's quarters, where they fell to rifling the provisions and the wine-casks, and were burnt to death in the cellars and magazines. Another band lost their way. Francis, surrounded by a body of mounted gentlemen, performed prodigies of valour. The night had given him opportunity for the better arrangement of his troops;[2] and as the day wore on, and the sun grew hot, the Swiss, though "marvellously deliberate, brave, and obstinate," began to give way. The arrival of the Venetian general, D'Alviano, with fresh troops, made the French victory complete.[3]

But the Swiss retreated inch by inch with the greatest deliberation, carrying off their great guns on their shoulders; their helmets, their armour, and every part of their person which was unprotected was covered with the shafts of the Gascon cross-bowmen, who did great execution. The French were too exhausted to follow. And their victory had cost them dear; for the Swiss, with peculiar hatred to the French gentry and the lance-knights, had shown no mercy. They spared none, and made no prisoners.[4]

The glory of the battle was great, and that at a time when such glory was most coveted, and war opened the only road to distinction. At that day there was not a sovereign in Europe who did not envy Francis the fame he had acquired in this his first battle. His old censor, Trivulcio, who accused him of lying in bed too late, and wasting his time in his mother's chamber, admitted that this battle had been fought not by men but by giants,[5] and that the eighteen battles at which he had been present were but the squabbles of little children in

[1] Such is Galeazzo's statement. Guicciardini says that Sion had provisions brought them from Milan. The two statements are not so irreconcileable as they might appear at first sight. It is difficult to see how refreshments could be brought in sufficient quantity, and effectually distributed, at so short a notice, and in so dark a night. It is admitted on all hands that the Swiss despised the French, and promised themselves an easy victory.

[2] Francis had not taken off his armour all night, but threw himself to sleep for a few hours on a gun-carriage. (Du Bellay.)

[3] D'Alviano arrived on the field at ten in the morning; but the Swiss were already retiring. (Du Bellay.) The fight lasted till noon. (Galeazzo.)

[4] "Ils ne s'epargnoient point, non plus que sangliers echauffés," remarks Francis.

[5] Guicciardini.

comparison with this. The Swiss, the best troops in Europe and hitherto reckoned invincible, had been beaten by the men they despised as effeminate, whom they called in derision "hares in armour."[1] They had been the terror and scourge of Italy, equally formidable to friend and foe, and now their prestige was extinguished. But it was not in these merely military aspects that the battle of Marignano was important. No one who reads the French chronicles of the times, can fail to perceive that it was a battle of opinions and of classes even more than of nations; of a fierce and rising democratical element, now rolled back for a short season, only to display itself in another form against royalty and nobility;—of the burgher classes against feudality. When Sion inflamed the fierce passions of the Swiss by telling them that they were the real dispensers of power, he spoke a language which, in one form or another, had been silently making its way to the hearts of the lower orders throughout all the nations of Europe. The old romantic element, overlaid for a time by the political convulsions of the last century, had once more gained the ascendant. It was to blaze forth and revive, before it died out entirely, in the Sydneys and Raleighs of Queen Elizabeth's reign; it was to lighten up the glorious imagination of Spenser before it faded into the dull prose of Puritan divinity, and the cold grey dawn of inductive philosophy. But its last great battle was the battle of Marignano.

[1] "Et vous asseure, Madame, que j'ai veu les lansquents mesurer la pique aux Suisses, la lance aux gens d'armes; et ne dira-on plus que les gens d'armes sont *lièvres armés*, car sans point de faute, ce sont eux qui ont fait l'execution." (Francis to Madame Louise.) He also admits, in common with Guicciardini, that the seneschal d'Armagnac, in charge of the artillery, had contributed greatly to their success.

CHAPTER IV.

EFFECTS OF THE BATTLE OF MARIGNANO.

THE news of the battle of Marignano was received in the different courts of Europe with very different emotions. Leo for a time left off his intrigues, and hastened to make his peace with the conqueror. Charles sent letters of congratulation; Ferdinand trembled for his possessions in the South of Italy, and for the effects of that selfish policy which had deprived him of effectual help when he most required it. To Erasmus, then at Basle, busy with his New Testament, the defeat of the Swiss furnished pleasant matter for jesting.[1] "Our friends, the Swiss," he writes, "are in a great fume, because the French would not politely allow themselves to be beaten, as they were beaten by you English, but sent many of them to the right about with their great guns. They have returned home fewer in number than when they started; ragged, gaunt, disfigured and wounded, their ensigns torn, their festal songs turned into funeral dirges." Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, gleeful as a schoolboy when he could throw grit into Wolsey's bread, was not sorry at the opportunity of carrying him the tidings. At first Wolsey had persuaded himself that Francis would never pass into Italy; when that hope failed, he had assured himself, on the faith of letters received from Brussels, that Francis must inevitably be defeated. On the 25th of September, eleven days after the victory at Marignano, he had told Sebastian, on his asking the news,[2] that he had letters from Brussels of the 18th,[3] quoting advices from Verona of the 12th, and describing the perilous position of the Most Christian King. He lamented, in pathetic terms, the ruin which he foresaw must ensue from the mad folly of a misguided young man, and the pertinacity of the Venetians in not abandoning the French alliance. On

[1] II. 985.

[2] He had just been made Cardinal, and was more than usually gracious.

[3] This must be Spinelly's letter of the 19th. See No. 927.

the 11th of October, as Wolsey still affected to disbelieve the news of the French victory, Giustinian had the satisfaction of assuring him there could be no doubt of the fact. The King had been duly notified of the victory by Francis himself and his mother Louise, but, with extraordinary pertinacity, refused to credit the unwelcome tidings.[1] With an incredulity almost childish, he treated the letters as forgeries, and the report as a political *canard* got up by the French to suit their own purposes. In order to disabuse him Francis sent an agent to England, named De Bapaume, with Guienne herald. The envoy's account of his reception presents an accurate and lively picture of the King himself, and the conflicting emotions of the court. Henry was then building his great galley, called *The Virgin Mary*, in honour of the French Queen.[2] The report is addressed to Louise of Savoy.

"Madam, on Thursday last, the 25th of this month,[3] I received the letters which you were pleased to send me by the present bearer, Guyenne herald, dated the 18th. And as the hour was late, and the king of England, the two queens, and the council were gone to the great galley, I could not on that day accomplish your commands, or do what was contained in your letters. The next day before I left there arrived a servant of M. de la Fayette, captain of Boulogne, who brought other letters of yours, dated the 16th, with a cipher enclosed.

"Forthwith, Madam, I departed from this town in company with the said herald, and visited the said king of England in his *château* at Greenwich. And after I had made him the most cordial recommendations from my master and yourself, the herald presented his Majesty with the two letters written by the king. He did not take any great pleasure in reading them; for it seemed, to look at him, as if tears would have burst from his eyes, so red were they from the pain he suffered in hearing and understanding the good news and prosperity of my master, who had advertised him thereof by his letters.[4] . . .

"Madam, after reading the said letters, the king of England called me apart, and privately asked me what news there was from the king of Arragon, and whether the king my master intended to make war on him for the kingdom of Naples. I replied, I thought not, and that I neither knew nor had heard anything about it. I had been given to understand that my master would return from Italy into France with his army, at the feast of All Saints, or soon after. On this he told me, he understood so from the king's letters. Then he asked me about the arrangements with the Pope. I told him they were made and concluded. He replied: It was not so; for the contrary was the case, and the Pope had yet to ratify, and he knew better than I; for my master and you would have let him know if it had been so. Then he asked me about the Emperor;

[1] Sir Richard Wingfield had sent the news from Calais on the 27th of September (see II. 953), but it was not believed in England until some time after, and Spinelly kept up the delusion (see II. 958). This is the more remarkable as it was known at Brussels at least as early as the 23rd.

[2] II. 1113.

[3] He means October.

[4] "Et en icelles lisant il ny prenoit pas grant plaisir, tellement qu'il sembloit, a le veoir, que les larmes luy deussent tumber des yeulx, tant les avait rouges de la paine qu'il souffroit," etc.

where he was, and what he was doing? I told him I had heard no news of him; only I had learnt from some private persons that he was seeking the friendship of the king my master. Then his Majesty said he knew well where he was, and what he was about; and as for seeking the friendship of the king my master, quite the contrary was the truth: and there he stopped.

"He next inquired how many Swiss had fallen in the battle. To which I made answer, about 20,000. This assertion he would not believe, although Guyenne herald assured him of it. He protested that not more than 10,000 Swiss, who formed the vanguard, fought with the king and his army; and that the rearguard, which contained the great body of the Swiss, took no part in the engagement, nor struck a single blow; for the king or his predecessors had bribed them, and made an agreement with them. His Majesty asserted he was well informed of this by letters from persons present at the battle, who had written the truth of the matter. On this the Admiral (Surrey), and other lords and gentlemen who were present, seeing that the king could not dissemble his resentment, or even pretend to take pleasure in the prosperity of his ally, began saying that he ought to be very joyful that the king, his good brother and ally, had defeated the Swiss, who were so fierce and haughty that they had presumed to name themselves the rulers and correctors of princes;—that the glory and renown of all gentlemen and nobles were extinguished and annihilated by their usurpation and arrogance;—with other words to this effect. Hereupon his Majesty said, that certainly he was very glad, for the Swiss *were nothing but villains*, and he had ever known them to be such; and the lansquenetz, whom he called Almains, were greatly superior, and better soldiers than they. And he asked me, now that Christian princes were agreed and on good terms, what better could they do than make war upon the Turk? Hereupon all present gave their advice, concluding that it would be well so to do, saying that the kings of France and of England were young and powerful, and that since Charlemagne there had not been in Christendom any princes who could do it better than they. This discourse was long kept up. . . . At the king's departure I asked him if he would be pleased to write to my master. He answered, Yes; and to that end he would send the letters of the king to his council. . . .

"Madam, after this I went immediately to my lord the Duke of Suffolk, who was at the said *château;* to whom I communicated all the news. He answered me much more civilly than the king, and told me he was as glad of the prosperity of the king my master as any man in the kingdom of France, if not more so; praying me to make his humble recommendations to you. I reminded him of the kind treatment the king had shown him in France, and the good words they had had together, as you charged me in your letters. He told me it was true, and for this cause he reputed himself obliged to do the king more pleasure and service than any other prince. And then I declared to him the contents of the cipher which you had sent; pointing out to him the things which were being done over here, as well by land as by sea. He told me it was true that the king of England had made an appearance of preparing himself for war, and for this cause had got ready a small number of ships, and on land had likewise shown some diligence in assembling men, and having them ready; but this he had done solely to content his subjects, who desired in my master's absence that England should go to war with him; but the king himself had no such inclination. The duke said the king of England would maintain the peace and amity between the two kingdoms; and there was nothing so much to be desired as that they should see each other and speak together; and he will never rest till this come to pass; for he is of opinion that after that there will never arise any question or debate between them; and he prayed me to write these things to the king and yourself, and to return to him at his house near

this town immediately after the feast of All Saints, when he would send for me, and speak more plainly to me of this matter.

"I left him, and, accompanied with the herald, went to my lord the Cardinal of York, being at Westminster, whom likewise I informed of the good news of the king and his prosperity. He told me he rejoiced at it, and that he esteemed the victory of the king and his success as much as if they had been the king's his master, by reason of the alliance and friendship between them. He thanked the king and you for making him participator of the news, and said he was pleased to hear it above all things in the world. Then I gave him to understand the contents of your cipher, and told him that if he and the king of England thought that the king my master at his departure into Italy had not left his kingdom strong and powerful, and chiefly the towns on the frontiers, they had been greatly deceived; although the king had never thought that the king of England would attempt to invade his country and make war upon him in his absence, considering the treaty of peace and amity existing between them. On this he laid his hand on his breast, and swore to me that the king his master had never thought of such a thing, nor his council; and as for the ships which he had prepared during this time, and chiefly his great galley, that was done solely to give pleasure and pastime to the queen and queen Mary his sister; and that it was true that on Thursday last the king, the said queens, and all the council had dined on board, and made the greatest cheer and triumph that could be devised. And with regard to preparations by land, the king of England had done nothing with intent to make war on France or on Scotland, but only for the purpose of keeping himself ready for all contingencies; for if the king his master had resolved on making war upon the Scotch, he would have done so by land, and not by sea. In saying this, however, he did not mean to have it understood that, if the duke of Albany did not abstain from the injuries and violent dealing he had used towards the queen of Scotland, his master's sister, and her children, and if he did not make amends for the same, the king of England would not endeavour, when time and place offered, to make him acknowledge and repair them, as he had formerly told me, and charged me to write to you; but on his faith there was not at present any such thing in meditation. Both the cardinal and the duke of Suffolk advised me not to speak to the king of this, for fear he should entertain some suspicion. So I have deferred doing so till it please you to send me further instructions.

"Madam, when the answers of the cardinal and the duke of Suffolk, who do not agree, are weighed and considered by you, you will take such counsel as you may think best. I am and shall always be of opinion that if the king my master had met with worse success in Italy, the king of England would have certainly prepared with all his power to descend upon France; this is now quite common and well known over here. But, God be thanked, it is no longer necessary to think of such things,[1] for all is changed with our good fortune; and as for Scotland, if war is to take place there, it cannot be within six months and more from this date, because there will not be sufficient time for it.

"I wrote to you that the Great Chamberlain of Scotland (Hume) had been taken prisoner by the duke of Albany; and such was the fact: but the Cardinal has since told me, he has escaped, and is at present in this kingdom. The Cardinal informed me that the duke of Albany had delivered him into the custody of the earl of Arran, who has married the Chamberlain's sister, and the said earl released him without the knowledge of the duke; and he and the said earl came away into this kingdom, where they remain at present with the queen of Scotland; by reason of which, as the same Cardinal said, they are at this time more mutinous in Scotland than ever; and though the greatest part was heretofore with

[1] "Il ne s'en fault plus donner de mal temps."

the said lord of Albany, they have now abandoned him, and he is much reduced. So, in spite of him, the uncle of the said chamberlain and others his relatives and friends were at liberty and released from prison. Subsequently I made enquiry of the herald of arms of Scotland to know if this was the case, who told me he did not know for certain, but he believed it was not. . . .

"Madam, those who were on Thursday last in the galley, dining with the said king of England, have told me for certain that there are in the said galley 207 pieces of artillery, large as well as small, of which 70 are of copper and cast (*fonte*), and the rest of iron, with four or five thousand bullets, and four or five hundred barrels of powder. The galley is propelled by six score oars, and is so large that it will hold 800 or 1000 fighting men. The king of England acted as master of the galley, wearing a sailor's coat and trowsers of frise cloth of gold; he had on a thick chain, in which were five links, and amongst the same there were three plates of gold, on which was written, as a device, '*Dieu est*[1] *mon Droit*;' and at the bottom of the said chain was a large whistle, with which he whistled almost as loud as[2] a trumpet or clarionet. Mass was sung on board by the bishop of Durham; and the galley was named by queen Mary, 'The Virgin Mary.'

"Madam, after these things I went twice to the said Cardinal of York, who sent for me; and on each occasion, and especially yesterday in the presence of the bishops of Winchester and Durham, he told me that the king of England and his council considered the language which the king my master had used in his letters to the king of England was very strange; viz. that the king of France had not suspected that so noble and so virtuous a prince, loving his own honour and fearing God, as the king of England, would have wished to make war upon him, contrary to his faith, and promise, without first advertising and informing him of the same, and without signifying it to him and letting him know it, in order that, if there was any fault, it might be amended, or at any rate he might prepare to defend himself: which words the said king of England and all his council considered very harsh and unpleasant. . . .

"After further arguments to this effect they said they hoped the king of France would henceforth behave more graciously and use more gracious words in his communications, as their master would to him. To this the writer replied, that his master's letters were couched in nothing but gracious and good terms; and if they would otherwise interpret them, the fault lay in the king of England and his council, for the king of England had written in still ruder terms to his master; otherwise the king would never have made him such a reply. Other arguments passed on both sides. In the conclusion it was agreed that henceforward they should write as good brothers and allies ought to do.

"This done they spoke to me afterwards of the jewels which queen Mary demands, telling me that the answers which the king of France had given were like all his previous replies, and that the objections contained in the said letters, by which the king pretended he was not bound to deliver up the jewels, were unreasonable, as the king of England had represented to him by a bishop, his ambassador, whom he had sent for that purpose; that my lord chancellor and the said bishop, the ambassadors, had many times met together, but that they could not determine the matter; and it appeared to them, that the king deceased had given the jewels to the said queen Mary to adorn and decorate her person, although this was after the marriage for the most part, and that they ought to be delivered up. I defended myself as well as I could; and so, at the end, they deferred the matter, without saying more about it. I believe they see clearly that this is only reasonable.

"Afterwards they proceeded to the Scotch business; and though I

[1] *Sic.* [2] "Apres force de."

had told them that I had no commission from the king, and so knew nothing about it, they nevertheless did not omit to reiterate the complaints which I have repeated so often to you; viz. the ill treatment which they say my lord the duke of Albany has shown to the queen of Scotland, in having taken from her her children, deprived her of the government, seized all her goods, and driven her out of the said kingdom, with only one gown, and no attendance: adding that the said lord duke of Albany had caused it publicly to be proclaimed throughout the said kingdom that every one should prepare himself for war against the king of England, who was coming to assail them in order to take and subvert their kingdom,—a thing which the said king of England, as they say, never purposed to do. . . . They prayed me to write these things to you, to the end that it might please the king and you to prevent them. . . .

"Madam, I was afterwards alone with the Cardinal of York, who charged me to write to the king and yourself that there is no prince in this world that the king of England loves better or holds more dear than he does the king of France. He swore and affirmed this to me, with his hand on his breast. He said they were both young, and there was the greatest similarity between them in nobility, magnanimity, and virtue, wherefore they ought the more to love one another; and he humbly prayed the king and you to treat the king his master well, stating that the king of England for his part would do more than he was bound to do: and on this subject may it please you to consider that the time is no longer such as it used to be.

"To learn how the Scotch business stood, I asked him about it; and he told me that if the king would recall the duke of Albany,—allow the estates of that country and the Scotch parliament to nominate guardians of the children and take the administration of the realm during the minority of the king of Scotland, the queen retaining the name only, and allowed to go and come with her children when and as often as she pleased,—and if her goods and dowry were restored, and she enabled to return to Scotland,—then all would be appeased, and there would never be occasion for war. But if this were not done, the king of England was resolved to aid his sister, and to do so much that she should have what belongs to her. I also spoke to him touching the king of Arragon, because I had heard that within a few days past something had taken place between the king of Arragon and them, and how they had renewed their ancient amity, and amongst other things had engaged that if the king of England made war on Scotland the king of Arragon should assist him; and also if the king of France made war on the king of Arragon in Guienne, the king of England should succour him. Hereupon the Cardinal told me, that if the king would treat the king of England well, and not do anything contrary to the treaty of peace and amity between them, I might assure you on his part, that the king of England would not make an alliance with the king of Arragon, or any other person, prejudicial to the king my master. . . .

"Madam, I have written a long letter in order to obey you. I trust it will not tire you, and very humbly pray the king and yourself that I may return. . . .

"At London this 6th day of November."

It might be true in the language of diplomacy that up to the date of the battle of Marignano Henry had not been guilty of any overt act which could be construed into a breach of his treaty with France, whatever might have been his inclinations. The time had not yet arrived for forming a powerful confederacy against his rival, with any tolerable hopes of success.

Ferdinand, as I have stated before, was content to remain neutral, undoubtedly believing, like the other rulers of Europe, that the ambition of Francis would end in his ruin, and the Swiss would secure an easy victory. There was better expectation of Maximilian. The imperial cities of Brescia and Verona were menaced by the Venetians, and the Emperor was in danger of losing every foot of land in Italy. He had the reputation of being an able soldier. Better than all, he had great influence with the Swiss, and could bring any number of them or of German lance-knights into the field. Such men, to whom war was a trade from their infancy, had so manifest a superiority over the raw national militia of other countries, that no king had any chance of success without their aid. That superiority was not merely in their superior training and experience. Beyond that of keeping their arms and implements in full trim, war was their only employment. Whereas the national militia—and that of England especially, taken from the plough-tail at few and irregular intervals for muster, clothed in ill-fitting and old-fashioned habiliments which descended from father to son, badly cleaned and scarcely ever complete—must have presented a spectacle more ludicrous than formidable, as they took the field in rusty head-pieces and cumbrous body armour, hastily patched together for the occasion. It is clear, from the various unsuccessful attempts described in contemporary papers to prevent even the armour furnished by the King from being pawned or purloined, that native troops were of small account in a continental war.

But then who could trust Maximilian, himself as much a mercenary as the Swiss, and ready like them to sell himself to the highest bidder? At the very time when he was abusing the French to Sir Robert Wingfield, and declaiming against their subtle practices, he was giving private audience to French ambassadors,[1] and listening to the proposals of his grandson Charles for a closer amity with France.[2] Always extravagant and always in difficulties, any aid from Maximilian had to be purchased at a heavy cost. But Wolsey was inclined

[1] II. 786.

[2] During the eventful months of August and September the Emperor spent much of his time in hunting;—a trick which he had when he wished to get out of the way of the honest and simple-minded Sir Robert Wingfield, who was continually deluded, but never suspected his Imperial Majesty. He imagined that the Emperor withdrew himself into the solitudes of the woods to meditate on the best means of succouring Verona, and taking vengeance on the French. It is surprising that he did not perceive that Maximilian's passion for the chase was always at the highest when a message from France was in the way. See II. 873, 886, 900, 909.

to venture. The successes of Francis in Italy, his league and evident good understanding with the Pope, had thoroughly alarmed Ferdinand, and provoked the resentment of England. The former had sent an ambassador, and, what was still more unusual with him, rich presents to Henry to invoke his aid. But whatever was done must be done secretly. The treaty with France still stood in the way. The French King had carefully avoided all literal violation of it; and Henry could not, without breach of faith, venture upon open aggressions.

There was in the Cardinal's service an ecclesiastic, of whose early career little is known—Richard Pace, immortalized by Shakespeare, and reckoned by some as scarce inferior to Wolsey himself in ability or in the favour of Henry. The date and place of his birth are unknown. He tells us himself,[1] however, that he lived in a menial capacity with Thomas Langton, the predecessor of Fox in the see of Winchester. The Bishop, discovering Pace's proficiency in music, believed he would make a scholar, and so furnished him with the requisite means to study at Padua; for this prelate, like others of his order in that age, used to say of himself, that he considered he had been advanced to his high dignity solely for the purpose of fostering learning. He had a school attached to his palace, where he superintended the education of the boys; and "it was his great delight," says Pace, "to hear the boys repeat to him at night the lessons they had said to their schoolmaster during the day; and whoever acquitted himself to the Bishop's satisfaction never failed of being praised and rewarded. For the good Bishop had always these words in his mouth: *Virtus laudata crescit.* If a dull boy appeared before him, but one who was willing to learn, the Bishop never reproached him with his stupidity, but cheered and exhorted him to do his best, and to overcome nature by diligence, setting before him the shining example of others who had surmounted similar obstacles."[2] During his stay in Italy, Pace seems to have made the acquaintance of Erasmus, Tunstal, and William Latimer. He returned to England, settled at Oxford—as Wood thinks,[3] with some reason, at Queen's College, of which Langton had been the provost; was taken into the service of Bainbridge, who succeeded Langton in the provostship, and went with him to Rome, when he was Cardinal and Archbishop of York, at the close of the year

[1] De Doctrina, 27.

[2] Pace excuses himself for diverging from his subject to pay this tribute of gratitude to his earliest patron.

[3] Wood's Ath. i. 29.

1509. When Bainbridge was poisoned, Pace, who had been appointed one of the Cardinal's executors, was extremely active in bringing the offenders to justice. His pertinacity and resolution in this matter brought down upon him the resentment of De Giglis, Bishop of Worcester, who was strongly suspected of being implicated in Bainbridge's murder; with what degree of truth must for ever remain uncertain, for the court of Rome were not willing to prosecute the matter too strictly, and Worcester's services at the time in procuring the cardinalate for Wolsey imposed silence on his accusers. Pace returned to England in March, 1515, with a recommendation to Wolsey from Sir Richard Wingfield;[1] and from this time to the close of the year we hear no more of him. He was now to be employed by the Cardinal on a secret mission of the greatest importance, and his correspondence on that occasion occupies a considerable space among the state papers of the next two years.[2]

After the battle of Marignano and the surrender of Milan the Swiss had made their way back to their mountain homes, greatly dissatisfied and exasperated at their defeat. Cardinal Sion returned to the Emperor, and here he fell in with Sir Robert Wingfield, not the most discreet or reticent of English ambassadors, and learned from him the dissatisfaction of England at the successes of Francis, and still more at the omnipotence of French influence in the court of Flanders, where it displayed itself in all the forms of arrogance, insult, and opposition to the English commissioners appointed to carry out the treaty of intercourse with Charles of Castile.[3] On the 2nd of October[4] Wingfield wrote to Wolsey to say that the Cardinal of Sion had informed him the Swiss desired nothing better than to serve the King with 20,000 men at 40,000 florins a month. The Emperor, he questions not, will add as many horse and artillery as shall be necessary, *for a reasonable sum*, "for all the world knoweth that he is not best purveyed of money;" and then Wingfield concludes with a

[1] II. 273.

[2] This correspondence extends to 189 letters; viz. 149 from Pace, and 40 to him. Of these, one or two only have been hitherto known to historians. Not more than seven of them appear in the eleven volumes of State Papers of Henry VIII. published under the sanction of the State Paper Commission.

[3] This is the mission on which Sir Thomas More was employed with Tunstal, and Young, then Master of the Rolls. It was in this his first visit to Flanders, in a public capacity, that he had the opportunity of making those observations on the political abuses of the times, which he afterwards set forth, with such exquisite humour and keen good sense, in his Utopia.

[4] II. 982.

flourish from his own trumpet, which the mutilation of the letter has unfortunately marred, of Henry's triumphant coronation in France. On the 8th of October [1] Knight wrote from Brussels with great eagerness, urging Wolsey to enter at once on a war with the ancient enemy and rival of England. "If he is suffered to invade the innocent, England will lose all her friends." He pressed the Cardinal not to lose the opportunity. Now is the time a league can be made with the Swiss, "which shall be a scourge to the pride of France; *notwithstanding divers in England say that they be villains and disdain to hear speak of them.* But if ye will not have them, the Frenchmen shall. Well fare the villanies that keepeth and favoreth the rest of noblesse! The Church, the Empire, and all other princes desire their confederation, save only we, which might have more profit by them than all others."

It was creditable to England that it should be so. The facts here disclosed by Knight constitute the best apology for the measures now adopted by Wolsey and the King, scarcely well-judged, and certainly at variance with their usual policy. Papal and French emissaries were busy among the Swiss, and Pace was sent to counteract their intrigues. His mission was one of some delicacy, and required more than usual tact and adroitness. With the view of lulling suspicion it was to be given out that he was acting only in a private capacity. He was ordered to put himself in communication with Cardinal Sion and Sforza Duke of Milan; and after thanking them for the kind wishes they had expressed, that Wolsey should urge the King of England to recover his rights and inheritance in France by the aid of the Swiss, Pace was instructed to say, that Wolsey would "spare neither body, life, nor goods" to join with so excellent and noble a prelate as the Cardinal of Sion, whom he knew above all Christian prelates to be most minded to that universal peace, and some glorious expedition against the Infidels, as soon as a check shall have been laid on the great ambition of France.[2] If the Swiss could be persuaded to give battle to France on their side of the mountains, the King of England would no doubt advance them 100,000 crowns of gold for two months' service.[3] At the suggestion of Sion the terms were afterwards increased to 120,000 crowns for 20,000 men, to serve wherever England might think fit to employ them.

Pace started towards the close of October; crossed to

[1] II. 1003. [2] II. 1095. [3] II. 1065, 1146.

Calais; passed Sir Thomas More on his way to Antwerp, where he arrived on the 25th; escaped "through the dominions of Robert de la Marche, called *The Devil*," by byepaths to Spires on 1st November; reached Inspruck on the 8th; opened his commission to Sion, and found him so ready for the enterprize that if Pace had brought money, and not promises only, the Swiss would have attacked the French in ten days' time.[1] He arrived at Constance on the 22nd, and at Zurich on the 24th. "Nothing can be done here without money," he says; "the French king has offered them 200,000 crowns, and we *sola spes*." They had been too often beguiled by large offers. "The Pope ought to contribute," he adds; "but, except they see his money, the Swiss say they will not believe the Pope's word, spoken or written." The arrangement of 120,000 crowns for two months was now increased to 140,000; in February Galeazzo Visconti, their commander, demanded 300,000.[2] Their greed was excessive, and they flocked to the English standard in overwhelming numbers; but all had to be engaged, at least had to be paid, for fear the rest should take offence. "I am at expences intolerable for to bear amongst the Swiss" (writes Pace to Burbank), "whom a man must have always at meat and drink with him, or shame his prince, his master, and himself." "The Swiss be unreasonable in asking money, and remedy is there none; *quia talis est illorum barbaries ut pecuniam petitam neganti mortem minentur*." English royals and nobles, in spite of Pace's care and precaution, melted away like snow in the sun; and Wolsey could not supply gold with sufficient rapidity to satisfy their insatiable demands.

It was not to be expected that Maximilian could remain unmoved at such a sight;—English gold falling in showers so near him, and not a drop to quench his intolerable thirst. He had been dallying for a long time with the French, unable to decide whether for a sum of French crowns he should abandon all hopes of Italy for ever, or make terms with his good son in England, more to his honour, and probably not less for his interest. Had the French advanced their terms, or had Maximilian entertained better opinions of their solvency, he would not have hesitated what course to adopt. His conduct is not very intelligible, and we can only guess at it in the absence of the documents from foreign archives. But this much is obvious: If he joined England he might

[1] II. 1135, 1146. [2] II. 415.

have a chance of selling his aid to Henry at a high price; and whilst he invaded Italy ostensibly with the purpose of leading the Swiss and attacking the French, he might succour his own cities of Verona and Brescia, and recover his lost territory from the Venetians, at the expense of his ally. This seems to have been his first idea;—this done, he could drive a better bargain with France by selling his friendship when it was most valuable to France and most disastrous to England. To keep him favourable to France he was surrounded by ministers in the French interest, who never ceased representing to him the value of the French alliance in colours most attractive to a needy and extravagant man. "Though I assure your grace," says Wingfield to Wolsey, "that the Emperor hath as great favor and affection for the King's Highness as is possible, yet his council, being of other mind, may so impeach and retard the affairs that they shall not fail to be right largely stopped of their course."[1] Therefore Wingfield thought it would be well, if it would please the King and Wolsey, that he and Pace had 100*l.* of secret service money to distribute amongst such of the Emperor's council as they should deem fitting! German venality must have been cheap, when the favours of a whole court could be purchased at such a sum.

As soon, therefore, as Maximilian had obtained an inkling of what was going forward, he wrote to his daughter Margaret[2] to inform her that he had learned from Pace that Henry had deposited 100,000 gold crowns at Antwerp to be delivered in wages to the Swiss. He begged her to send to Antwerp, and inquire of Sir Thomas Spinelly if such were the fact, and, if it proved correct, to contrive and get hold of the money, and secretly deliver it to the factors of the Fuggers to be deposited in the imperial treasury. He purposed, without asking authority from England, to obtain the entire control of the money. Two days after, he wrote again to say, that as Francis had helped the Venetians to lay siege to Brescia and Verona, he could not believe that the offers of accommodation made him by the French King, through the Archduke Charles, were to be trusted. The revenues of the two cities, he says, are worth some millions, and he hoped to be able to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Venetians; but at present his allies had abandoned him, and he was powerless. Now, however, when least expected, an opportunity had pre-

[1] II. 1447. [2] Dec. 1, 1515. [3] II. 1231.

sented itself in the desire of England to attack the French in Italy, and he hastened to avail himself of it. His instrument for that purpose was Sir Robert Wingfield.

Sir Robert belonged to a class of statesmen then rapidly disappearing before a younger, more versatile and expert generation, of whom Wolsey might be considered as the chief. He speaks of himself as living in the days of Henry VI.,[1]—of his long experience as a negociator,[2]—of the white hairs "which he had gotten in the cold snowy mountains of Germany, which have the power to make all hares and partridges that abide amongst them white, where my beard (which I have promised to bear to our Lady of Walsingham, an God give me life) is wax so white that whilst I shall wear it I need none other mean to cause women rejoice little in my company."[3] He had the quaintness and precision of a man of the old school, and both are visible in his conversation, his letters, and his handwriting, with a tinge of pedantry not unbecoming a man of his years, and displaying itself in the use of Latinized English and classical references. He was a little proud of himself, but more proud of the Wingfields, as he was bound to be; was easily hurt, but bore no malice. If there was any creature in the world that he hated, it was a Frenchman. He devoutly believed that the French had been at the bottom of all the evils that had happened in Christendom during the last 400 years. He had not read Baker's Chronicle, like Sir Roger de Coverley, for he lived 200 years before Baker's Chronicle was written; but he had read the English Chronicles of his days, and he could tell[4] how "disceivately King Philip dealt with King Richard the First, called *Cœur de Lion*, being in the Holy Land; how, by the subtle mean of the same, King John was accursed, and his realm laid under an interdict; how Henry V. won all France; how Henry VIII. had good right to be king of France, for it was notorious that his ancestor and progenitor king Edward the Third refused to do homage for the duchy of Guienne, because he would not by this mean deface or impair his title in the crown of France;" and so forth. He was, in short, the most guileless, upright, humane, and valiant of all bachelor knights, as he called himself; stiff and formal, somewhat conceited and pedantical, but full of a wise, gracious, hearty, and forgiving humanity, which was not the worse because it had a smack of his peculiar failings.

[1] II. p. 334. [2] II. p. 131. [3] See II. 1131. [4] II. p. 334.

I know not whether it was more to his credit or Maximilian's that he had been so long in the court of the latter, and yet persisted in believing that the Emperor was the best, the wisest, the most profound, the most honest and patriotic of mortal men. "Seeing is believing;" but no seeing would have converted Sir Robert. Had he beheld the Emperor in the very act of the most flagrant turpitude, he would have set it down to the score of a subtle and inscrutable policy designed to cover some act of sublime virtue, which in the end would ensure the peace and the happiness of Christendom. If the Emperor ran away from the battle-field—if he falsified his word, if he shuffled and prevaricated, Sir Robert imputed it all to that mysterious wisdom which must needs reside in the heart of an Emperor. Maximilian, though no genius himself, found little difficulty in managing such a man. To Sir Robert he was universally respectful; listened to his tedious speeches without betraying signs of impatience, and treated him occasionally, and his despatches, with most magnificent courtesy. He professed to make Sir Robert the depository of his secrets, to unbosom to Sir Robert those deeper feelings and designs he could trust to no others, not even to his most intimate councillors. To the proud and susceptible Englishman he spoke of his King in "the most hearty and most affectuous manner;" raised his bonnet when he received or referred to his despatches; had tears in his eyes (the veteran deceiver!) when he thought what a virtuous, loving, and noble son he had in Wingfield's master. The King's remembrances, he said, were as comfortable to him "as the figure of the crucifix which is brought by the curé to his parishien that lieth *in extremis!*"[1]

Pace had been strictly enjoined to keep the money in his own hands, and employ it exclusively in wages for the Swiss, for Wolsey was too well acquainted with the Emperor's failings to allow him any share in the transaction. Pace was to communicate directly with Galeazzo, and suffer no intervention on the part of the Emperor. This being so, the Emperor could find no decent pretext for drawing the money into his own hands. He therefore began with pointing out to Wingfield the dangers arising from the French successes in Italy. Francis would have the Pope at his disposal; he would keep Maximilian so employed by aiding the Venetians that the latter would have no opportunity of succouring the Neapolitan

[1] II. p. 387.

territory, and thus the South like the North must fall to the French. "My son, the prince (Charles)," he continued, "being so young, and his council clearly French, the French King shall for money lead him after his appetite; which premises, if they shall fortune to take effect, I cannot see how the realm of England shall remain without broilerie and great danger."[1] Then he suggested that *if* the league proposed by England (between the Pope, Henry, Arragon, and the Emperor) *could* be carried into effect with provision for the Swiss, it would be for the weal of Christendom; "but the sickness," he said, "was so great and pernicious that it must be cured or (before) the said medicine may be prepared, the convenient drugs be so distant one from another; and also he (the Pope) that should be chief hath now of late given hearing and favor to the French enchantments, in such wise, that as long as the French remain in Italy the said head is not to be treated with in that matter, and likewise the Swissers." In the simplicity of his heart Wingfield wrote to Wolsey three days after,[2] that he and the Emperor had canvassed the plans proposed by the Cardinal for the coming campaign, and he doubted not that as the case then stood Wolsey would perceive "it was not meet to attempt the Swissers by any of the ways expressed and assigned" in Wolsey's letter;—a piece of audacity which shows how totally ignorant Wingfield was of the true state of things, and still more of the character of those with whom he had to deal. As if this had not been enough, he proceeds, with extraordinary complacency in his own sagacity, to state that it was the Emperor's wish that Pace should make Wingfield privy to all his charges, and follow his advice and counsel from time to time; "and as touching the Swissers, if they will not now condescend that 10,000 of them may join the Emperor, which hath had his armies ready in Verona and Brescia, with more footmen and horsemen put in a-readiness to join with them by the space of three months and more, to his marvellous great cost and charge, they will never be got in any manner of way; and then by necessity there is none other remedy but to wage (employ) 10,000 lance-knights and 1,000 horse,"—the Emperor's own troops:—so falling blindly into the trap which it was the special purpose of the King and Wolsey to avoid.

The anger of the Cardinal with his unseasonable interference may be better imagined than described. He was not

[1] II. 2351. [2] II. 1404.

accustomed to brook opposition from his equals or even superiors in the Privy Council. Even at this early date the great minister was omnipotent; "all really depends upon him," says Giustinian writing home to the Council of Ten. An inferior man would have dismissed Wingfield from his post;—would have made a fuss, and superseded him. Not so he; to the credit of the reign, a freedom of opinion and dissent was allowed in official men, which disappeared in after times. Omnipotent as Wolsey was, and impatient of contradiction, he never used his power to remove an inferior from his post because that inferior thought fit sometimes to disagree with him. If an ambassador failed in the expectations that had been formed of him, it was deemed more discreet to send an inferior agent, as occasion might arise, to supplement his deficiencies. Such a policy was not without advantage. The long experience of a man of inferior talents compensated for brighter natural powers; the credit gained at foreign courts by the permanency of his appointment gave respect and influence to the agent. So, far from employing his authority in recalling the representatives at foreign courts, Wolsey seldom listened to their repeated applications for dismissal, even when they demanded it in a momentary fit of disgust, or were fretted into impatience by a reprimand, which he sometimes administered with considerable severity.

They, on the other hand, accustomed to rebuffs, which the sensitive honour of later times considers intolerable, did their best out of a sense of duty to their King and country. The peculiar position of the Tudors fostered this feeling of personal responsibility to the Sovereign. The King was the only representative of the nation; Parliament was little more than an institution for granting subsidies and regulating duties on hats and caps. No ambassador, no political agent, cared the least what Parliament might or might not think of his conduct. To Parliament he would never have appealed against an act of ministerial severity or oppression. His sole object was to please the King, and next, perhaps, his minister. And whilst the King, as in the Tudor times, put himself at the head of the nation, knelt with his people at the altars of St. Paul's or Westminster, fought openly at the tilt with his nobles, came home a-Maying from Greenwich with pasteboard Gogs and Magogs and a noisy rabblement at his heels, shot with his own archers of the guard, discussed the New Testament of Erasmus with friars and bishops, read all his despatches,

was everywhere seen, heard, and talked of, and that without bating an atom of his dignity, the entire personality of the nation was wrapped up in the King, and a unity was given to its aim and action, individually and collectively, which never had existed before, and possibly never will again. The divine right of kings was identified with the divine right of national existence and independence.

But to return to Sir Robert. What reply Wolsey made to his despatch we do not know; but, whatever it was, it was scarcely pleasant to the old knight's honest and sensitive pride. He had often spoken of resigning before; now, like a true Englishman, he breathed not a word of resignation. In silent and solemn dignity he mounted his tallest horse, wrote home a letter to Wolsey, said he had done nothing to hinder business, and proceeded to read him a lecture on the duties of ministers. "Ministers," he said, "should possess four things, viz. wit, learning, good-will, and experience. For my part," he continued, "I am not ashamed to give place to your secretary (Pace) in the first twain, and as to the third it were too great a shame for me to give place to any; and in the fourth, both to eschew arrogance and comparison, I will leave the judgment of that part to such as have practised with us both."[1] He was a little annoyed, and could not help showing it. Pace's commission was a secret; it nowise interfered with Sir Robert's duties: but Pace had the control of the money and the management of the expedition;—the two things which Maximilian desired and hoped to obtain by means of Wingfield. Nothing can show more clearly the opposite characters of the two men—the old and the new school—than the letter written by Pace on the same occasion. He had been too long in the court at Rome, and had seen too much of its proceedings at the death of Cardinal Bainbridge, to be influenced by great names and fair pretensions. For the Emperor he cared not a jot; and in this he was encouraged by Galeazzo and the Swiss.[2] They told Pace they would have no Emperor in the field, for on a previous occasion he had received for them 100,000 crowns from England, and had never paid them more than 40,000 florins. "Nothing can hurt my cause," he declared to Wolsey, "but only the Emperor's slowness. I do hourly tarry for his resolution, but these Almains be so diligent in resolving their matters, they had liever lose a great city than rise from their dinner

[1] II. 1582. [2] II. 1470.

to defend it." Then in answer to a letter from Wolsey,[1] expressing a doubt lest Pace should be guided by Wingfield's counsels, he tells Burbank, "Sir, you may show unto my lord Cardinal mine opinion of *Summer-shall-be-green*[2] (the name by which Sir Robert was known in Pace's circle), and put his grace out of doubt that dreams and new inventions cannot let (hinder) me to do that see I most expedient according to my charge."

To no purpose did Maximilian lavish his blandishments and caresses on this clever diplomatist. He sent polite invitations to Pace, but Pace politely declined them. A small taste only of the liberality of England as an encouragement for the enterprize. No, not a ducat, until he was fairly in motion. So, to his great chagrin, Maximilian was compelled to abandon his ordinary routine of excuses, and drop his intrigues with the French for a time at least. At last the expedition got under weigh: the Swiss were commanded by Galeazzo and Pace; the Emperor took the lead at the head of his own troops. The two armies marched a mile apart. The first detachment started on the 20th of February, 1516, and was rapidly followed. As early as the 29th the Emperor had reached Maran in the Tyrol; was at Trent on the 2nd of March; left on the 9th for Italy, intending to be at the fray himself, if possible. "I pray God," says Wingfield,[3] "send him speed, as yesterday the good Prince received the sacrament and made his Paske,[4] so that from henceforth he may the more liberally intend to martial acts." Pace was in high spirits. If the King and the Cardinal could see what he sees, they would not "miss the opportunity for a million of gold," he exclaims in an access of military enthusiasm.[5] At that moment of triumph even his dislike and habitual distrust of the Emperor were forgotten. "The Emperor undertakes this expedition," he wrote to Wolsey,[6] "against the mind of all his council. All the good is done by himself. It is a pity to hear how they do peel and pluck him of his money, whereby his

[1] 1565, *sq.*

[2] I think the expression must have been derived from some popular ballad; for in another letter to the same correspondent Pace writes: "As touching new inventions of *Summer-shall-be-Green*, you did very wisely and kindly offer your life therein. For you shall not die therefor." Are the last words a quotation also? Prince Henry uses a kindred expression to Sir John, "thou latter Lammas!" These glimpses of the impressions of rural life, still lingering in the English mind, and recorded in these cant phrases, are very curious.

[3] II. 1644.

[4] Easter Sunday fell this year on 23rd March.

[5] II. 1564.

[6] II. 1634.

good intents be oftentimes greatly let. Surely of his own person no man can honestly make other relation, but that he is a noble, wise, kind, and manly Prince." Wingfield could only express his admiration by the extravagant remark, that God and the King this year "had done miracles."[1]

One difficulty stood in the way which even the genius of Wolsey could not entirely surmount,—but one,—and that was the difficulty of sending money from England. There were but two ways then of foreign exchange; either to transmit coin direct to the army by messengers, or ship bullion to Antwerp, there to be exchanged and forwarded to its destination by the bankers Frescobaldi, the Fuggers, or the Campucci. The merchants were not always to be trusted; their terms for discounting were exorbitant; they took their own time in sending the money to its proper destination, and had a thousand excuses for delay which no one could contravene. To trust messengers with large sums of bullion was less satisfactory. How was it to be disposed about their persons and how escape discovery? How could it be stowed in sufficient quantity for so large a host? How were the carriers themselves to make their way in safety through a hostile territory, swarming with robbers, where even single and unencumbered travellers dared scarcely venture? Such a sum as 300,000 gold crowns could not even be shipped from England without provoking discussion and attracting attention. All kinds of excuses were invented to draw curiosity and cupidity off the scent. A score of times did Giustinian urge upon the Cardinal that he was sending money to the Emperor for a war against Italy; as often was he met with the reply that his suspicions were unfounded. On one occasion,[2] after listening most patiently for a quarter of an hour to Giustinian's remonstrances (a thing not very usual), the Cardinal went so far as to say, "I will speak to you with all sincerity and truth, as it becomes a Cardinal, on the honour of the cardinalate" (his favourite expression), laying his hand upon his breast: "It is true that this most serene king has remitted money to Flanders, which will reach Germany and perhaps Italy; for two purposes;—the first is for the purchase of inlaid armour, the other for a quantity of very fine jewels pledged by certain princes in France, Germany, and Italy. Although the money may reach our ambassadors, it will not come into the power of the Emperor; for you need not think that the king would

[1] II. 1633.

[2] Jan. 2, 1516. No. 1380.

expend his treasure to aid the Emperor in the recovery of Brescia and Verona. No man in this kingdom has so much as thought of such a thing, or of waging war on the King of France, or of opposing any of his undertakings. By the honour of the cardinalate what we tell you is the truth, and they who have asserted otherwise lied in their teeth."[1] Yet, in spite of so solemn a contradiction, the rumour spread in all directions. Knight heard of it at Mechlin. The Italian merchants in Antwerp had informed him, as he wrote, that none of the Italian bankers could furnish half the sum required, "in the high parts of Almain"—not even the Fuggers and the Belzers. Already since Christmas last, he added, one merchant had taken sanctuary at Antwerp for a debt of 35,000*l.* Flemish, of which the staplers would lose 12,000*l.*[2] To send over 50,000*l.* in coin to Italy, for soldiers' pay, was a gigantic enterprize, of which modern times can form no conception.

For the present all things went merrily; Swiss and imperialists trooped along with assured hopes of victory. On the 11th of March the army reached Verona; on the 12th it crossed the Mincio; on the 23rd it was at the banks of the Adda.[3] Onwards and onwards, with a rapidity that astonished the Venetian light horse, and compelled the French to shut the gates of Milan, and protect it with a broad belt of fire and desolation. Onwards across tottering bridges and through waving fields of corn; for the road was more familiar than their own homes to these Swiss and German freebooters.

On Easter Monday (24th) the invaders had reached within nine miles of Milan;[4] one brisk push, and all would be over. Easter Tuesday dawned, but a change had now come over the Emperor. The story is a strange one and will best be told in Pace's letter to Wolsey.

"In my last letters I advertised your grace of the Emperor at the river of Ade (Adda), and how wisely and valiantly he behaved upon Easter even, when the Frenchmen and the Venetians showed themselves to be in areadiness to fight with him and the Swiss. Now your grace shall understand that my lord Cardinal Sedunensis,[5] lord Galias,[6] with all other captains, upon Easter Monday moved, desired, and prayed most instantly the said Emperor to persecute the Frenchmen, and shewed him evidently that they could in no wise keep Milan if he would be contented to use their counsel. But it was not possible to induce him thereunto;

[1] Other members of the council made similar answers when Giustinian applied to them. See II. 1294.

[2] II. 1384.

[3] II. 1699.

[4] II. 1721, "Prewtelle, within five miles of Milan, where they lay till the next day, the 25th." Sir Rob. Wingfield, No. 1736.

[5] The Cardinal of Sion, whom Pace always speaks of by his Latin title.

[6] Galeazzo Visconti.

and no man could ne can conject what thing moved him to be so slack at that time, when every man did see the victory in his hands, and the expulsion of the Frenchmen out of Italy. But upon Easter Tuesday in the morning, being within nine miles of Milan, he sent for Sir Robert Wingfield and me, and, showing himself to be sore moved, said that he had perfect knowledge that the French king had offered unto the king's grace our master to forsake utterly Scotland, and to set apart all his practices there, so that his grace would keep firm peace and amity with him. Hereunto we made this answer: that his Majesty should in no wise be moved herewith, for we would lose our lives if it should be found by him or any other man that the king's grace had or did intend by any means to let this his enterprise in Italy, but rather to advance it and set it forthward; and showed three evident reasons against the same: one, that his grace paid the Swisses' wages in the aid of his Majesty; the other, that his grace had sent his ambassadors unto his nephew the prince of Castile, for to offer unto him men and money with his own person for defence of his realm, which the French king intendeth to usurp; thirdly, I declared unto him the king's mind in making a universal confederation betwixt his Majesty and others comprised in the commission lately sent by your grace to Sir Robert Wingfield and me. The said Emperor could not deny but these our reasons were evident, and made this answer only, viz. that he trusted that the king's grace would not forsake him. For all this yet that day he would not move, but did sit still in pensiveness, and was angry with every man that did move him to set forthward.

"About night he sent for my lord the Cardinal Sedunensis, Sir Robert Wingfield, and me, and said plainly he could not perform his promise made unto the Swiss in paying the residue of their wages for the two months, unto such time that the king's money should come, for he had none for to content his own army, ne yet to sustain his household, and for that cause was compelled to return back and not to lay siege to the city of Milan. My said lord Cardinal was sore troubled with these words, and in most wise and substantial manner, using all reasons convenient for that purpose, moved him to the contrary, putting no doubt (as truth was) in taking of the said city of Milan, where he should lack no money. Sir Robert Wingfield affirmed the same. As for me I did plainly show unto him the most great inconvenients that should ensue upon his return, viz. loss of all his cities in Italy evident, the realms of Naples and Navarre, his own extreme dishonour, with the loss of the king's money expended in his aid. But neither reason ne persuasion could move him to do well. Wherefore we thought it necessary to speak with his own most secret servants and councillors, whom we found as evil contented with him as we were ourselves; for they did not only show unto him all the inconvenients before rehearsed, but also added thereunto, that if he should draw back without cause or peril at that time, no man within Almain would esteem him the valor of one groat.

"Whiles we were in this communication, arrived from Milan a Spaniard, a vile person, sent from the duke of Bourbon to the Emperor, with this message: that if the said Emperor would come to Milan, and drink with him, he should be welcome; if not, he would meet the Emperor by the way. Herewith the Emperor showed himself to be very glad, and commanded the marquis of Brandenburg to send a trumpet immediately to the said duke, and offer him battle the day following afore the walls of Milan, and to show him that he that had offered him battle at the three rivers, viz. Mynce, Oleo, and Ade,[1] would not be afraid to fight with him at Milan. And herein he kept his promise, and went thither with all the army in goodly and sure order, ready to have made an end of this business. But the said duke, when he did see this, he sent the said trumpet again with word unto the Emperor that he would fight, but not

[1] The Mincio, Oglio, and Adda.

at that time, knowing right well that it was not possible for him to obtain the victory. The Emperor, this answer had, would tarry no longer, though the lord Galias advertised him that the Frenchmen could in no wise bide within the city two days, both for lack of horse-meat and fear of insurrection of the people against them, which undoubtedly had followed if the Emperor would have continued there but one night; but neither he, ne my lord Cardinal, ne none other, could induce him thereunto.

"The Frenchmen, immediately after his returning, did begin to burn the suburbs of the city, and destroyed utterly the habitations of 60,000 honest poor men, fearing that the Swiss would have lien in them, as they intended to do if the Emperor had not let them. The said Swiss, seeing his departing, sent unto him two of their chief captains for to advertise him, that it was not their manner to show their backs to their enemies, and therefore they would not depart. The Emperor made unto them this answer: that he would lead them another way, where they should have a sure victory, without any great shedding of blood; and so desired them to follow him, or else he would have from them his horsemen and artillery: and by these means he had them from thence, to their incredible discontentation. And he himself passed the river of Ade again, the righter way towards Almain than the Frenchmen, saying that he had certain practice there for to take the town of Crema; but this was but a thing feigned for to colour his flying.

"The Swiss went to the city of August, straightway towards Milan, which city the lord Galias and they did take by force. The castle thereof was by the space of six hours valiantly defended by the Frenchmen, who did slay four or five Swiss, wherewith the residue were so moved that they made a vow [not] to depart unto the time they had taken the said castle by force, and slain every Frenchman within it. They set so fiercely upon [it] that it was not possible for the Frenchmen to defend it longer. First, they offered to yield themselves unto the mercy of the Swiss; but they would take no condition, but killed every man found within it, to the number of 150; and divers there were that offered thousands of crowns for their lives, but nothing could help. This done they sent a message to the Emperor, by the counsel of the lord Galias and me, with these tidings, and for to desire him either to come personally with his army, or else, if he feared his own person, to send his horsemen unto them, and put himself in surety in the city of Brixia (Brescia), or any other place where it would please him, until such time as they had expelled the Frenchmen out of Italy.

"I assure your lordship the Swiss neither doth ne will lack in anything concerning the destruction of the Frenchmen. The Emperor hath kept no promise with them. Nothing grieveth them but this, that the Emperor goeth more backward than forthward, and putteth every man in suspicion of his flying away into Almain; and if he so do, this enterprise is clean lost (*quod Deus avertat!*) to the ruin evident of himself and the destruction of all Christendom. My lord Cardinal Sedunensis, the lord Galias, and I, be almost dead for sorrow; and the said lord Galias hath desired [me] to write these words, to be kept secret unto your grace, viz. that if the Emperor do at this time fly without cause, he shall commit greater treason against all princes Christian than ever did Judas against Christ.

"The Swiss will in no case that the lord Galiace or I depart from them, though the Emperor fly away; but they will keep both him and me in pledge of their wages, as well for the residue of the second month as the whole of the third, if they shall continue the said third month and deserve their wages, as they will surely do if the Emperor let them not. If he do let them, they intend to do him a shrewd turn. They have knowledge that the said Emperor should say he feared them, which saying

is but a frivoll excuse and seeking of an occasion to fly away; for no one living could have served him more faithfully than they have done hithertoward, and so they will continue if he give them none occasion to the contrary. From the city ————, the first day of April."

Was it a trick of the Emperor from the first? Was it in a sudden fit of resentment at not having received money from England? Had he been deluded by the French; or, what is more probable, had he sold himself and his honour, too often sold before, for French gold? Francis wrote to Palvoisin, his ambassador at Rome, only a week before,[1] that the Emperor had been soliciting his amity through the Prince of Castile. But as this letter was evidently intended to be seen by the Pope, who was vacillating between one party and the other; and as Francis had sent in it a very significant message that he intended, if necessary, to pass into Italy with an army, and in that case he "would crave the honor once more of kissing the feet of his Holiness;" it may be doubted whether this statement, so damaging to Maximilian's reputation, was anything more than a political *ruse*. But the exact truth of this and other passages of history can never be known until other Governments, following the example of this country, shall throw open their archives to historical inquirers.[2]

The Emperor continued to hover at a distance, and would take no resolution. Sir Robert Wingfield's account of the matter may be seen in a letter dated the 4th of April.[3] It is of course the Emperor's version. It rested upon two points;—first, his inability to convey provisions and money in consequence of the superiority of the enemy's cavalry; and, secondly, his fear of the Swiss, Germans, and Spaniards, who were mutinous for lack of pay. Satisfactory to no one else, this excuse was sufficient for the Emperor. Turning a deaf ear to all remonstrance, he hastened to put as large a space as he could between his own army and the Swiss under Pace and Galeazzo. He allowed the enemy's cavalry to scour the country, and cut off all communication between himself and his exasperated allies.[4] He recrossed the Adda without warning, and turned his steps in the direction of Bergamo. The Swiss were fed with promises of his speedy return, but he took care to prevent them from doing mischief by carrying off the gun-

[1] March 17, 1516. No. 1680.

[2] Since this was written in 1864, the Archives of most foreign countries have been made more accessible; but Calendars of their contents are still wanting.—Ed.

[3] II. 1736. See also No. 1752.

[4] II. 1746, p. 493.

powder. To Wingfield he held out assurance "that he would join again, and bring the enterprise to its desired end."[1] And Wingfield, as a matter of course, believed him. But with his promises to return he hurried off in the opposite direction, and in a few days shut himself up in the walls of Trent, leaving Pace and Galeazzo to their fate.[2] Sick at heart and ill at ease, Pace wrote to the Cardinal:[3]

"I am advertised by Sir Robert Wingfield that the Emperor will not leave this enterprise, but see an end thereof; nevertheless, he doth go backward still towards Almain, and now is in Valle Camonica. The Marquis of Brandenburg is coming towards us with his men at arms. If he will join his army with us, we shall sleep no longer, as we have done these 15 days by the Emperor['s] express commandment, which, if we should have broken, the Emperor would have been gone. Yesterday the Swiss did send unto him two ambassadors, for to have a final conclusion of his mind; for they will have no more delays ne trifles, for this delaying of time and also of money is death to them and all us."—From Laude (Lodi), the 10th of April.

Five days after Pace continues:

"The Emperor, notwithstanding his late writing unto the Swiss, and promise made for to join with them, is undoubtedly departed in great haste towards Almain, and afore this time is arrived nigh unto Trent. This his sudden departing hath marvellously discouraged the Swiss, with all other desiring the prosperous success of the enterprise. Nevertheless, because that he hath left behind him the marquis of Brandenburg with his army, and commanded him to join with us, some hope there is that he will not mar all.

"The lord Galias hath at this time a very good intelligence with the Pope, which hath proceeded by the king's writing unto his Holiness, and also by my writings according to your Grace's commandment. Your Grace shall have some knowledge thereof by a letter from the Cardinal Saint Mary in Porticu, directed unto the said lord Galiace, whereof he sendeth a copy at this time in ciphers unto Master Anchises. If the Emperor had not gone backward, the Pope had been surely ours afore this time; insomuch that now the French king doth complain of his Holiness's dissimulation, saying that he hath nothing of him but letters.

"Yesterday arrived here a courier with letters of the Emperor directed unto the lord Galiace, desiring him to declare the contents of the same unto the Swiss, which were these: First, that they should be of good comfort, for he would shortly join with them again, with great power and all provision necessary for continuance of this war. Secondarily, that five and twenty thousand florins of the king's money, which they had long lacked, was brought into the city of Brixia (Brescia), from thence to be conveyed immediately into the field to them by the marquis of Brandenburg. To whom we sent two captains of the Swiss for to understand the truth of the said money: and they advertised their company here that the said sum was within Brixia; but at such time as the governor of the city would have sent it with a sufficient company unto the said marquis, the Emperor['s] soldiers being in the city did sequester the same there, for so much owed unto them by the said Emperor. The Swiss, hearing of this, hath begun marvellously to murmur amongst themselves against the Emperor, saying that now twice they have been betrayed by him sith the

[1] II. 1752. [2] April 15. [3] II. 1754.

beginning of this enterprise; once at his departing from Milan, which they might have taken if he would have suffered them to have lodged there but one night; and now again in this sequestration of the king's money; for they think it is done by his consent, and that he will do in like manner with the residue of the king's money, which he writeth to be at the city of Trent, or nigh thence. Wherefore the Swiss, seeing that they can lie no longer there, both for lack of victual and money, they have concluded to go themselves against the said money, having both the said lord Galiace and me for hostages and prisoners; and also to know what the Emperor intendeth. For, notwithstanding his daily fair writings (without effect), they can believe none other but that he will betray us all, and go straight into High Almain; whereby this enterprise shall be utterly destroyed and the king's money cast away, not only to the Emperor's extreme rebuke and shame, but also to the great damage of all his friends; and, for to speak more plainly, to the ruin of all Christendom, except that God and wise princes make substantial provision against the same.

"The lord Galias and I both be at this time sick in our beds, and almost dead, more for thought than for sickness, considering the unreasonable demeanour of the Emperor, for he hath no manner of cause thus to deal, having by us hourly perfect knowledge that all thing[s] doth succeed prosperously for his intent against the Frenchmen; for not only the rebels of Switzerland hath forsaken the Frenchmen, and many more Swiss doth come in to our aid, but also the Venetians and they be at variance amongst themselves, and neither of them hath any money to sustain their armies: insomuch that three days passed Master Andreas Gritie, general captain of the said Venetians, was like to be slain in his own house by his own soldiers for lack of money. Furthermore, all the country is in areadiness to arise to our aid. These premises be occasion, which (as me seemeth) should not only move an Emperor to set forthward, but an ass: yet he neither will set forthward himself, ne suffer us to do; for he hath left us artillery without gunpowder, and hath daily promised to send us some; but as yet we did see none, but hath been compelled by force to consume twenty-two days in vain.

"The said marquis of Brandenburg is gone personally to Brixia for to see if he can get the said money sequestered, and to bring it to the Swiss. And when I had written thus far, we had letters from the said marquis, containing his arrival unto the said city of Brixia, and that the soldiers within would not suffer him to enter, ne to have the said money, but compelled him to depart without it; so that the lord Galiace and I be now in extreme desperation, not so much for the evident jeopardy of our lives, as for the loss of this great enterprise, by the false and crafty mean of them that hath retained in this manner the King's money, nothing appertaining unto them.

"To show plainly the truth unto your Grace, everything is now clean out of order here, and very little hope of any amendment by reason of the Emperor's thus departing. Few men or none doth know surely the cause thereof, but many doth suppose it is the death of the late king of Hungary,[1] and the lucre that he should win by the same, whereof he had tidings at his being within six miles of Milan, and after that never had mind to go forthward, but the day following began to draw back towards Almain. Some doth suspect a secret practice with the French king for a large sum of money, as it is comprised in my lord the Cardinal Saint Mary in Porticu's letters; but hereof I could never have any perfect knowledge, and as yet I think it is not true. I am informed that the said Emperor intendeth to write unto the king's Grace in excusation of this his departing, that he feared that not only the Swiss but also his own lanceknights would, for

[1] Ladislaus VI. or VII.

lack of money, have sold him unto the Frenchmen, if he should have tarried at the city of Milan anywhile. He may write what it pleaseth him, or cause other to do the same; but I assure your lordship all that is but trifles. These my letters doth contain the very truth of the Emperor's acts; *tam in bono quam in malo veritatem scribo, postposita omni affectione.* For it is impossible for the Swiss to be more obedient unto any prince than they have been unto him, and yet be; and so will they continue if the default be not in him.

"From Laude, the 15 of April."

A month passed, but no amendment. Then Pace wrote again:—[1]

"Please it [your] Grace,—From the city of Laude I did write unto the same three letters, containing the Emperor's sudden and wilful departing from the walls of Milan, which undoubtedly the Swiss had taken if the said Emperor would have tarried there but two days; but neither counsel, nor reason, nor resp[ect] to his own or his friends' honour, could induce him to remain, but he returned immediately towards Almain, leaving the Swiss at the said city of Laude, and commanding them to continue there until such time as he should return again with a greater army, more great guns and gunpowder, whereof he left none with the Swiss; but unto this day he kept no manner of promise in any of these premises. Wherefore the said Swiss, seeing themselves hereby deceived, and having also knowledge that the Emperor's soldiers in Brixia had intercepted 25,000 florins of the king's money, sent unto them, and, lacking victuals, departed unto the city of Bergamo, where was abundance of victuals, and there tarried 10 or 12 days, as well for the Emperor, who never did come, as for the kin[g]'s money promised to them by me *sub pœna capitis*, according to your Grace's commandment, for to retain them.

"In the meantime tidings came to us that my lord Cardinal Sedunensis was sent in haste from the Emperor into the field as his lieutenant, and should bring with him all the king's money, and content them to the uttermost. And herewith they were so glad that they came running to my house, and said that they alone, without the Emperor, would fight with the Frenchmen, though they were in number an 100,000. But when my said lord Cardinal was arrived, they shortly had knowledge that he had brought but one and twenty thousand florins; which sum, when they had paid unto them, truly they did murmurate among themselves that there was no more money; and the night after there departed 7 or 8,000, saying that if there had been any more money my said lord Cardinal should have brought it, and that they were deceived by him as much as by the Emperor.

"The Frenchmen, knowing of the departing of so many Swiss, jointly with the Venetians did draw within three mile of us, so that we were compelled to depart from the said city of Bergamo, because it was none equal place for us to fight in. But all the chief captains of the Swiss did come unto the lord Galiace and me, and comforted us, saying that for the Emperor they would not move one foot to strike battle, but for the king's sake they would go immediately into the plain field, and suffer the Frenchmen to follow them—having this opinion that they fled for fear—and there put themselves [in] ordinance and fight with the said Frenchmen, notwithstanding the departing of one half of their company. And thus they did in deed. But when the Frenchmen did see them in this areadiness for to strike battle, they made a show with their horsemen alone, leaving their footmen and artillery behind them. The Swiss did draw nigh unto the said horsemen, and commanded their trumpets to be

[1] No. 1877.

blown and provoked them to battle; but it would not be. The Swiss, seeing this, went towards them within gunshot, and caused the great artillery to be shot amongst them, wherewith divers, both men-of-arms and light horse, were slain, and the residue departed clean out of the field. The Swiss being afoot could not follow them, and the better part of the Emperor's horsemen were departed out of o[ur] field for lack of their wa[g]es, and 2,000 lance-knights in like manner, to the great discontentation of the Swiss, numbering that amongst other deceits.

"This done, we went to a town named Bixansane, and there the Swiss would tarry a day or two for money. As soon as we arrived there, my lord the Cardinal Sedunensis, the count Cariate, and I, were taken and put to hold, and it was laid unto our charge that we had kept no promise with them; and for that cause, if they had not money the same day, they would convey us as prisoners into their country. *Hoc factum fuit a furente populo præter voluntatem ducum.* My said lord Cardinal Sedunensis was put that day to great jeopardy of his life by reason of certain his adversaries, who instigated the people to destroy him. *Sed Deus noluit ut tantum mali eveniret tanto viro*; for the same night arrived a messenger with x[x]xij M. florins, and thus we were all three delivered out of prison. The day following arrived Mr. Leonard Friscobalde, with as much money as was sufficient to pay their whole wages of three months which they had served; and so I contented them according to my promise made unto them. Then they were marvellously well contented with the king's Grace, considering that his promises were no fables, but truly performed.

"The lord Galiace was sore sick in the city of Brixia (Brescia) when he had knowledge that I was in hold; and because he could not depart out thereof for the Venetians' soldiers lying alway thereabout, he conveyed himself in the night over a mountain, and descended into lake of Garde, and did come to me by water, thinking that I had been in greater peril than I was. At his coming we had perfect knowledge that the Emperor would join with us no more. Whereupon the Swiss did convocate [t heir council, and there determined that it was not possible for them alone to proceed, as truth was; and this they declared unto the lord Galiace and me, saying that they would never hereafter trust the Emperor, neither serve him, but they would alway be ready to serve the king's Grace at his pleasure. When we were driven to this extremity, we did see no remedy but for to procure with all diligence amongst the captains that they would be contented to advertise the superiors of all the cantons, that the king's Grace hath contented them abundantly for their service, and to desire them that they will establish none amity with France but rather with the king's Grace. And all this they have done in the best manner that the said lord Galiace and I could devise; so that I trust this thing shall succeed right well, and that the said lord Galiace shall save his reputation amongst them, which he was like clean to lose by the Emperor's unreasonable demeanour, and for the lack of the king's money at their day.

"The Emperor hath now in his field but 4,000 lanceknights and 1,000 Swiss, and a great captain of the same. These be departed for to defend Verona and Brixia, which stand in great jeopardy of losing; *de quo valde quidem doleo. Sed Cæsar (testor Deum) longe plus damni meretur.*

"Besides my three letters sent unto your Grace from the city of Laude, I did write one also from Bergamo, containing all thing[s] necessary to be written, after mine opinion. Glad would I be to have knowledge of my four said letters; for I am advertised that in this court they do lay watch for to intercept my letters, fearing them as comprising the plain truth in everything. They would not that any fault should be laid unto their master, but to the Swiss, who, I assure [your] Grace, upon my faith to God and to the king, have done in this enterprise all that it was possible for men to do; but the Emperor, to his inestimable

rebuke and shame, would not suffer them to take Milan when they were sure to have it, as it is evidently known through all Italy. The Emperor hath so dishonoured himself that no man need care whe'r he have him friend or enemy. Nevertheless good it is to use the counsel of the good memory of Pope July, who said these words formally of the said Emperor: *Imperator est levis et inconstans; alienæ pecuniæ semper mendicus, quam male consumit in venandis camuciis: est tamen conciliandus nomine diaboli, et pecunia ei semper est danda.*

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"Thus Jesu preserve your Grace. From Trent, 12 Maij.
"Fidelissimus S^lus^, R. P."

"Where your Grace doth write to have understood there that the Emperor was put back by force by the French army, it is not so; for he was never put back, but went voluntarily and shamefully back, when he might have won all. The Frenchmen never durst fight with the Swiss,—they ever showed themselves so invincible when any feat of arms was to be done. They never skirmished with the Frenchmen but they were put back, and not we, both with shame and loss."

The disastrous result of the expedition brought out, as such things do, the baser nature of all concerned in it. The Swiss fell into disorder, plundered, sacked, or murdered whatever fell in their way. Pace, Sion, and Galeazzo were thrown into prison. To increase these misfortunes, a bitter feud broke out between the leaders. Sion, never friendly with Galeazzo since the battle of Marignano, was now more incensed against him than ever. He suspected Galeazzo's intimacy with Pace; and accused both of impeding the measures necessary for success.[1] The Emperor, with his usual facility of giving away that which did not belong to him, had promised no small sums of money to the army, and sent Sion to demand it from Pace.[2] On Pace's refusal, high words ensued; the Emperor threatened that he would have the money, whether Pace liked it or not, asseverating that if he did not have what he desired he would return home again: "like children," adds Pace, "that say they will not go to school without bread and butter. Sion dares not refuse him, and Sir Robert takes him for a God, and thinks that all his deeds and thoughts do proceed *ex Spiritu Sancto*." Against such malign influences it would have been hard for Pace to stand firm under the most favourable circumstances.

Maximilian, with a meanness and inhumanity almost incredible, took advantage of Pace's helpless condition, to extort from him a large sum of money upon the threat, if Pace refused, to make terms with France, and write over to England that Pace had been the cause of his defection. The

[1] II. 1982. [2] II. 1817.

soul of the Holy Roman Empire certainly dwelt in a low place when the Emperor could condescend to such an act; and we should have been fairly entitled to disbelieve the statement had it rested on less impeachable authority than Pace's own. Here is the letter which he wrote to Wolsey, sick in bed and sad at heart for his dishonourable treatment:—[1].

"Please it your Grace,—This day the Emperor, having the consense of Sir Robert Wingfield that Mr. Leonard Friscobalde, this present bearer, should lend unto his Majesty 60,000 florins for the continuance of this enterprise against the Frenchmen, made also great instance unto me to consent unto the same—both, in the king's name, as his ambassadors. I, considering the great sum of money expende[d] already without the obtent of the king's purpose, showed that I had neither commission so to do, nor authority; the Swiss, *apud quos erat autoritas mea*, being departed out of the field. After that he had understood this mine answer, he said that he was sure that the king's grace would not for that sum of money suffer him to lose both his honour and cities in Italy, as Brixia and Verona; and sent also word unto me, lying sick in my bed, that, if I would not consent thereunto, he would write unto the king's Highness, that I alone had been the total ruin of this enterprise, having no manner of respect to his honour or the king's, and therefore he should be compelled to make peace with France to the destruction of all Christendom. I, hearing and noting diligently these his words, and considering what great inconvenients might ensue if he should do as he said, caused myself, sick as I am, to be borne unto him, and shewed the causes, afore rehearsed, why I durst not consent unto his desire; adding also this (without fear), that whensoever any sum of money did come into his servants' hands, it was robbed from him and unthriftily expende[d] and little or nothing distribut[ed] amongst the army. Nevertheless, [I] showed unto his Majesty that I had liever lose my life than ever he should have cause to make any peace with France, to the destruction of all Christendom, for any my default. And so I have consented unto the same, and desired this bearer to accomplish his desire, who, for your Grace's sake, hath so done gladly. Wherefore I can no less do but desire your Grace to see him repaid again shortly without loss; for surely he is [a] faithful servant to the king's Highness and your Grace. He hath an obligation of the Emperor's, binding him to repay the money, if the king's grace be not content so to do; *sed Cæsar solvit ad calendas Græcas.*

"The said Emperor intendeth to send again into England Mr. Hesdynge. I know no cause why, but for money. Your Grace must be well ware of him; for in this last sum conveyed by him he hath not dealt faithfully with the king; for he hath kept 1,000 and 200 scudi for himself, and paid against the merchants' will (no cause known why) 11,000 scudi, with more, as this bearer can declare at large unto your Grace. He is one of those that is miscontented with me, because I can never consent that the King's money be cast away at every unthrift's desire, asking in the Emperor's name, but would have it, according to the King's mind and your Grace's commandment, expende[d] faithfully amongst the poor soldiers, putting hourly their lives in jeopardy *pro communi utriusque principis honore et totius Christiani orbis bono.* It shall please your Grace alway to remember this—(whatsoever Mr. Hesdynge shall procure in England),—that all money put in the Emperor's hands, or committed to any of his, shall be, in great part thereof, evil expende[d], as this present

[1] II. 1896.

bearer can at large show unto the same, and declare what business and trouble I have only in resisting against this.

* * * * * *

"Ex Tridento, xvj. Maij.

"E. D. v R^ma^ fidelissimus S^lus^,
"Ri. Paceus, ægrotus."

Sir Robert, a man of fastidious honour and delicacy, made no remonstrances. In the stress of the times he was guilty of acts which even the sternest necessity could barely excuse. Attending on Maximilian, and separated from Pace, with whom he had a joint commission, he ventured to sign receipts for money in Pace's hand; "having feigned Pace's signature, and sealed in his name with a cornelian in figure of a head."[1] That was bad enough; but worse remains. Wingfield found, in a budget from Wolsey, a private letter addressed to Pace. Sir Robert broke it open. "It is one of the first (he says) I ever opened without consent of the party;" and in it he found expressions applied to himself far from complimentary; as, *Summer-shall-be-Green*. A man of more worldly wisdom than Sir Robert would have resealed the letter, and kept his own counsel. But Sir Robert could not digest his resentment. He wrote to Wolsey: "Where in the part by which he toucheth me he calleth me *Green-Summer*, verily my good Lord,[2] it is long sith that I have had to write to such as I was familiar with, that *Summer was Green*." In the irritation of the moment he could not help comparing his own merits with the errors of Pace, which, but for his interference, he insisted, would have produced the greatest mischief.

It was clear to Wolsey that in such a temper of mind no expedition could succeed. On Pace, Galeazzo, and Sion he enjoined, in terms not likely to be disobeyed, mutual reconciliation.[3] Of Wingfield's extraordinary conduct he took no notice for the present. When Sir Robert wrote in the highest terms[4] of the Emperor's retreat, who had "so cawtely" withdrawn himself from such imminent peril, when he endorsed the Emperor's plea, that unless money were forthcoming all would be ruined, "et Gallus regnabit ubique,"[5] Wolsey made no answer. Amongst the multiplicity of his schemes to raise money Maximilian hit upon a new project. He proposed to make Henry Duke of Milan, in lieu of the rightful claimant, Francis Sforza, and invest him afterwards with the Empire.

[1] II. p. 514. Pace's seal was a head of Cicero.
[2] II. 1775, Wolsey, to whom the letter was addressed.
[3] II. 1983, 1984.
[4] II. 2095.
[5] II. 2026.

Sir Robert, with ludicrous solemnity, announced this absurd proposal on the 17th of May, 1516.[1] That morning the Emperor had sent for him, and, no other person being present, addressed him in the following terms:—"First, I desire you to make my most hearty and affectuous recommendations unto my most dear and well-beloved brother, the king your master, which by word doth call me father, and I do call him son, which I do take right gladly upon me, and that by reason of years; for in effect his bounty, kindness, affection, and comfort hath been and is so medicinable to me, that he is to be esteemed and taken for my father, and I for his son, insomuch that he shall be sure to have me at all times and in all points that may be in my power, as glad and desirous to advance all that may be to his honour and laud, as though I were his proper son." After this magniloquent preamble the Emperor proceeded to state that his army was ready to take the field. He then offered to invest the King with the Duchy of Milan, desiring the King to break war with France as soon as possible; to cross the sea with 2,000 horse and 4,000 archers; make his way through Flanders to Treves, where the Emperor would not fail to meet him, attended by the Electors and Princes. Then leaving the Duke of Suffolk in command, the Emperor, acting "as superintendent," would proceed with the King to Rome, and see the imperial crown placed upon his head.

Unfortunately, this intelligence, entrusted exclusively to Wingfield with such an air of mystery, had been discussed and talked about some days before, and had been already communicated by Pace to Wolsey.[2] To dissuade him from countenancing such an absurdity was scarcely needful. "Whilst we looked for the crown imperial," says Pace,[3] "we might lose the crown of England, which is this day more esteemed than the Emperor's crown and all his empire." It was a chimera; a stale trick invented by Maximilian to raise money, for he would "like to pill and poll the said duchy, and all Italy, under pretence of keeping them till the king came."[4] But it was no part of Wolsey's policy to undeceive

[1] II. 1902.

[2] 12th of May. II. 1878.

[3] II. 1923.

[4] See also 1931. This is the text of Pace's letter:

"Please it your Grace,—Sir Robert Wingfield hath showed unto me one letter of his, written unto the King's Grace by the Emperor's commandment, upon the resignation of the dignity imperial to be made by him unto the king's Highness, and the said Emperor's mind in the way which the king's Grace should take in coming to accept the said resignation, accompanied with 4,000 archers

the Emperor or Wingfield. They were left to pursue, unmolested, their own devices. The Emperor's schemes, whatever his intentions might be, worked out the purposes of Wolsey's equally well and equally economically. That policy was to keep Francis I. in continual agitation, and prevent any avowed union between him and the Emperor. The reason of this will appear hereafter. So when Pace expressed the bitterest regret at the Emperor's misconduct and the failure of the expedition, Wolsey wrote him a letter of encouragement. He thanked Pace for his labours:[1]—told him if the Swiss could not invade France this year, so much the better; as the King would not be ready before the spring. Pace must apply himself with renewed vigour to repair past errors; to encourage the Swiss, and tell the Emperor that the King was in good hope he would make use of the first opportunity, and, like a valiant captain, proceed against his enemies who had defamed him in all countries. A sum of 48,000 florins was placed at Pace's disposal to engage the Swiss, but no part of it was to

and 2,000 horse, and so to proceed forward unto Rome, there for to be crowned Emperor. My lord, this offer made by the Emperor is great, but I do marvel that the Emperor, or any other man, would move the king's Highness for to come through Flanders and Almain with such a company; for his Grace might be destroyed only by thieves and villains, of whom in Almain is great plenty. Over this, the Emperor hath made a promise uncertain, nothing knowing of the mind of the Electors of the Empire, which by all likelihood will never consent thereunto, because they will not suffer that dignity to go out of their nation; part for that they will not consent to anything moved by the said Emperor, being dissentient from him in everything. If this should fortune, the king's Grace should get by this promise nothing but shame, and put his person in jeopardy. Furthermore, I cannot judge it good counsel for to move the king's Grace to be so long absent out of his realm; for such misorder therein might fall, that whilst we looked for the crown imperial we might lose the crown of England, which this day is more esteemed than the Emperor's crown and all his empire, *et non immerito*. Finally, this resignation of the dignity imperial, and the way imagined for to set it, is but a castle made in the air, and a vain thing, and peradventure an inventive for to pluck money from the king craftily."

The rest of the letter is occupied with exposing the injustice of the Emperor in thus endeavouring to supplant Francis Sforza, the rightful duke of Milan. If this proposal were adopted, Pace insists the Emperor "would occupy the said duchy himself, under this pretext, to give it unto the king's Grace, and there to tarry unto such time that his Grace should come and fett (fetch) the investiture thereof, which, with surety, is impossible to do; and he in the mean while, by the king's aid, would pele and poll the said duchy and all Italy, and deprive the poor duke of Bari of his right: which appeareth and is evidently declared by privileges granted by the said Emperor in *forma autentica*, sealed with his great seal and subscribed with his own hand, and be so substantially made, that by no manner of reason or justice they can be annulled or revoked; *et non solum legitimis filiis, sed etiam naturalibus et spuriis ducis Lodovici, patris ducis Bari; ducatum Mediolani concedunt*. Wherefore necessary it is that the first order taken in the said Duke of Bari's cause be observed, both for the King's honour and profit," etc. "Tridenti, 21 Maij."

[1] II. 1965.

be expended before he had ascertained that the Swiss had a real intention to fight, not merely make a show of battle and return.[1]

It was enough for Maximilian to know that 50,000 florins were again in Pace's hands to prevent him from making any immediate arrangement with France. That could be done at any time, when further expectations from England were at an end. Once already he had intimidated Pace, without experiencing any unpleasant consequences. On the 10th of June,[2] three days after the money arrived, he sent his treasurer Villinger and the Marquis of Brandenburg to demand provision for 5,000 lance-knights and 2,000 horse in Lorraine; "and to induce me hereunto (writes Pace to Wolsey) they said, if it were not done, the said army would run to the French king's wages; which saying is common amongst them when they intend to deceive a man in plucking his money." Pace replied, he had no commission to meddle with money; and "if the Emperor wanted anything with England, he had his ambassador there." This answer must have been reported with unusual celerity,[3] for the same day Maximilian wrote to Pace that he had ordered a levy of 10,000 men in the Tyrol, in doing which he had spent all his money, and he therefore requested Pace to transmit to Trent and Verona the 50,000 florins he had just received, otherwise the new Swiss levies would go over to the enemy. If Pace, as he alleged, was forbidden "to meddle with these matters until further orders," Maximilian would undertake to excuse him to his master. Next day came a civil letter from Villinger, desiring Pace to communicate to him the answer he intended for the Emperor, and to be with the Emperor on the morrow.[4] Pace replied the next day (14th of June) that the 50,000 florins had been recalled, and he was going to Constance. A week passed, and no change; Maximilian fretted and chafed:—as well might the angry sea soften the obdurate rocks. So, finding Pace inflexible, in a moment of irritation he ordered him to leave the imperial domains, taxing him with having procured the revocation of the money out of spite.[5] Forgetful alike of his interest and his dignity, he threatened Pace with his heaviest resentment if he were found loitering in his dominions, in any one place, more than two days. Pace prepared to depart, greatly to the discomfort of the Emperor's messengers. It was not his departure but his money that they wanted.

[1] II. 1942. [2] II. 2034. [3] II. 2035.
[4] II. 2043. See Pace's note to this letter. [5] II. 2070.

They heard his resolution, to follow the Emperor's mandate, with dismay. The Emperor's command should be obeyed;[1] though, to say the least, it was a harsh one, especially in the last clause of it, to be addressed to an ambassador of the King of England. Seeing him in earnest, the imperial messengers said the whole matter might be compromised, if Pace would lend the Emperor only 20,000 florins in the King his master's name. Pace answered, that their proposal came unfortunately too late; for if after a command to depart he should now remain and pay such a sum, it would be a great rebuke to the Emperor, and would show that he was dismissed for no fault of his own, but because he had declined to pay "what was not in his power to pay."

At this juncture a new actor appeared upon the stage,—M. Hesdin, maître d'hôtel to Margaret of Savoy, who had always professed a deep interest in the King of England, and was supposed to hate the ministers of Charles for their inclination to France. He assailed Pace with softer arguments, and words

"Sweet as honey from his lips distilled."

He lamented the Emperor's hasty command;—was sure he could induce the Emperor to revoke it;—foresaw in this misunderstanding the unhappiness of Christendom, and entreated Pace to stay. But wisely he said nothing that day of the 20,000 florins. Next day, when his arguments might be supposed to have produced the desired effect, Hesdin pressed upon Pace the desirableness of complying with the Emperor's demand. Firm to his purpose, Pace would not depart from his resolution for friend or foe, for threats or cajolery. And doubtless many an hour afterwards, when Pace had returned as secretary to Henry VIII., and his influence with the King was second only to Wolsey's, the history of this adventure with the Emperor, and the various devices put in force by him for obtaining the money, formed an amusing topic of conversation.

Yet, mean and ludicrous as Maximilian's perplexities appear in the recital, Englishmen, in spite of themselves, and in spite of his real demerits, could not help feeling pity for the dilapidated Emperor. No money could pass his hands without diminution in the passage; no bond he gave was worth the paper on which it was written; no promise he made could be relied on; and yet he was popular, not with his own

[1] II. 2076.

subjects only, but with strangers. His schemes to raise funds were so awkward and so palpable they deceived no one; his necessities so urgent they almost excused his artifices. Then, moreover, the empire had not yet been divested of its old traditions and the accumulated honours of many centuries. To see its last representative reduced to beggary, ready to pawn "his dukedom for a denier," and unable to purchase a dinner,—was a sight to stir noble and generous minds. It did so on this occasion. Pace, Wolsey, Tunstal, the King himself relented, rather than press too hardly on the chief of Christendom, whose awkward attempts at finesse generally ended in his own discomfiture, and brought more tears in his own eyes than smiles in other men's.

The Emperor's demands fell with his hopes. Instead of 48,000 florins, let Pace pay the 2,588 he had received from the Frescobaldi, and depart in peace.[1] No, not even that sum; it had been spent already on the King's affairs; and he ordered Pace out of the chamber. "Pace," he exclaimed to Wingfield in the bitterness of his disappointment, "by the council of his schoolmaster Galeaz has endangered the common enterprise. All things were in good train, and nothing was wanting but the entertainment of the said 5,000 Swiss, which he had desired of Pace as he would have desired God." Such insolence was intolerable. He fell to downright abuse, and expressed to Wingfield his wonder that the King should commit so important a charge "to such a proterve and dissimuling person as Pace; for whatsoever he saith now, within an hour he turneth it off another, or rather into twenty divers fashions. But he hath gone to school with that bald Gallias, which betrayed and sold his master that brought him up; and therefore it is a less marvel that he with his disciple would have served me of the same." But all this fury was in vain. If he ordered Pace to go, Pace prepared to start; the next five minutes he countermanded the order, and Pace stayed. If he ordered Pace out of his presence, out of his presence Pace went. If he stormed and raved, Pace remained silent; if he cajoled or intimidated, he was no nearer the object: absolutely Pace would not depart from his instructions; not a florin would he disburse without an order from England. Four days after,[2] Wingfield made suit, beseeching Pace to procure 500 florins for the Emperor to buy powder and ball; but Pace turned a deaf ear to all entreaties.

[1] II. 2104.

[2] July 4, 1516. II. 2133.

The firmness and moderation of Pace, thus standing alone —not aided, as he ought to have been, but rather opposed, by his countryman Wingfield,—preserving the dignity of his demeanour in the midst of so many difficulties,—was duly appreciated in England. He received the thanks of the King and the Cardinal, with a more substantial mark of favour in his appointment as Secretary of State. Yet, much as he had reason to suspect and dislike the Emperor, he was not blinded by the treatment he had received to the policy of keeping him on good terms. He wrote to Wolsey,[1] that he had been threatened with death for refusing to advance money; "but," he added with wonderful prudence and self-control, "this demeanour must be clean set apart (not considered), and the Emperor, *qualiscumque est*, be entertained. The king does right to assist him; "*sed Cæsar est puer indigens tutore, et consiliarios habet corruptissimos et omnium bonorum domini sui expilatores.*" He urged that the king, instead of repudiating the bond of 60,000 florins extorted by Maximilian, should rather pay it, and help "the poor marcheante," who had thought to do an acceptable service to the king, "and did that is done at such a time as the Emperor (*quod mirabile dictu est*) had not sufficient money to pay for his dinner."

Sir Robert blundered on, as honest, well-meaning, conceited mediocrity is apt to do. Fully convinced of his own superior merits, and believing that he stood as high in the favour and confidence of his royal master at home as he did in that of his Imperial Majesty abroad, he ventured with more freedom than discretion to arraign Pace's conduct, and still more his appointment as Secretary of State. Impressed with the notion of his own superior ability and experience, he had broadly insinuated that Pace was deficient in those qualities which were indispensable for his new position. From Pace he had evidently glanced at the Cardinal.[2]

With a confidence and indiscretion displaying a total blindness to the real state of the times, he addressed a letter to the King.[3] It appears that in the interval the Emperor had gone to Constance in the firm persuasion that Pace would be induced to relent. High words had passed between them, as already described, and the dispute was evidently approaching its climax. Wingfield was sent for. After riding all night, he arrived at Constance (as he reports) about 8 in the morning; "and soon after mine arrival, Master Hans Reyner

[1] II. 2152. [2] II. 2154. [3] II. 2095.

came to me from his Majesty, and showed me a long process, accusing Master Pace in divers things, and most specially that his Majesty should be perfectly informed, that the said Master Pace and the Visconte Galias have written such letters to your Highness and to my lord Cardinal of York, against him, that by the mean he findeth your Grace all alienate; which his Majesty esteemeth to be the more certain, because that now of late he hath desired of Master Pace to make provision for the payment of a month's wages to such Swisses as were now in the common army, and he hath refused so to do: with which refuse, the said Mr. Hans showed me that the Emperor was grieved marvellously; for he was informed that the said Master Pace had sufficient provision of money with him, by exchange of the Fuggers, and also that the said Master Pace had showed unto his Majesty his own self that he hath commission not only to wage 15,000 Swisses of new, but also authority to give them three score thousand florins in reward." Mr. Hans further assured Wingfield, that the Emperor was convinced this "was none other but covert treason wrought to his ruin, and the wasteful effusion of your treasure." Happily, the impending ruin was averted by Wingfield's providential arrival—so Wingfield writes—for the Emperor would have charged Master Pace to have departed out of all places of his jurisdiction, without sojourning in any place of the same above a night and a day, upon pain of his life; and now that I was come the Emperor had sent him unto me to declare the same."

In his vainglorious dream Wingfield received from the King a letter for the Emperor.[1] It was the first the King had written to Maximilian since his ignoble retreat from Milan. With it came another for Wingfield himself, the contents of which he was commissioned to communicate. To his Imperial Majesty, calm and reserved in tone, it was far from complimentary. The King took occasion to thank him for his offer of the Dukedom of Milan, but as the French were still in possession of it, he thought it would be time enough to accept the Emperor's "loving offers" when he had renewed the expedition, and, by chastising the French, had re-established his honour, "greatly hindered by his desisting from the foresaid enterprise, whereof the Frenchmen, as well in France as elsewhere, made dishonourable bruits right displeasant to us to hear or understand." He touched upon the rumour of the

[1] II. 2176. It should have been placed under the 14th of June.

Duke of Savoy's efforts to negociate an arrangement between France and Maximilian; expressed his conviction that there could be no truth in a report so disgraceful to the Emperor; who must have too much regard to his own character, and the welfare of Christendom, to entertain such a proposal. And as for any further assistance in the shape of money, the King considered the sums already advanced by him had been employed solely in succouring the imperial towns of Brescia and Verona, to the neglect of their common interests, and wondered that Wingfield had ventured, on his own responsibility, to advance the Emperor 60,000 florins. Should the King be called upon to repay it, Wingfield would be held responsible for the loss and for any alienation it might cause between his Majesty and the Emperor. In the end Wingfield was enjoined to lay aside his enmity to Pace, and act cordially with him for the common good.

Sir Robert read this letter with a rueful countenance. He had done his best within the last few hours to soothe the disconsolate Emperor, and flatter him with hopes of a favourable answer from England. The answer had come much sooner than he had anticipated, and of a tenor the very reverse of what he had expected. How was he to break the unwelcome news? But he had no alternative: the Emperor was to leave the next day early, and he must act at once. He sent his Majesty word that he had received a credence from England, and would be glad to know when should he have the honour of presenting it. "Immediately," was the reply. It was then eight o'clock in the evening. "When I was come to his presence," says Wingfield, "and every man avoided save he and I, I presented your letters unto him, making your most hearty and affectuous recommendations, in the best manner I could; which your letters when he had opened and read, a' looked a long while upon the subscription, and he said in this wise: 'These be letters of credence to be declared by you; howbeit I do perceive right well by the subscription, without hearing more, that the matter of your credence shallnot be so pleasant unto me as I hoped and trusted, whereby I do know right well that such as I hoped to find my perfect and assured friends have their ears more inclined, and give more credence to mine enemies' words than to me, or those of my friends; but I must have patience in that, as I have had in many other things. Nevertheless, declare your credence, and I shall give you the hearing, but not with so joyful a heart as I would."

Wingfield was greatly moved. He could not behold so much humility and so much innocence trampled upon by the malice of designing men without strong feelings of indignation. He longed to relieve the oppressed and defy the oppressor. The King, in his letter, had urged the Emperor to recover his tarnished reputation, but Wingfield ventured to qualify the asperity of his commission. The Emperor was not so blamable as he was reported; "for though his enemies"—here Wingfield glanced at Pace—"would gladly he were more largely defamed, yet amongst good and indifferent judges, if they wot well of what mind and courage he is, they would rather marvel at his diligence and dexterity." Another article touching the Emperor's underhand negociations with the Duke of Savoy, Wingfield took the liberty of omitting entirely; "because I perceived at the beginning it was not meet to touch him nigh the quick;" and as for the statement that the King's money had been spent upon Brescia and Verona, "verily, my most loved and dread sovereign lord and only master," says Wingfield most pathetically, "I would that such as hath informed your Highness were in your most gracious presence, and I also; and I doubt not but he should have red cheeks, and he be not past shame, for his unjust saying. For your Highness may be sure that no man knoweth more in that matter than I, though I write not so much as other men do; and sure I am that, and your Grace hath caused such letters of the Cardinal Sedunensis to be well looked upon and examined, as I have sent to your Highness at divers times, which is one [of] the most virtuous and faithful men that ever I was acquainted with, it shall well appear when and how your money hath been rather cast away than well spent; except such sums as hath comen to the Emperor's hands:" and he asserts that this war had cost Maximilian above 200,000 florins.[1]

When Wingfield had finished, the Emperor "made a long pause after his custom," and then said: "I cannot perceive by the credence that ye have declared that my brother, the king your master, hath restored to Leonard Friscobald the 60,000 florins that were borrowed of him, or that he intendeth

[1] Sir Robert of course believed his own assertion; but the difficulty which will occur to most readers, who know anything of Maximilian and his finances, will be to account for 200,000 florins being in the Emperor's possession to spend. The author of the "History of the League of Cambray" pretends that Ferdinand, a little before he died, lent the Emperor 120,000 gold crowns. ("Hist. de la Ligue." II. 306.) That is even more incredible.

to provide the 100,000 florins that I desired him to prepare; but he rather willeth me to prepare repayments of the said 60,000 florins to Friscobald. Verily I esteemed well in the beginning that your credence should not be so pleasant to me as I trusted it should have been; but I do perceive well that all things hath diminished the affection and love that my brother hath had to me, whereof I am sorry, and know no remedy but patience; and, as I told you in the beginning, I perceived the same by the subscription of my brother's letters; for in former letters he named me brother and father, whereas the name of father is now changed into cousin; wherefore I wish you to be treasurer of this letter, for I will not that any man should be privy he is so changed to me-ward."

So meek a reply, no doubt, sank deeply into the heart of the reporter, who, after a fling at Galeazzo, then proceeds to notice that part of the King's letter which alluded to the bad understanding "betwixt Master Pace, now your secretary, and me," and the King's injunction "that nother indignation or displeasure be taken against him through Wingfield's procurement for his plain dealing." He expressed regret that the King should think him capable so "to demean himself against the said Master Pace or any other, but as an honest poor gentleman should." He asserted that he had treated Pace as a brother, but Pace could not bear to hear the Emperor praised, nor would Wingfield hear him dispraised. Then, dilating, after his fashion, upon the confidence to be shown to old and experienced ministers,[1] "which on my conceit (he says) is a religion not to be annulled for any new sect," he adds, "I know not the foundation; and to say the sooth, though I have none envy that in so little time and for so poor service, he (Master Pace) hath attained to so high a room as that of your principal secretary; yet in some things me seemeth and also know well that he hath largely offended in that art: for the name of secretary hath the foundation upon the knowledge of such things as ought to be kept secret; in which I know well that he hath greatly erred; for when I made him privy to such secret things as the Emperor had ordained me to write unto your Highness to the intent he might be the more wary how he should order himself concerning the said secrets betwixt the Emperor and you, he went forthwith and showed the same to the Duke of Bari,[2] advising him that it was the

[1] Here the letter is mutilated.
[2] Francis Maria Sforza, brother of Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan.

Cardinal Sedunensis' procurement and mine; which the said duke would not keep secret, but laid the same to the said Cardinal's charge: of which, as I esteem, he (Sion) hath advertized your Highness by his letters, which are not of such levity as those of Galias, whose malice, fraud, and iniquity hath not only abused Master Pace, but hath caused Master Pace to abuse many others. And in all such abuses as I may know that your Highness taketh either loss or dishonour, there is no power that shall may only stop my mouth, but only your Highness's commandment. And one thing I assure your Grace of, that he is known over all at this day so perverse towards the Emperor that, considering the authority he hath, and his notable remuneration for so small and inutil service that he hath done, it is verily judged that your affection towards the Emperor is now sore refrigerate."

It was not to be expected that a letter so rash, indiscreet, and boastful, so full of unjust insinuations against others—for, be it observed, insinuations were made as much against Wolsey's honesty as against Pace—would be allowed to pass without rebuke. Sir Robert might have gone on for some time longer, buzzing about the Emperor, occasionally starting into harmless acts of impertinence; but on this occasion he had ventured far beyond the bounds of reasonable indulgence, and his vagaries were becoming mischievous. The following communication from England brought him speedily to his senses.

HENRY VIII. to SIR ROBERT WINGFIELD.[1]

"Trusty and right well beloved . . . ,—It is right well known how long the fraternal [love and amity], with paternal and filial kindness, hath been rooted, est[ablished and] continued betwixt the Emperor, whom we have always [taken and] reputed as our good father, and us. . . . For the entertainment [and] continuance whereof, ye by our commission a[nd authority] have had the room and office of a mediator, to the intent that no occasion sounding to the hy[ndering and] diminishing thereof might be given, to enge[nder any] scruple of unkindness or diffidence betwixt hy[m and us]. Howbeit we and our council, upon probable g[rounds and] sundry vehement presumptions and conject[ures, perceive h]ow that by occasion of the advancement of such money, as by your means and acquittance was by Leonard Friscobalde made to the Emperor, without any authority or commission by us to you given, and the repetition thereof now demanded, for satisfaction and reimbursement thereof to the creditors, to be contented and paid by the said Emperor, there is some hindrance in appearance of the mutual kindness betwixt the said Emperor and us, which should never have chanced if this money had not been advanced to him without our commission; considering that as well by such our sundry gifts of large sums of [money] as we have made unto him, as by the entertainment of the Swisses to our right great cost and charge [from their country] to Milan, for his honour, and conservation of

[1] II. 2177.

his cities and countries in those parts, he had not only good cause to give unto us singular tha[nks, but also] rather thereby to augment than diminish the amity rooted and established between him and us. Whe[reof we] thought right expedient to advertise you, to the [intent that, by] all the means and politic ways ye can, ye [exert your]self, not only to entertain and firmly to establish [the] love and amity that ever hath been betwixt him [and us], but also to remove all scruples, sounding to [the] derogation thereof, by mean of the occasion and cause before written; for in case any alteration of the Emperor's mind towards us shall now be apparent, otherwise than it hath been heretofore, we cannot ascribe nè arrect it to any other thing or deed, but only to the advancement of the said money, without our commandment, and the repetition of the same now made; whereunto expedient it is ye take substantial regard in avoiding the danger that may thereof to you ensue.

"For, to be plain with you, we now evidently perceive, more by your own writings [than] by the relation of any other, that ye, having better opinion in [yourself than] your wisdom or qualities can attain to, not only by elation of a glorious mind, moved by the instigation of envy and malice against our secretary, Mr. Pace, have mo[re considered] your sensual appetites than regarded our commandments, weal, profit, or surety; as it appeareth evidently, as we[ll by] the advancement and laying out of our money [without] commandment, as in continual practices, by you daily made and driven, to put the Emperor in comfort [to expect] the advancement of more money, to our intolerab[le costs and] charges. And whereas ye advaunt yourself [to be a medi]ator for the perseverant continuance of paternal and [fi]lial love and amity betwixt the Emperor and us, your deeds be clearly repugnant to your words; for by these your drifts inducing the Emperor continually to demand money of us, and the not accomplishing of his desires, which is importable for us to sustain or do, ye have not only hindered the mutual intelligence betwixt the said Emperor and us, but also put him in such jealousy against our said secretary, Mr. Pace, by contrived surmises of seditious writing against the Emperor, that he hath banished him his court and countries; and rather than these inconvenients should ensue betwixt the Emperor and us by your vainglorious ways, more studying to get thanks than regarding our honor, profit, or surety, better it were y[ou had] never been born.

"When we consider your undiscreet writing, expressing the disdainous and envious mind that ye be of the advancement and promotion of our said [secretary], Mr. Pace, whom in your said writing ye dispraise [and] slander, with the fantastical argument that ye make, to conclude our affection to be refrigerate towards the Emperor, by cause we have rewarded our said secretary with so notable a remuneration for so inutill service, he being of so perverse mind towards the Emperor, and the protestation and requisition [by] you made, that in case his merits shall fortune to lead him to any inconvenient or danger in those parts, we should not impute or arrect the occasion thereof to you; it causeth us and our council to think, that either malicious fumes hath blinded your intelligence so that ye little regard what ye write, or else ye suppose and think that we and our council have no capacity to discern your notorious folly. For as touching the promotion of our said secretary, whom ye dispraise, inasmuch as he hath better followed our commandments and commissions than ye have done, we think he hath well deserved this advancement and better. And though he had never done unto us any service in those parts, yet in consideration of his learning, wisdom, and activeness, our mind was to prefer him to that room before his departing, so that your sophistical argument before written is a great fallacy and folious invention [which] cannot proceed. And well assured may ye be, that in case any danger or inconvenient shall chance unto him in those

parts, we must and will arrect it precisely to you, and in such wise punish you therefor, as all other shall take terrible example thereby. For whatsoever ye or any other have surmised to the Emperor for his hindrance, we have now expressly declared to the said Emperor by our letters, that our said secretary never wrote anything unto us but good and honourable of him, as much commending his valiantness, wisdom, and other his notable acquitayles, as could be devised, making also true and plain certificate unto us of all things occurrant there from time to time, rather deserving thereby the Emperor's thanks than his indignation, which we believe verily had not fortuned to him unless the Emperor had been by your seditious reports provoked thereunto.

"And as touching the Cardinal Sedunensis, whom ye much praise, and the count Galeas by you greatly dispraised, they be personages to us unknown. Nevertheless, for the laudable reports that we have heard of them, and that they were the persons most meet to further and [promote] this enterprise of the Swisses against the Frenchmen, we were the rather induced to practice with them, minding always not only the honor and surety of the Emperor, but also the advancement of the same, and conservation of his estate in those parts. For which purpose we have laid out and expended right great and large sums of money; and if for this our kindness we should be finally rewarded by sinister reports with distrust, suspicion, and displeasure, we may say our kindness hath been evil employed. Wherefore we will and straitly charge you that, all dissemblance put apart, ye endeavor yourself to entertain the amity and intelligence betwixt the Emperor and us, wherein we shall stedfastly and perseverantly continue without alteration for our part; assuring you that in case we may perceive any alienation of his mind therein, we must ascribe it unto you for such causes and considerations as be above specified, whereunto we will ye take special regard in avoiding our indignation to your uttermost peril. And as touching the request heretofore made by the Emperor to our said secretary, for the advancement of more money, inasmuch as the letters of exchange were revoked, it was not possible to be done; wherefore the Emperor hath no cause of displeasure against him. The reasons moving us to revoke our letters of exchange were these: First, because we supposed the expedition against the Frenchmen to be clearly extinct and done by the returning of the Swisses to their countries. Secondly, forasmuch as the Emperor by his letters to us had so effectually commended Friscobald for his diligent towardness and faithful acquittal, we minded by the revocation thereof to take the commission from the Fokers, and to have caused the money to be paid by the hands of Friscobald and his factors when the case should require; and in such wise we will ye show to the said Emperor."

CHAPTER V.

THE TREATY OF NOYON.

In more than one of Wingfield's "vainglorious" letters the King had been urged by the Emperor—whether in sincerity or not remains to be shown—to assist him in punishing the ministers of his grandson Charles, who had sided throughout with the French. To their machinations he imputed the success of the French arms and the dangers now menacing the whole of Italy. In Wingfield's fantastic language, it was they who had sold Naples:[1] "Blessed be those honorable councillors of the young king[2] which have brewed the beverage to the ruin of the Emperor, of which ruin the said young king is like to be very heavy to the damage of all Christendom." To understand these allusions and how far Sir Robert was justified in his opinion of the Emperor's honour and integrity, we must look back a little.

From the first moment that Francis ascended the throne Charles and his ministers had courted a French alliance with unceasing assiduity. In their treatment of England they had exhibited not only indifference but studied contempt and dislike. The leaders of the young Prince's councils, Chievres and the Chancellor (Sauvage), prompted mainly by a desire to retain their supremacy, threw the weight of their influence into the scale of France—tempted also, if the report be true, by the pecuniary rewards which Francis offered so liberally for their favours. It may be thought that Charles was too young to be responsible for the acts of his ministers, and too indifferent to the charms of the Princess Mary to have conceived either grief or indignation at seeing her consigned to the arms of another. But all writers agree in his precocity; not a single act in the after period of his life indicates the least dissatisfaction with these his earliest advisers; nor so long as

[1] II. 1937.

[2] Charles, still residing in the Netherlands, had just become King of Spain by the death of Ferdinand.

they lived did he ever withdraw his confidence and favour from them. Quite the reverse. As for his alliance with Mary, Philip Dalles, the envoy sent to congratulate Francis on his accession, has preserved the following anecdote which seems to indicate that the loss of Mary caused a deeper dissatisfaction than has been generally supposed. On one occasion Charles was told in a company of young people, that he was a cuckold (*coqu*), and had lost his wife, and ought to take another: one proposed this lady, another that; some Madame Renée, others the daughter of Portugal or of Hungary. "I (said Dalles) replied that the Prince preferred Madam Renée." "He is quite right," answered Charles promptly, "she is much the best prize; for if my wife chanced to die before me I should then be Duke of Brittany." The mind which at such an age, and on such an occasion, could travel to such a contingency, was worthy of the discipline in which it had been trained. As I have said in the first chapter of this work, there was no careless betrayal of youthful indiscretion in Charles whether as Archduke, King, or Emperor. Over all appetites, but one, he had perfect control from childhood upwards.

In the instructions which he gave to his ambassadors[1] announcing that he was out of his tutelage, and condoling with Francis on the death of the late King Lewis, the same decorous resignation to the will of Providence, the same keen regard to his own interests, may be traced, though blurred with the formalities of a State paper. They are directed to inform the new monarch that Charles is his own master; and though great is his grief at the death of the late King of France, yet, remembering that all mankind, great and small, are subject to mortality, and that the "late king was an ancient man,[2] infirm, and sickly, and that in the concerns of this life the will of the Lord must be done,—all things considered, the aforesaid Charles feels himself mightily comforted by the accession of the new sovereign." But the main drift of this mission was to negociate, in the first place, a marriage with Madame Renée, then four years old; and in the next, to excuse the alliance which had hitherto existed between England and Flanders, as passed in the Archduke's minority, and for which he ought not to be held responsible. The terms he demanded were so exorbitant, the aim to extort money from a

[1] Jan. 19, 1515. Le Glay, *Négoc.* i. 2.

[2] He was only in his fifty-third year when he died.

King, liberal and young like Francis, so apparent, that more than once the negociation was near coming to an abrupt termination. Even when completed it was one of the conditions insisted on by Charles that his future Queen, young as she was, should be taken from her family, and delivered to his care, with a certain amount of money, jewels, and property settled upon her, of which he was to become the possessor in the event of her death.

This union with France had more than one advantage to recommend it:—it settled the disputes between the two countries in relation to the future possession of Naples; it gave peace to Flanders, then greatly impoverished; and it enabled Charles and his ministers to sit aloof, unconcerned, whilst the other great powers of Europe proceeded to arbitrate their differences by the sword. Whether, on a broad view of history, countries in the long run prosper by this policy of non-interference, is a question not to be determined here. Between running like famished mastiffs to take part in a street brawl, and the armed interposition of reason and charity, there is a wide difference. The sternest neutrality may be as selfish, and as destructive of true magnanimity, as hot and precipitate anger. No nation ever became great by either course alone,—certainly not at the time of which I am speaking.

It could not be expected that during the predominance of such feelings and principles English negociations would prosper in Flanders. Attempts were made, but with little success, to renew the amity and free commercial intercourse between the two peoples. The negociators were Tunstal and More, afterwards the celebrated chancellor, then for the first time committed, to the great regret of Erasmus, to a life of politics instead of letters. More was mainly employed, no doubt, for his high character and legal attainments; he possessed, above all men of his age, the qualifications required for the temperate and successful adjustment of disputes between the English and Flemish merchants, complicated by the anxiety of the latter to force English trade back again to Bruges, then rapidly waning before the increasing popularity of Antwerp.[1] Unfortunately we have none of More's correspondence for this period, when he first gathered those impressions of the Low Countries and of the political state of the times which he afterwards produced in his Utopia. For our knowledge of

[1] II. 581.

what passed, we are mainly indebted to Sir Thomas Spinelly, whose gossip is amusing enough, but rests often on no better foundation than hearsay. He was evidently not initiated into the secrets of either party, and was frequently imposed upon by both. His English prejudices made him a convenient instrument for Margaret of Savoy, or the Emperor through her, whenever it was desirable to draw off the English negociators on a false scent. Months elapsed, but the English commissioners could make no impression on Charles or his court until the close of 1515. Even then it is probable that the desire of Chievres to obtain a loan from this country was a much stronger inducement to moderation than any real change of sentiment.[1]

The death of Ferdinand the Catholic in February, 1516, threw the destinies of Europe into the hands of three young sovereigns, nearly of the same age, and for this and other reasons jealous and suspicious of each other's glory and achievements. This is the date of Charles's emancipation from tutelage. From that time to the death of Henry VIII. the political history of Europe is little more than the combinations and intrigues of these monarchs to prevent any one of their number from rising to a dangerous superiority. With this period commences the system of modern political adjustments which continues to this day to be the basis of European diplomacy. By the death of Ferdinand, the relations between Charles and Francis were altered; hitherto he had been a vassal of France, and at the first interview of his envoys with Francis they had been reminded of this subservience, in terms not agreeable to the inferior. Now the vassal in the extent of his kingdoms exceeded his suzerain; and in the prospect of the imperial succession stood far above him.[2] His interests, present and future, brought Charles more directly and more frequently into collision with Francis than they could do with Henry. Yet with this vast extent of territory, with the old and new world tied, as it were to his girdle, Charles was so miserably poor that he could not raise so mean a sum as

[1] II. 1291.

[2] At the interview of Dalles with Francis, three days after the death of Lewis XII., the former told Francis that the Archduke was very young, and desired to live on good terms with him. The king said, in his reply, that he would be a good friend to Charles, "because he is *mon vassal*:" but he would not be managed or over-reached by him or any one. The envoy fired up at the insult, but did not venture to object to the offensive expression; "Sire," he said, "it will be your fault if Monsieur the Prince of Castile does not live on as good terms with you as the king his father did: and I would have you know, no friend or *vassal* can do you more harm than he." Le Glay, *Négoc.* i. 595.

300,000 crowns to take his journey into Spain.[1] The wealth of Henry, his facility in parting with it, seemed to point him out as the Sovereign to whom Charles should ally himself; but, for reasons not well known—and which never can be thoroughly known until foreign archives have been thrown open to examination—no efforts of the English ambassadors, not even the interests of Charles himself, could induce him to abandon the French alliance, or treat this country otherwise than with haughtiness and neglect. The successes of Francis in Italy, the mismanagement of the Emperor, seemed only to serve as additional inducements for strengthening the French alliance, and imperilling his succession to Spain and the Empire. A policy so suicidal, and which, if eventually successful, must have ended in making Francis Emperor of the West, can only be attributed to the dread entertained by Chievres and his fellow-ministers of Maximilian and Henry. Their alliance would have given a deadly blow to that party which had hitherto governed the Archduke exclusively; and, rather than incur that danger, any sacrifice was to be preferred.

The French, on their side, watched these negociations with their habitual keenness. The least indication of an English tendency in the court of the King Catholic, as he was now styled,[2] was instantly punished by some act of aggression on the part of the Duke of Gueldres, the hereditary enemy of Charles, the restless invader of his dominions, who needed no instigation from France to satisfy his desire of vengeance or aggression. What Scotland was to England, Gueldres was to Charles; and the latter could not move a step towards his Spanish dominions without exposing his frontier on the side of Gelderland to fire and sword. Aware of this perplexity, and probably the secret instigators of it, the French now proposed a closer amity. A more cheerful face was exhibited to England; its envoys were received with greater courtesy; the Venetian ambassador even wrote to say that the friendship of the two courts looked ominous, for Castile "was quite hand-in-glove with Henry."[3] But their energies in reality were bent on a closer intimacy with France, in which they hoped to include the Emperor, now more than ever inclined to listen to such proposals since his inglorious retreat from the Italian expedition.

Charles now became the object of the intrigues of both

[1] II. 1541. [2] II. 1668. [3] II. 1845.

courts. On one side England offered him a loan of 20,000 marks to bear his charges into Spain,[1] hinting at the same time that he should take England on his way, "to avoid sea-sickness, and keep clear of the French coast." Pensions were privately promised to Chievres and the Chancellor. Nothing could be more plausible than the conduct of these ministers; they professed themselves "weary of the French and their dissimulation." An excuse was never wanting. When they were taxed with submissiveness to France;—it was done merely to prevent the French from hindering the journey to Spain; once there the King would show himself in his true colours.[2] While these negociations were pending, a secretary of the French King, named De Neufville, had arrived at Brussels. He was frequently closeted with Chievres, but his communications were innocent; they had no higher object than the discussion of some unsettled points relating to the marriage treaty of the Queen of Arragon;—this, and no more.[3] The utmost candour and openness were exhibited on both sides. True, the French had offered another marriage alliance to Charles; but these negociations had only been entertained on their part to gain time till Charles should be peaceably settled in his new dominions. The journey into Spain was a wide and convenient pretext. If the English desired to bind them in a united effort against the French in Italy, the expenses to be incurred and the charges against Gueldres prevented their contributing to so worthy an object.[4] Were they taxed with playing a double game? They must keep on good terms with France, and condescend apparently to its demands, or have France for their enemy, and their master's voyage prevented.[5] On the 13th of July came another great personage from Paris, the Grand Master of France. Tunstal urged Chievres and the chancellor to beware of French practices and take heed of a French marriage.[6] Suddenly Charles, like his grandfather Maximilian, was taken with a passion for hunting; he was not to be seen.[7] The Emperor about the same time had become invisible, even to his faithful admirer Sir Robert.[8] Why pursue the progress of dissimulation any further? By the 13th of August the treaty of Noyon was completed. Its discussions had been kept a profound secret; so profound that three days after it had been

[1] In June. See II. 2006.
[2] II. 2075, 2079.
[3] June: 2099.
[4] II. 2132.
[5] II. 2165.
[6] II. 2206.
[7] II. 2219.
[8] II. 2224, 2248.

signed Maximilian was trying to amuse Henry with a proposal to descend into the Low Countries and assist him "in pulling up the tares from the wheat;"[1] or rather, in pulling down the potent ministers of his grandson. On the faith of this promise he had induced the King to reimburse Friscobald the 60,000 florins for which Pace had been dragged out of his sick bed.[2]

But the end had not yet come. With real or well assumed repugnance Maximilian, as if loth to face the English ambassador, desired his secretary Maraton to inform Wingfield of the secret terms concluded at Noyon. In its arrangements England had been passed over without notice. Charles had consented to take Anne, the French King's infant daughter, in the place of Renée; and France in return had waived all claims to Naples. The Venetians were to be called on to pay the Emperor 200,000 florins for Brescia and Verona. Sir Robert was thunderstruck. Could this be that Maximilian who had vowed eternal vengeance against the French, and persuaded Wingfield they were worse than Judas? On the faith of such protestations Wingfield had pawned his honour, and would have staked his life. He had assured his master of Maximilian's desire to repair the blunders of the last campaign. On his own responsibility he had advanced the Emperor 60,000 florins. In contradiction to the advice of Pace he had been a party to the gross device of the Emperor for making Henry Duke of Milan, and placing on his head the Imperial crown. Now Empire, Dukedom, money, all were lost. The million and a half spent by Henry on the war[3] had evaporated in smoke. The invasion of France was a ridiculous dream; its supremacy had been established, and all the efforts to counteract that supremacy were dashed by the cunning contrivances of two men (Chievres and the Chancellor), the Emperor's own nominees. Sir Robert was abashed, and could make no answer. He wrote, in reply to Maraton's communication,[4] "that hitherto the Emperor's Majesty had peculiarly suffered his bounty and goodness to vanquish his great wisdom and experience;"—(in less courtly phrase, he had allowed himself to be duped by others of less intelligence than himself;)—now Sir Robert hoped his goodness would give way before his experience; that he would take vengeance on those who had endeavoured to separate him from his tried friends, and

[1] II. 2286. [2] II. 2291.
[3] Yet Wolsey sets it down at 80,000*l.* only. No. 2404. [4] II. 2310.

"strike his enemies with fear and confusion." There was one hope left: Maraton had solemnly assured him that the Emperor was no party to these arrangements.[1] Sir Robert was comforted; his letter was read to Maximilian. The Emperor would follow his suggestion: he had never thought of abandoning England; if the King would remain firm, nothing should separate their friendship.[2] His heart had been torn by one apprehension, that Henry would not help him; but now that he was assured of the contrary he would arm and straight set forward. Once more Sir Robert was delighted; it was needless, he said, "to stimul the Emperor very busily,"[3] for no man could be better disposed. When he found himself strong and united with the Catholic King, he would not fail to punish the traitors. In the abundance of his hope and charity, Wingfield had not only forgiven Pace, but had even induced the Emperor to take Pace into favour, on the assurance that his "proterve conduct" should not be repeated. Two days after Maraton wrote to him again: "The Emperor is continually urged to accept this foul peace with France." Wingfield must come and counteract those intrigues; but unless he could muster 6,000 gold florins, his success would be questionable.[4] The Emperor desired 10,000 crowns; then he would leave for Namur. Wolsey offered 5,000 if he would come to Calais, and 5,000 more when there. The Emperor (writes his daughter Margaret to the imperial ambassadors in England) is very poor; the least they can do is to allow him 10,000 florins a month while he is away;[5]—he is very much pressed by the French; but nothing except his urgent poverty will induce him to listen to their proposals.

The measures now adopted were of Henry's minting. He proposed to meet the Emperor in the Low Countries, and join with him in removing those "corrupt councillors" of Charles,[6] who had attempted to break the old friendship between England and Burgundy. The King of Castile was bound by the treaty of Noyon to marry the daughter of the French King, provided that in the event of her death he should marry another not yet born. "This is the most slanderous alliance," exclaimed Henry, "that ever was heard of; and the disparity of ages great; for the King of Castile is seventeen years old; the French King's daughter not one year." The Emperor cun-

[1] II. p. 712.
[2] II. 2315.
[3] II. 2319.
[4] Sept. 1, 1516. II. 2335, 2339.
[5] II. 2357.
[6] II. 2387.

ningly lamented that he had never been implicitly trusted; was sorry his advice had not borne the fruit desired by both. He had done his uttermost, and was so extremely driven "he knew no remedy but to accept this detestable peace."[1] The Venetian offer of 200,000 ducats was tempting; with the aid of it he should be able to help the King and assist himself against France. Could such arguments be resisted? Was he to abandon Verona, to which he had sent that day 40,000 florins and 10,000 florins' worth of cloth (as he told Wingfield), only for the want of a small sum from England, which should be punctually repaid? To urge his request with greater cogency, Cardinal Sion was sent into this country—a man of great vigour and no less plausibility.[2] He had a long colloquy with the King and Wolsey at Greenwich, and the same day the two Cardinals dined together. On his return Wolsey was observed to be angry and excited.[3] Since he had been at the helm, men said, they had never seen him in such a state of perturbation. Sebastian, who narrates the interview, was at a loss to guess the cause. He thought it might arise from "the insolence of this Cardinal of Sion," or the receipt of fresh intelligence at variance with the asseverations of the imperial ambassador, "who tells lies by the dozen." We, who know much more than he did of Cardinal Sion's letters, may with much better reason infer, that the anger of Wolsey was roused by the Emperor's unblushing effrontery in imputing the failure of the late expedition to the Cardinal's noncompliance with his ceaseless demands for money; or else to the unscrupulous calumnies of Sion, who slandered Pace and Galeazzo,[4] taxing them with spending the sums entrusted to them to gratify their own inclinations, without regard to the common interests of the confederates. More probably, Wolsey refused to lend himself to the wild projects and boundless expenditure that found no limits in the overweening ambition and desires of Sion. The projects he had conceived may be guessed from the draft of a proposal in his own hand, submitted to the King and Wolsey.[5] To prevent Verona from falling into the hands of the French, he required that the King of England should advance the Emperor 40,000 crowns; then by the next Christmas the Emperor should visit Brabant,

[1] II. 2441.
[2] Oct. II. 2449.
[3] II. 2464.
[4] II. 2473. He accused Galeazzo of having appropriated 100,000 crowns of the money destined for the Swiss. (II. 2500.) The charge was purely malicious.
[5] Oct. II. 2463.

and depose "those wicked governors" of Charles—Chievres and the Chancellor. Here he was to be joined by Henry, who should be pressed to receive the imperial crown; and thus the King should become the champion of Christendom, the Emperor his lieutenant to fight under his banner, and the Dukedom of Milan his fief. Could Wolsey be a party to such wild schemes?[1]

The Emperor's treasurer, Fillinger, notoriously addicted to the French interests, wrote to Sion, congratulating him on his dexterous negociation in procuring from England 40,000 crowns,[2] which he trusted was only an earnest of good things to come. All parties—a rare thing on such occasions—seemed equally pleased; those who were paid, and those who had to pay. Sion left on the 8th of November with presents from the King and Wolsey to the value of 4,000 ducats;[3] and he dropped a modest memorial for Wolsey, requesting an annual pension for his services to England until the next vacant bishopric.[4] The Swiss were promised 30,000 crowns annually. Wingfield was beside himself with this last loving and liberal act of his master. The Emperor dilated on it in such pathetic terms, that Sir Robert, as he tells us himself, "could scantly abstain from tears." So much happiness for 40,000 crowns! What might not come of it? The Swissers would "dance after his pipe." The Emperor's descent so suddenly in harness would "put water on the fire" kindled by the French and their "fautors." Even Charles had kissed the rod, and expressed his "contrition" if anything had been done by him or his, prejudicial to their common interests (so at least the Emperor told Wingfield); and as for his grandson's councillors, "they were so besotted and blinded with promises and crowns of France that they cared nothing about their master or him, so they might carry the whole of Christendom into the French hands to his peril and that of Henry"[5] The Emperor was therefore "determined to descend into the Low Countries, and provide such a remedy there as God will." On the 21st of November he pressed for payment of 10,000 crowns for the first month, as without them his visit must be abandoned.

[1] See Henry's remarkable letter to Wolsey (II. 2218), on receiving the imperial ambassadors. "Touching the resignation of the imperial crown, the ambassadors spoke generally, but they thought the Emperor would resign it: *and we think they mean nothing.*" The same letter shows that it was the King, and not Wolsey, who was anxious for the Emperor to visit the Low Countries.

[2] II. 2508.

[3] II. 2543.

[4] II. 2528.

[5] II. 2536.

By the 24th, with the help of 6,000 florins advanced by Wingfield, he had proceeded four hundred miles on his journey.[1] Arrived at Hagenau in the Nether Alsace, and the money duly paid, the qualms of Maximilian began to return. He was afraid after all he should be compelled to follow the wishes of his council, of which "some been either blinded, abused, or corrupted by the French and their adherents."[2] Wingfield insisted on the faithfulness of his master, as proved by all his actions; urged how he had put himself to great business and huge charge and cost for the weal of Christendom, the defence of the Emperor and his nephew. It might be nothing more than the old, stale trick of the Emperor, to practise on Wingfield's fears, and extract money more rapidly from England; or it might be one mode of preparing the unsuspecting ambassador for that revelation, which could not long be delayed. One incident must be told as illustrating the relations and characters of the two men. On riding to church, "I upon his left hand," says Wingfield,[3] "being approached nigh to the church door, there came a hen, being right fair and diverse of colour, which peaceably did light upon my bridle hand, as she had been a hawk, and there remained without moving." When one of the ushers proceeded to remove it, the Emperor seemed to be greatly taken with it; and, says Wingfield, "he esteemed verily the same to presage some good fortune, and at the least he esteemed that before the end of the year the Lady of France[4] should come unto my hand." Out of such stuff did Sir Robert weave comfort for himself.

By the 3rd of December the Emperor's doubts had thickened. He did not question Henry's liberality; yet, unless he were assured of some monthly provision, he was certain his council would never consent to his making this descent.[5] On the 5th, Sir Robert, in conjunction with Sion, agreed to pay the Emperor 30,000 florins; influenced by the assertion of Fillinger, that if he went to Flanders there would be no money, and he must submit to the dictation of Chievres and the Chancellor.[6] On the 8th, Margaret of Savoy wrote to Hesdin, her ambassador in England, that he must do his best to procure the 10,000 florins from Henry;—the Emperor

[1] II. 2589.
[2] II. 2605.
[3] II. 2605.
[4] Gallus, *a Frenchman*; Gallina, *a hen.*
[5] II. 2626; and compare with this 2627.
[6] II. 2636.

would certainly come, and nothing more was required than for the money to be lodged at Treves. "Fail not," she tells him, "for God's sake, as all the good and ill of our affairs turns upon it." As the King of England had already advanced so much, 10,000 florins more were but a trifle. Hesdin must contradict the rumour in circulation that the Emperor had made terms with France. She knows the contrary from his letters and those of Maraton. He is to assure the King of England there is not a word of truth in the scandal; the Emperor would never have thought of such a thing without first consulting his brother of England. Possibly he shows an outward complaisance, but that is only assumed to further the designs of Wolsey and Sion. But, she adds with increasing earnestness, if Hesdin ever in his life wished to serve her and the Emperor, he must at all hazards obtain the 10,000 florins.[1]

It was a little too gross. Four days before that letter was sent, the chivalrous Maximilian, the candidate for the honours of saintship, and the representative of the Holy Roman Empire, had secretly taken his oath to the treaty of Noyon, and resigned all claim upon Italy for 200,000 ducats;—and that Margaret knew.[2] There was no remedy. "I am told," says Tunstal, who communicated the intelligence, "by your Grace's friends, that it is taken for a surety that the lord Chievres hath turned the Lady Margaret as well as the Emperor, and that she, seeing the great inclination that the King of Castile hath to the said lord Chievres, and thinking that it cannot be removed, has yielded. For which cause your Grace should show no more to her servants than as much as ye cared not that the lord Chievres knew" (she had been implicitly trusted in England under the impression that she was inalienably attached to English interests); "for whatsoever she knoweth it cometh out by one means or other. And the same your friends do think it shall be meet for your Grace *so to use liberality to your Grace's friends, that your Grace keep always yourself strong enough in your coffers to withstand the malice of the French king.*"[3]

The King and Wolsey were incredulous. It was impossible. The news could not be true. The latter wrote to Tunstal to tell him[4] that Henry thought he must have been deceived, and the report had been devised by Chievres and the Chancellor to make the King mistrust the Emperor and my Lady,

[1] II. 2652. [2] II. 2633. [3] II. 2640. [4] II. 2700.

secure their own power, and counteract the practices of Henry and Maximilian. Tunstal was to use every effort to discover the truth. "It may be," wrote Wolsey, "that the Emperor doth play on both hands, using the nature of a participle, which taketh *partem a nomine et partem a verbo*." If either the Emperor or my Lady have any honour they will not fall in with France without the King's consent, having bound themselves by letters under their own hands. By letters from Sion, the Emperor, and the Lady Margaret, of as late date as Tunstal's, the King had been assured that the Emperor would keep his promise,—that he was going to the Low Countries to break the amity between the Kings of Castile and France, and remove Chievres and the Chancellor from office; though meanwhile, to avert their suspicions, he pretended to be inclined to peace. The King sent the 10,000 florins demanded by the Emperor for that purpose; and if Tunstal could be sure that the Emperor had not made peace with France, he was empowered to deliver the money to my Lady, "binding her by her honour not to dissemble."

The cold and cautious character of this minister, destined afterwards to take a prominent part in advancing the Reformation, much to his own regret, is discernible in this negociation. He was one of those whose first thoughts were more trustworthy than his second. His habitual caution and timidity foiled his first and better judgment. Wolsey's letter threw him into great perplexity. It was left to his own responsibility whether he should pay or withhold the money; and no man liked responsibility less than Tunstal. His answer is a model of prudent diplomacy.[1] He began by rehearsing all the points of Wolsey's instructions;—had read them over very oft, "to comprise well the king's mind by the same. And after I had more fully apperceived the contents of them, I was as greatly perplexed in my mind as ever I was in my life, considering the present state of this court,[2] which is, that such as do favour the King's Grace and the Emperor dare not now of long time come at me, nor yet send to me, for fear of falling into the displeasure of these governors, which here do all, and no man dare offend them, they be so great with the king of Castile their master." He proceeds to say, that in order to obviate the suspicions of these ministers, he had received a message from the Lady Margaret desiring him to forbear all personal interviews. Therefore he had no alter-

[1] II. 2702. [2] Of Brussels.

native except to communicate with her by Richmond herald. Richmond demanded of her, "whether this peace late made betwixt the Emperor and the French king *was made by the consentment of the Emperor or not*, and how it fortuned that he, contrary to his promise and hers made by their letters, should consent to any such appointment. She said it was done for to abuse those governors for the time, to the intent the Emperor might more easily achieve his purpose; but for all that, she said, she had sure and late words, both from the Emperor and the Cardinal of Sion, that whatsoever thing he doth outwardly for abusing of these men she should not regard it; for surely he was fixed in his mind not to vary from the appointment taken with the king of England and her, for no offer that could be made him." In confirmation of this statement she took care to show the herald letters from the Emperor's court, expressing his unalterable resolution. The Emperor, it is true, had put Verona into the hands of the King of Castile because Charles could keep it better than he, but the Emperor had no intention of abandoning it to the French; no heed must be given to such things as Tunstal heard or saw, for there should soon come a physician "who should heal all these sores." In such a combination of treachery it was hard to decide. If Tunstal refused the money he knew full well that the Emperor with his usual trickiness would plead that refusal as his excuse for joining France openly; if he paid it, he had to incur the anger of his sovereign for his blunder. He chose the latter alternative. But before doing so he sent Richmond to Lady Margaret to tell her that "whereas at her request the king had supplied the Emperor with money, and not failed him in his need, he trusted that now she, regarding her honour and virtue, would not abuse the king's most trusted friend" (Wolsey), but if she really thought that the Emperor had joined the treaty of Noyon, she would plainly tell him so. "It were long to write," continues Tunstal, "the words which she answered again as Richmond showed me; but the effect was, that rather than she would consent to any such fraud and so distain her honour, she had liever enter into some religion, never to come abroad nor to look man in the face again; that all the world if she were such a one would speak dishonour of her." On this assurance Tunstal paid the 10,000 golden florins. What else could he do?

The affair looked far from satisfactory, least of all for

Wolsey. He had now become the prime and almost sole adviser of the King. Archbishop Warham had permanently withdrawn from the council; Fox was seldom there; Suffolk was either in disgrace or offended; Ruthal, bishop of Durham, never uttered a single word in opposition to the great Cardinal; the others were mostly men of inferior talents and birth. Rightly or wrongly, Wolsey was considered as exclusively responsible for the policy now pursued. He wrote to Wingfield,[1] "The king is marvellously perplexed and anguished to understand by letters from his ambassador, Mr. Tunstal, in the court of the king of Arragon, that, contrary to all such promises as the Emperor hath made to the king, yet without his consent and knowledge he hath taken and made a truce with the French king; not only, if it be so, to the ruin of all Christendom, but also to his perpetual shame." He added that the King trusted the Emperor's honour, and hoped the report was not true, "but the contrived drifts of M. de Chievres to induce the king to mistrust the Emperor." Wingfield was commissioned to show this letter to the Emperor, and tell him that if the report were not true the king would at their meeting pay him 20,000 florins, in addition to the 10,000 sent already to Tunstal; if otherwise, "the king was not minded to give him one florin, but should have cause never to trust him or speak honour of him again." To this letter Sion replied[2] that the Emperor, in consequence of his necessities, had been compelled to give up Verona to Charles, and the messengers sent for that purpose had been seduced by the regents. Had he tried to remove them abruptly it would have been worse; as it was, he should gain his end by this apparent compliance with their wishes. He did not deny that Maximilian had sent his mandate for accepting the treaty of Noyon, but this would only give him an opportunity of visiting his nephew, and explaining to him in person the ingloriousness of the compact, and bringing him over to Henry's views. The King need not fear the Emperor would deceive him, for he was too well acquainted with the subtlety and deceitfulness of the French. "There was not a drop of French blood in his veins, nor a French hair in his head." He hated all Frenchmen to the backbone. It is to be regretted that Wingfield did not write on this occasion, but referred the king to Sion's letter; for which he incurred a reprimand, and was ordered to be more attentive in future.[3]

[1] II. 2678. [2] II. 2707. [3] II. 2714.

If Sion's excuses indicate a rooted belief in the unlimited credulity of Englishmen, he held that belief in common with most foreigners and all members of the imperial court. He had been fortified in that impression by his late munificent reception here; he had seen more wealth and abundance than had ever entered the imagination of a poor mountaineer Bishop and a needy follower of the penniless Maximilian. Like strangers then, and since, he had drawn a hasty inference that Englishmen were careless of money because they were bountiful in spending it, and that it needed only the flimsiest pretence, or the boldest asseveration, to induce them to part with it. There was, as I have stated before, a sort of insular inexperience in diplomatic chicanery, traceable to our natural position; and, partly perhaps as a consequence of it, a disinclination to trickery and intrigue, which made English diplomatists fair game to the wily and unscrupulous. But it must be reckoned something worse than a want of ordinary political sagacity if Wolsey allowed himself to be deceived by these absurd and transparent excuses of Sion, Maximilian, and Margaret. Affecting ostensibly to accept the Emperor's excuses as genuine, he made no alteration in his measures; he continued to look forward with anxiety to the time when the Emperor should descend to the Low Countries, and, executing signal chastisement on the perfidious ministers of Charles, should by a grand *coup de main* exonerate himself from those suspicions which for the last nine months had gathered round his intentions. If such a dream crossed the imagination of Sir Robert Wingfield, and buoyed up the mild enthusiasm of a mind which no experience could disenchant, it was no more than might have been expected. But that Wolsey should be misled is as incredible as it is inconsistent with the popular conception of his character. It was but the venture of 40,000 crowns, of which 10,000 only had yet been paid. Did he, like a bold gamester, stake his luck upon the chance, knowing the whole time that the cards were against him? Or, conscious of his mistake, did he continue the same line of policy, though outwitted by the Emperor, that he might not seem to confess himself mistaken? Or whilst ostensibly—and to every minister and ambassador—he appeared bent upon carrying this point, was he in fact, secretly and unknown to all, carrying out another design which no one suspected? Which of these surmises is the most correct will appear in the sequel.

For the present he exhibited no change of conduct towards

the Emperor. He listened without impatience to the details of the Emperor's advance to the Netherlands, and to Sir Robert's repeated assurances of his constancy.[1] Sir Robert, for one, had no doubt, in his own quaint phraseology, that the Emperor adopted this course, which seemed so "apparent to the enemies' purpose, to the intent he might the more surely convey himself to execute the desired obviation (to meet Charles) and to lead everything pertinent to the same by such paths as might least appear to the enemies." He did not pretend to fathom the deeps of so profound a mind as Maximilian's; nor did he in his humility expect so great a revelation. For that the time had not yet come. "The Emperor would conserve the same till it might come into the forge, where it shall may not only take the convenient heat that may proceed of personal heat and ventilation, but also take the right and desired form which the good Prince hath sought a long season, as who saith, through fire and water, with such a perseverance as hath not been oft seen in other princes." As for Maximilian himself it was a happy thing, when he had received the 10,000 florins, that no French "wolf"[2] crossed his path, and so gave him an opportunity of signalizing his fraternal affection "for his brother and son, the King of England." "I have not given any cause to suspect or mistrust me, nor will," he exclaimed in the fervour of his gratitude: "for though by means of the king my nephew[3] the French do esteem to have great hold on me, *and that by virtue of my seal*, yet I doubt not but my brother doth esteem to have greater hold *by my solemn oath*, which I will never break. And, besides that, I am bound by this order which I bear;" —and he put his hand to his collar of the Garter, and with the other opened his gown, and set forth his leg with the Garter, and over that said: "It is not best ye tempt me any more in that matter of diffidence; for to you I have showed so largely my heart and mind, both by word and deed, that further I may not, but gif (unless) I would open mine heart, and cause you to read what is written in it."[4] That, of course, was a test which Sir Robert, to whom these words were addressed, could not think of demanding

So matters went on. Maximilian came down to the neighbourhood of Brussels; and the English agents looked forward with the deepest anxiety to the time when he should appear

[1] January, 1517. No. 2791.
[2] II. 2775.
[3] His grandson Charles. The word "nephew," like the Latin *nepos*, was used for both relations.
[4] II. 2790.

as an avenging Jupiter among the corrupt and conscience-stricken ministers of his grandson. But Maximilian was not the man to do anything in haste; besides, he had spent the last 10,000 florins advanced him from England, and there were yet more florins to be had, if he could make it appear that he intended to keep his promise. The Bishop of Paris was waiting for him at Louvain; the English ambassadors at Brussels: Charles, inconsolable for the loss of the old Queen of Naples, was not to be seen.[1] So the Emperor's visit to his grandson was delayed; and still longer his vengeance on those perfidious governors. The French held his bond for the surrender of Verona; he had no interest, therefore, in deceiving them; but he might still make his market with the English by continuing their delusion. We need much the French version of these transactions, in order to see them in their true light. It cannot be doubted that Maximilian had long since[2] arranged his plans, and never really intended to depose the ministers of Charles. It is more than probable that he was in their pay all the time he was pretending to the English court that he hated them for their perfidy. It is certain that his daughter Margaret was a party to this dissimulation; that she made use of her assumed regard for England to abuse the English ministers, and betray their secrets to Chievres and the Chancellor, whom she seemed to detest and fear. Her professions of honesty were so many deliberate falsehoods calculated to serve her own interests and those of her father; the more monstrous because they were always attended with such earnest professions of veracity. Her interests as much as Maximilian's were secured by the treaty of Noyon.

The deceit could be maintained no longer. It was impossible for Tunstal and the English ministers to shut their eyes to the fact that Maximilian had no intention to fulfil his promises; equally impossible was it for them to continue in ignorance of that which all the world knew—how Maximilian had sworn to the treaty of Noyon, and was on the best possible terms with Chievres and the French. Margaret had played out her last manœuvre; the Emperor the last of his smiling speeches. As it is the last we shall hear of, it may be worth while to repeat it here. When the Earl of Worcester called upon him to know his intentions,[3] the Emperor said to him, as both wore the Order of the Garter, "that they were com-

[1] II. 2821. [2] In December, 1516. [3] February 3. No. 2866.

panions for that day; and, furthermore, that the Duke of Brunswick, who supped with him the night before, had said unto him, that because his Majesty had so late given hearing to the French he seemed to feel a great savour of the same; wherefore his Majesty had put *roses* about his neck that morning to the intent that by their sweet savour the French odour might be taken away." The narrator of this small witticism is Sir Robert Wingfield, as my readers will have anticipated.

The English court had been grossly deceived. It had paid Maximilian's expenses to the Low Countries under the impression that he would put down the ministers of Charles, and that money had been employed by the Emperor to defeat this purpose, and promote his own interests, to the detriment of his ally. "Our simple advice to your Grace is," wrote the English ambassadors to Henry,[1] "that shutting your purse in time to come, by all good means possible to be with words devised, to entertain the Emperor and my Lady (Margaret of Savoy) [2] as they do your Grace. We think verily the Emperor will, if he can, cast a figure to come by the 20,000 florins promised at the meeting (in case he enter not further intelligence with France), excusing the breaking of his promise by one means or other." Apprehensive of Henry's anger, and what rash measures he might insist upon when the deceit of the Emperor should come to his hearing, Tunstal wrote very earnestly to Wolsey: [3]

"Please it your Grace to understand, that at this time, for to understand the king's matters perfectly, ye must first read the letter subscr[ibed] by us all, and after the other subscribed by my lord Chamberlain and me, and thirdly the king may read the letter sent at this time to his Grace by me, whereunto I am sure he will make your Gr[ace] privy; whereof the effect is that such offer as hath been made to th[e] king to resign him the empire cannot be performed, by reason[s] in the same contained.[4] Here we find great dissimulation and f[air] words, but no promises to be kept, if they were such as we do take th[em]. My lord Cardinal Sedunensis saith he hath done his best. My Lady letteth as she took our part fastly, but I am feard she dissim[uleth], and have also done awhile; her words be good to us and w[e] let as we both believed them, and put all our confidence in her; but we cannot perceive but that all in deeds sings in one acco[rd]. Since I have seen the progress of our affairs, and have considered t[he] tales of Don John de la Nucha, with whom yet my Lady remaineth miscontent, I have thought that he was driven out of the cou[ncil] chiefly by her because she thought he knew too much of the Emp[eror's] dealing, which among the Spaniards he kept not counsel. I wrote that the coming of the Emperor should declare

[1] II. 2910.

[2] They state in the same letter that Margaret was not candid: "She does not dislike the governors, as she pretends, for the treaty of Noyon is beneficial to her lands."

[3] II. 2923.

[4] See II. 2911.

whether h[is] tale of my Lady, or my Lady['s] tale of him, were more true, for each accused other on one point of uttering of secrets. I am afraid all his tale was not untrue. My Lord, at the revere[nce] of God, move the king to make good counsel at this time, and refrain his first passions, in which doing ye shall do his Grace marvel[lous] great service. I think verily all these fair promises were made to get money of the king; wherefore best is to dissemble wisely this past, and to shut the king's purse in time coming, but in any wise to entertain such amity as is already betwixt the Emperor, the King our master, and also betwixt our master and the king of Castile, lest in other ways doing the king should remain destitute of friends; surely I trust for all this to see the day that they shall be glad to seek in our master. In my mind our importune seeking so much of this new amity hath made more hindrance than furtherance, and maketh them believe they may lead our master (which cannot lack them as they think), as they list. . . . When I call to my remembrance all these matters;—how the Emperor hath sent divers ambassadors to his nephew, which for this confirmation have spoken great words openly, and also outward a[ss]urance which the Emperor made that he would not speak with the F[rench] ambassadors, I have thought all this was to abuse us and to g[et] our master's money, seeing after his coming in person contrary effects do follow in both. . . .

"Wherefore, after such sober manner, help so to order all things at this time that our master cast not utterly away these his ancient friends upon this new displeasure. I tru[st] in the end the repentance shall be theirs, if our master will take a little patience, whereunto I beseech your Gra[ce] to help. And thus Almighty Jesus preserve your Grace to his pleasure, with the accomplishment of your desires. Arm y[our] Grace with patience, which here we do learn and have not shewed us to any to perceive so far as we do. From Mechlin, the 13th day of February.

"By your most humble beadman,

"CUTHBER[T] TUNSTAL."

This letter from Tunstal was followed by two others, denouncing the Emperor's conduct in terms of natural but not misplaced indignation. The first is to Wolsey from Dr. William Knight,[1] an able and sagacious minister, whose correspondence exhibits on this and other occasions a soundness of judgment and extraordinary moderation, notwithstanding his feelings of resentment at the trick played by the Emperor.

"Pleaseth it your Grace to understand that sith the coming of the Emperor into these parts, it hath appeared daily more and more evidently, that such things as he hath offered and promised in time past unto the king our sovereign be but abuses and dissimuled colours, and all to the intent to bring his matters better to his purpose, both with France, and also with these governors here, whose authority appeareth greatly augmented by the descent of the Emperor into these parts. For where divers and especially Spaniards disdained greatly the governance, trusting that the coming of the Emperor should a' redressed right great enormities committed by them, and for this consideration neither did them honour nor made suit unto them, now seeing the inclination of the Emperor unto corruption, which for money selleth not only his honour, but in manner is persuaded for the same to all inconveniences that France and these governers will, they follow the time; but undoubtedly they speak great

[1] II. 2930.

dishonour of the Emperor. This augmentation of authority and continuance in the same must follow necessarily, and that with increase; for they at the king's charge, their master, doth satisfy at this time both the Emperor's covetous mind, and those that be about him also; and that so largely, that all other princes' liberality sha[ll] be greatly extenuate thereby. They be the cause of yielding up of Verona; for over and above that great sum that the French king giveth unto the Emperor, they promised to gratify unto the Emperor also on the king's behalf; and furthermore he shall have a yearly pension of Spain. And over this, these governors, as it is privily spoken, hath concluded a marriage for a great sum of money between Madame Alienor, the eldest daughter of this house, and the prince of Portugal; and of the said sum the Emperor shall have his part.

"Thinketh your Grace that the Emperor being always prodigal and consequently continually in necessity and need, which selleth his blood and honour in this manner for money, will keep any promise that either he hath or shall make unto the King? At Villefort, where he did give audience unto the French ambassadors, he said to the king at his departing, '*Mons filz, vous ales trumper les Françoiz, et moy je va trumper les Angloise;*' and immediately revoked his word and said: '*Nonne, je va voire ce que je puis faire avecque les Angloise.*' Such like reasons that should give right conjecture, or rather very proofs, that all the Emperor's promises to the King's highness be but illusions founded upon dissimulation, I must write, and so many; that it should be tedious for your Grace to read; and specially I write the less, because my lord Chamberlain[1] writeth [a]part, and Sir Thomas Spinelly abundantly. If I had been of counsel with my lord Chamberlain, in my poor mind, I should [have] advised his lordship to have made none overture touching the governance here, considered that he might see evidently that their authority increased after their first communication with the Emperor, and might be right well assured, that whatsoever was declared should immediately after be signified to the governors; which I understand was done the next day ensuing; *et frustra niti et nihil præter odium quærere, etc.*

"Your Grace showed me that ye would break the marriage between the kings of Spain and France. I think it might be easily done; but peradventure, under your Grace's correction, it were not best that such occasion should come of us; for there is an article in the treaty of Noyon, whereby the king of Spain renounceth all his title and right that he hath unto the kingdom of Neapolis for ever, in case he do not perform the said marriage; and also the king bindeth him, and all his subjects, and all their goods, wherever they may be taken, to be as prize lawful, in case the king observe not the said article; and though this bond be unlawful and contrary to right, yet it should be [a] colour for the Frenchmen to do great displeasure, and in conclusion should redound to our great slander to be of so great inconvenie[nce]. And as for breaking of the marriage your Grace may be assured it will not hold, for the lord Chievres hath begun to satisfy the king's pleasure, and suffered him to enter *in ludum Veneris*, and therefore I cannot think that he will abide the time of the young princess of France; so that with little sufferance of time your Grace shall see that he that was first cause of the said marriage shall be like cause of breach of the same and loss of Neapolis also.

"The coming of the king through England, though he would be content, yet should nothing ensue but expenses of your goods in vain: for if he come your Grace may think that all his council shall be of the sect of Chievres, and all the liberality that ye should use towards them should be lost. Treaty ye should make none that the king would confirm; for they shall say when they be once at liberty, as was said by the treaty concluded at Windsor by king Philip this king's father, that if they had been at

[1] The earl of Worcester.

liberty they would not a' made any like treaty; and therefore when king Philip was required to confirm, he refused it. And as for meeting of the Emperor with the king's Grace, nothing can follow but importable charges, both loss of time and goods, and putting in hazard the king's reputation and your Grace's also; without your Grace could study how to do the king's matters profitably with the Emperor by some such means as the Imperator useth, which I think would break your Grace's mind too much, or (ere) ye should bring it to good effect, considered that the Emperor hath neither money nor ware for any prince to thrive by, that meddleth much with him. Such money as should be wasted by the aforesaid ways may be well employed for victualling of the city of Tournay in season, or for some enterprise to be made upon the Scots, or elsewhere, more necessary. *Et quantum ad resignacionem,*[1] *etc., meræ sunt nugæ.*

"I see nothing more convenient at this time to disturb part of these governors' enterprises than (for because the duke of Alva, the duke del Infantazo, the Constable of Castile, with other the chiefs of Spain, be marvellously miscontent both with the governe of the Cardinal of Toledo[2] in Spain, and with these that governeth here; and were minded to assemble at Burgos, and from thence by ambassade to signify unto the king that the realm of Castile was not wont to be governed in such manner as it is now; wherefore they would beseech his Grace to come into his realm, for they would not be commaunded by any other than by his Highness)—than that the king should send to his ambassador, there resident, that might show on his behalf unto the said lords, or secretly to such as it should be thought best, what inconveniences hath ensued by the misgovernment here, and what is like to follow; and so to show that where the late king, of most noble memory, did leave the kingdom of Neapolis clear and free unto the crown of Castile, the governors here had made the said realm bond and tributary unto France; and not only so, but hath bound their king in such case, which is marvellous hard to keep and none of the noble estates of Spain would advise or counsel his grace to keep; which if he do not, that then the right and title of Neapolis by their means is renounced for ever; reciting also other articles of the treaty of Noyon, which sheweth to be done by the only subjects of France and not by any of the king's true subjects; declaring more apertely the affection that these governors hath to France, as appeareth by giving of the noble promotions, which can not stand with the weal of their master; and that the king, for the singular love that he beareth unto the king of Castile, as he is naturally bound to do, is of the opinion, that he heareth say that the lords of Spain be; that is to say, that or ever further inconvenience be imagined by these governors, which by prodigal largition and promises of the king's goods maintain their inordinate authority, impoverishing the king, regarding neither his profit nor honor, the said king be instantly desired by the noble estates to repair unto his realm of Castile; and what shall be thought good and expedient by the said lords for the weal, profit, and honor, of their king and master, the king's ambassador may promise, on the king's behalf, that he shall with his puissant aid, assist and maintain them to the best of his power. The estates of Spain which be fierce of nature, and now *accended* against these men, if they find assistance and favour of some great personage, I think they would follow their opinion more obstinately. And if by this means the king might win the lords of Spain, as by mine opinion he should, then might he be assured of this king, and consequently enter such amity with Spain as he would. If this be thought good counsel by the king and your grace, and afterwards be wisely handled, many purposes shall be altered, and specially this governance, which hateth the king and your Grace mortally; and the Emperor shall not have so great advantage by his

[1] The resignation of the empire to Henry.

[2] Ximenes.

dissimulation as he looketh for. It is said undoubtedly that these governors and the Cardinal of Toledo, governor of Spain, be reconciled; therefore if there be anything to be done in Spain the rather the better. . . .

"Finally, I think there is no ways more convenient than that the king do call home his ambassadors, and it cannot be long or his Grace shall be desired; for this time is clean contrary to all that we desire, and that by reason of corruption. The Pope is good French, and all the rest, that may do anything, from Rome to Calais; therefore without that, that I have mentioned before, do help, I can study for nothing. Your Grace pardon me that I am so plain. I think if I were not I should both deceive the king and your Grace also, which I shall never do during my life; beseeching your Grace to be favorable and gracious unto me. These long pains, true service, and importable charges would somewhat be remembered if your Grace would help. And thus the Holy Ghost preserve you.

"At Brussels, the 16th day of February.

"Your most bound and assured beadman,

"WILLIAM KNIGHTE."

The other [1] is from the Earl of Worcester and Dr. Tunstal, and was, like the foregoing, addressed to the Cardinal:

"My Lord,—Please it your Grace to understand, that the 14th day of this month the Emperor a[t] Brussels did swear solemnly the amity and treaty of Noyon at the great church, th[ere] being present the king of Castile also with many noblemen of both courts; and this day the lord Chievres and the Chancellor, as we be informed from Bruxe[lles], do go to Cambray, but wherefore we know not; but we hear say that it is to con[clude] a marriage betwixt Madame d'Angoulême [2] and the Emperor, with whom, as it [is] said, he shall have 500,000 crowns; what other treating they shall have we know not, peradventure for a meeting of all the princes, or for going by Fra[nce] of the king of Castile, or some like matter. Lewis Maraton, in whom we have no fantasy of fidelity to our master's affairs, for all his painted words, doeth say that the Emperor will come hither and treat with us of diver[s] our secret matters shortly, by which time he trusteth we shall have word ou[t] of England touching our letters of the 12th day of this present; so that w[e] perceive he hearkeneth all of that matter to know how our master will take th[e] entering of this new amity, to look if our master would put more in the Emperor's trust, which now late hath deceived him in making this peace.

"What our mind is touching that matter, ye know by our letters of the 12th, sen[t] to the king; which is, that the king should never consent thereto, but by good word[s] to entertain such amity as ye have already with both the princes; and as for this breaking of promises, pass it over with dissimulation, and trust no m[ore] in your outward affairs to promises of any persons, but to trust to your own self; for here we see nothing but abusion by fair words to suck money from our master, and to deceive him in the end. I, the lord Chamberlain, spake to the Emperor at my first coming, desiring that I might come unto him familiarly as one of his servants at all time, as I reputed me to be; but after he sent me word by Lewis Maraton, that we should not come to hi[m] until he sent for us, and when he would have us he would send for us; for else his business was so great he might not attend us; which, I pray you, show the king our master.

"The Cardinal Sedunensis giveth us good words, but we perceive he hath no such stroke with the Emperor as ye went (weened), and whether he knew long before of this peace of Noyon indeed, before he advertised

[1] II. 2940. [2] Mother of Francis I.

your Grace, we know not; but by many appearance we believe verily yea, and so of my Lady likewise. We perceive by the framing of all things here that the king of Castile is not like to be at the meeting, if the Emperor and the king should meet. Wherefore, touching that matter, with all other, we beseech your Grace to help we may know the king's pleasure.

"In the beginning the Emperor let as he would not speak with the French ambassadors, to amuse us; but the Emperor and they have met at a close, and they have all their purpose, and be departed from Brussels, as we understand; whereby ye may perceive that all those remonstrances which were made, that he should not speak with them, were but colors to blind us withal, as the effects manifestly do show. . . .

"Wherefore, to repeat all our mind in few words, our advice is, as we wrote in our last letters more largely, that by good words entertaining both the Emperor and the king of Castile in such amity as is already with them made, our master should not compromise this matter to the Emperor, nor to suffer neither my Lady, nor the Cardinal Sedunensis, nor no stranger, to lead the bridle of his affairs no longer; which if they do, it will be to the Emperor's great gain, and to our master's disadvantage no little. And in the end ye shall find them but delusions, as we think; howbeit we think best that our master do withdraw his foot out of these matters, as [if] he perceived not so far as he doth; and to give good words for good words, which yet they give us, thinking our heads to be so gross that we perceive not their abuses, which we dissimule to perceive, because we know not how the king our master will take these matters or order us in them.

"And albeit that the Emperor hath had the king's money to pay his costs to come down to swear this peace of Noyon indeed, and no such effects do follow as the king looked for at his coming, yet we think it well spent, both because our master hath kept all promises to his honour, and also because this small expense and charge shall avoid a greater, which the Emperor was about, as it seemeth, to bring him unto. And thus Almighty Jesus preserve your Grace to his pleasure.

"From Mechlin, the 18th day of February.

"Yours assured to our powers,

"C. WORCESTER.

"CUTHBERT TUNSTAL."

But the King had long been prepared for these revelations. Already on the 12th of February, even Wingfield, never inclined to despair, had written to Wolsey that the secret negociations against Charles's ministers, and a stricter alliance with England, could never take effect;[1] and two days before, Giustinian in his amusing despatches thus describes his interview with Henry, on going to announce to him the surrender of Verona to the Venetians:[2] "Though I could not go to Greenwich by water, owing to the very thick ice, the journey by land likewise being difficult on account of the frozen and dangerous roads, I however rode thither; and after I heard mass with the King, I acquainted him with the news in such language as I deemed apt, adding many expressions calculated to produce a favourable impression. His Majesty thanked me, and remained in the greatest astonishment, repeating several

[1] II. 2912.

[2] II. 2896.

times, 'How can that be?'—as by advices he had received it was impossible. On being assured the intelligence was true he seemed to believe it, and said, 'Verily the Emperor has been deceived by the king of France, and I know how.'" The next day Giustinian communicated the same news to Wolsey; and, if he is to be believed, the Cardinal "was surprised and astonished to the utmost. To make sure of the fact, he demanded to see the letters; and was very cold in his congratulations to Giustinian's secretary on an event so fortunate to Venice.[1] Sebastian exults at the thought that the news was received with the greatest possible vexation. Unfortunately for Giustinian's discernment as a negociator, the King and Wolsey had long since forestalled his intelligence. As early as the 4th of February, Cardinal Sion wrote to say, "On the 8th, Verona belonged to the Emperor; on the 9th, to the King Catholic; on the 15th, to the French; on the 17th, to the Venetians."[2]

The news took neither the King nor his minister by surprise. They had been fully prepared for it. But not a word of reproach escaped from the lips of either. In his reply to the letters of Tunstal, Worcester, and his other ambassadors, the King states, in the calmest manner, that although he had in the first instance written to them to express very sharply his dissatisfaction with the Emperor's conduct, yet, as Sion had assured Wolsey that the Emperor, notwithstanding all appearances, would perform all his promises, the King would refrain and wait.[3] They were commissioned to tell Maximilian, that though the King was somewhat pensive at the deliverance of Verona and the Emperor's acceptance of the treaty of Noyon, yet, considering his wisdom, the King was willing to think all was done for the best. At the same time he let them know that he was not deceived "by the Emperor's brittleness and sudden mutations," or that levity and inconstancy which made him seek "other occasions upon light displeasures to color his unconstant dealings, and so causeless depart from a friend." However, it was better "to

[1] I do not wish to impeach Giustinian's veracity, though I have no great opinion of his political sagacity. It seems never to have occurred to him how improbable it was that the King should have kept such important tidings from the Cardinal for a day and night, especially as the two were at no greater distance from each other than Greenwich and London. But, as I have said, the delivery of Verona was known to Wolsey and the King long *before* it was known to Giustinian. It was part of the policy of both to affect the utmost surprise that the Emperor could have been guilty of falsehood.

[2] II. 2869. See also 2862, 2863.

[3] II. 2958.

dissemble for a season until they should see the end." They were to continue their negociations on the same footing and for the same purposes as if nothing had happened.

The policy was sound and ingenious; it was calculated to take the deceivers in their own craftiness, better than the loudest denunciations of deceit. Some men are eventually victorious because they never know when they are beaten; the retaliation of others on their deceivers is tenfold more ample and more terrible, because, till their opportunity has come, they never betray by word, look, or gesture, any consciousness of the injury received. By the expenditure of 10,000 florins, an inconsiderable sum, Wolsey had tested the full value of all Maximilian's promises; by betraying no distrust he fathomed all his designs. By pretending to believe his professions of attachments, after all that had taken place, he gave others the strongest reason for supposing that that attachment was not without foundation; and thus was Maximilian brought under the suspicions of his new friends. Aware of the Emperor's inconstancy, no less than Wolsey himself; quite as convinced as he that Maximilian's friendship was more costly than his enmity; Francis knew that when the money, the price of his acquiescence in the treaty of Noyon, was spent, more must be provided, or, as Henry said, Francis must expect that Maximilian would abandon him on the most frivolous pretext and take part with his enemies. Suspected by France, not trusted by England, despised by Charles and his ministers for his vacillation and deceit, Maximilian had totally disqualified himself by this last act from taking any further part in European politics. From this time he sank into insignificance.

As for Charles and his ministers, the treaty of Noyon and the perfidy of Maximilian had exempted them from all dread of foreign interference. If Charles really believed, as he was taught, that the Emperor wished to bring him under tutelage and make a child of him again, that belief had now vanished; and with it any feeling of coldness and displeasure he might have conceived against England for supporting Maximilian. Chievres and the Chancellor no longer dreaded the loss of their influence, or the predominance of English or Imperial interests. As they had nothing to dread from England they were inclined to conciliation. Perhaps Chievres was not altogether insincere when he remarked to Lady Margaret, after this *denouement*, "that he hoped in six months to be as

high in Henry's favour as those who reckoned themselves the best English."[1] Perhaps, too, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of showing Henry, at the cost of Maximilian, the mistake he had made in preferring the Emperor's friendship to theirs; and in supposing that he could gain, by the Emperor's influence over Charles, advantages which his ministers were determined to refuse. For, as might be expected, notwithstanding Maximilian's and Margaret's ostentation of mystery, Chievres and the Chancellor had been perfectly well acquainted with all that had been passing. They knew the meaning of Maximilian's vapouring; the promises he had made to take the King of Castile into his own keeping, and to punish his ministers; the sums he had extorted from England under these pretences. The Emperor soon became a burthen to his new friends. "The Emperor," writes Spinelly,[2] "is again without money; and if he tarry here (at Brussels) the Lady Margaret will have to provide it for him,"—a hopeless effort. "The Vice-chancellor of Arragon tells me that Chievres will be glad of the amity of England, but dares not let it be known or give any cause of suspicion to the French until the king reaches Spain."

In fact the journey of Charles into Spain was now the great question which occupied his exclusive attention. A year and three months had elapsed, and as yet he had made no preparation for taking possession of the kingdom left him by Ferdinand. Urgent entreaties came from day to day, and hints of disaffection which, if not speedily suppressed by his presence, might prove fatal to his rights. This part of his life, and especially his treatment of the celebrated Ximenes, is little known, and from want of authentic materials has been treated very meagrely by modern historians. I hasten, therefore, to point out briefly what help may be obtained from State papers for a clearer insight into this portion of modern history. Our only agent in the Spanish court at the time was John Stile, whose letters are not the least interesting of those which I have noticed in a previous chapter. A man of no great genius or political insight, he never indulged in theories or guesses;—he contented himself with narrating what he saw, and sometimes what he heard talked about, in an unaffected, artless style, which makes his description of passing events invaluable, especially when compared with the ambitious and glowing narratives of the Spanish chroniclers. Stile was at

[1] II. 2992. March 6, 1517. [2] March 30: 3076.

Madrid when Ferdinand died,[1] and, as in duty bound, sent immediate notice of the event to his royal master. His first letter has been lost, but the contents are briefly recapitulated in the second, dated the 1st of March.[2] He states that Ferdinand died in the "village of Madrygalegeo," on his way to Seville, eight leagues from Our Lady of Guadalupe. "Few estates or men of honor were present at the decease of the king, your said father. The queen, his wife,[3] was there, and was the day before come from the parts of Arragon. The king, your said father, wilfully shortened the days of his life, always in fair weather or foul labouring in hawking and hunting, following more the counsel of his falconers than of his physicians." Stile then proceeds to detail the chief provisions in the late King's will:—the sums left to his Queen and his nephews; the number and names of his executors; the sale of his jewels; "that no man should wear for him sackcloth nor long beard," etc. He then continues: "It is to be marvelled, and it please your Grace, that the late king, your father, of Arragon, had no manner of treasure; and after that he was deceased there would never a nobleman, spiritual nor temporal, go with the corpse to Granada, except the marquis of Denya. Nor here hath been no great obsequies done for the said king, nor mourning made; never less seen for any prince. For those that he most loved and trusted first repaired to the Prince's ambassador with flatterings.[4] And the queen of Arragon (Germaine) returned to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and it please your Grace, on the last day of January." The Cardinal of Toledo (Ximenes) and the Dean of Louvaine had the exclusive management: "notwithstanding, and it please your Grace, there is little love or stedfastness among the states of these parts one with another, yet they dare not move in word or deed against their prince or his deputies of Andalusia;" where, as Stile says, dissension had already begun to show itself between the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Don Pedro Jeron. He then tells an anecdote of the poor, incapable Johanna, which is, I believe, unknown.[5] "Also,

[1] The news of Ferdinand's death was concealed from Katharine, then in labour with the princess Mary.

[2] H. 1610.

[3] Germaine de Foix, his second wife.

[4] The Dean of Louvain, afterwards Adrian VI.

[5] "This princess was possessed with a cruel melancholike humour, so as she led a most lamentable life in the Castle of Tordesillas, wherein King Ferdinand, her father, had lodged her, a pleasant and commodious place. Lewis Terrier, of Valencia, had charge of her, being also captain of the castle of Tordesillas; but he was unfit for such a business; for whether by his

and it please your Grace, the queen of Castile is as yet as that she was in the life of the late King her father; and, as reason is, her subjects would be glad that she was amended of her disease. And for that intent, upon a three or four days passed, hither is come certain persons to the Cardinal and to the Lords and Council from the town of Tordesillas, where the said queen is; and these said persons have brought testimonials and writings that there be certain persons, priests, physicians, and other, amongst the which one is the Doctor Soto, the said queen's physician, the which he and the other priests, with clergy and physic, upon pain of their lives, having licence, will undertake for to remedy the queen of her disease within the space of three months, saying that she is cumbered with sprites by witchcraft."

By his next letter,[1] dated the 3rd of April, we learn that Charles had sent a message to Ximenes and the council in Spain, desiring them to have him proclaimed King, as he had been in Flanders; a request to which they declined to accede whilst Johanna was alive, unless Charles was there in person. The proclamation in Flanders, made without the assent of the states of Castile, had produced great irritation. So Stile adds, that in case Charles come not hither in the summer, "many inconveniences and troubles will arise, for the treasurers say they have no money belonging to the crown. The Cardinal (Ximenes) is rich, having above 400,000 ducats in treasure, and is a covetous Grey Friar, and will not depart with any part of his said treasure, for the defence and weal of this land, without good surety of the Prince." Such was Stile's estimate of the great Cardinal.

Charles was in great straits, and his difficulties were increased by the jealousy and suspicion of his ministers.

slowness growing by reason of his age, or through ignorance, he could never get her to lodge in any pleasant and well-aired chamber of the castle; but she would always lurk in dark and obscure places near the ground, fit to entertain and augment her melancholy-like humour. She did abhor soft and delicate beds, and would lie upon the ground; and if she did lay herself upon a board covered with a carpet, it was by great importunity. It was not possible to make her wear a furred gown in winter, nor anything that was rich. She was often three days together without eating; neither could the prayers nor persuasions of her servants prevail anything with her. She often complained that she was kept like a prisoner, and that they withheld her from the government of affairs, like a private person."—"Mayerne's Hist. of Spain," by Grimeston, p. 935.

Among other fancies, she had a humour "to make them leave the dishes full of meat in her chamber, not suffering them to carry any one away; so as the meat corrupting made a stinking savor."

[1] II. 1732. Many of Stile's letters have been unfortunately lost; and even if they found their way into foreign libraries, being written in cipher, they would be as good as lost.

They were doubtful of their reception in Spain; doubtful also if they should be able to retain their authority with such a rival as Ximenes, and such nobles as the Duke of Alva and the Constable of Castile. Maximilian still lingered in the Low Countries, much to their annoyance, and Margaret was not to be trusted. On the other hand, every successive post brought news of the disputes between Ximenes and other members of the council. "The king," writes Spinelly, "must go this summer, or his realm will be in great peril; for since the Constable of Castile has resisted the Cardinal, many lords and towns have followed his example, and their number increases."[1] The health of Ximenes himself was giving way. In the autumn of 1516 he was reported to be dying; the same report was repeated in the spring of the next year.[2] Evidently he was the only person on whom Charles could thoroughly rely. In fact, but for the ability and loyalty of Ximenes, Charles would never have enjoyed the kingdom of Spain. The coldness and ingratitude he displayed to this minister are well known, and need not be described here; but, dark as that ingratitude is known to be, history has yet failed to record its full enormity. It is more than probable that Charles would have lingered out another year in his Flemish dominions, but for the discovery of a plot hinted at in these pages, and fully confirmed by his own correspondence. Whether Francis, his ally, was concerned in the plot, cannot be determined at present. We must wait for fuller explanations from the French archives.

It is well known that the inclinations of Ferdinand, his grandfather, had been fixed on his other grandson Don Ferdinand, who had been constantly brought up at the Spanish court, nor was it until the last moment that the old King could be persuaded to alter the disposal of his kingdom in favour of the elder brother. The hatred of the Spaniards for Charles's Flemish favourites, the delay he made in visiting Spain, the coldness with which he treated the Spaniards who visited him, turned the affections of more than one powerful nobleman and prelate towards his brother. As early as the 2nd of April, 1516, Spinelly mentions[3] that the captain of Perpignan had intercepted a letter, in French, from the Archbishop of Arles "to the Infant of Fortune," offering the assistance of France to procure for him the crown. The rumour was repeated next year[4] by the Cardinal of Sion, who told Tunstal and others that trouble was likely to arise, from the

[1] April 11, 1517. [2] II. 3300. [3] II.1831. [4] April 19, 1517: 3143.

Spaniards refusing to obey the council of Flanders, and the Flemings that of Spain; and he added that if Charles did not go shortly to Spain, his brother would be crowned in his stead. The rumour grew stronger as time advanced. Yet it might have been set down for an idle tale, or as one of the numerous fictions invented to suit a political purpose, had we not the King's own letter, dated from Middleburgh, 7th of September,[1] the day before he started, addressed to Ximenes, and detailing the whole conspiracy. In that letter he tells Ximenes how he had heard that certain treasonable proposals had been made to the Infant Ferdinand, and that he had been urged to declare himself governor of Castile in the name of his mother. To anticipate the danger, Gonsalvo de Guzman had been commanded to avoid the court. Ximenes is directed to seek a private interview with Ferdinand. He is to make known to the Prince, in the softest and most insinuating manner, his brother's resolution of removing the officers of his household, and substituting others in their place. A minister in the interest of Charles was to sleep in Ferdinand's chamber, *in order that when the prince is awake he may have some one to talk to.* Ximenes is further to assure the prince that these measures have been ordered by Charles solely out of regard to his brother's interest; that the sole motive he now has in visiting Castile is to provide for the comfort of Ferdinand, for whom he is ready to sacrifice life itself. The King added that the unfavourable reports about Chievres and the Chancellor were wholly untrue. No two lords could be more devoted to him. He was now with the fleet, ready to sail on the morrow. The Cardinal was further instructed to employ every species of argument to induce Ferdinand to take these arrangements in good part. He was to send the Comendador and the Bishop of Astorga, with whom Charles was greatly displeased, out of the way, to banish them from the court, without permitting them to take leave of Ferdinand. Should it so happen that in fulfilling these injunctions Ximenes encountered opposition, he was ordered to employ force. These instructions were to be carried out to the letter, and kept profoundly secret.

It is not known what reply Ximenes made to this communication. We infer from the answer of Charles that it was perfectly satisfactory.[2] Never profuse in his gratitude, he thanked the Cardinal in the warmest terms for the ability

[1] In Cranvella. [2] Sept. 27. Granvele.

he had shown in fulfilling his injunctions, and regretted to hear of his ill health. How he repaid him when he arrived in Spain is well known; perhaps Maximilian was not far from the truth when he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, that his grandson Charles "was as cold and immovable as an idol" (statue).

But important as was this voyage into Spain—more important than even those who urged it most were aware of—it could not be accomplished without the aid of England; and to counteract the policy of England, to ply Maximilian with every inducement to betray it, had employed the industry of Charles and his ministers for the last two years and a half. On the side of Friesland, the Duke of Gueldres, his irreconcilable enemy, backed by the influence, probably by the money, of France,[1] was making continual inroads. "Aspre has been taken," Tunstal writes,[2] "and the inhabitants cruelly slain. The town of the Hay (Hague), *because it is open*, is left desolate, and the people fled for fear. This business delays the King's preparations." In terms still more precise, Charles wrote to his ambassadors in England,[3] that it was not possible for him to provide against the disturbances caused by the Duke of Gueldres, without assistance from Henry. No other course then remained, except to court the favour of England as eagerly as he had formerly rejected it. The conduct of Chievres and the Chancellor became as conciliating as formerly it had been cold and insolent.[4] The praises lavished by Chievres on the Cardinal knew no bounds:—without his aid the cordiality between Charles and Henry could never have been established; his master knows right well that the chief security of his dominions is in the good will of England. And the English court deserved these expressions of gratitude. In his utmost need, when Charles could scarcely keep Flanders, much less take possession of Spain, Henry had advanced him 100,000 florins. He wished that Charles should visit England on his way—a request afterwards abandoned on the plea of the King's infirmity. Spinelly, now taken into confidence, wrote to say there was no hope "that the Catholico at his going into Spain should pass by England with a small company, sending his army to Falmouth; for many the which know his feeble complexion doth continually persuade the same" (urge that plea). The sweating sickness, then raging

[1] II. 3108, 3300, 3536. Francis, however, denied it (3508).

[2] July 13, 1517.

[3] July 6. Monumenta Habsburgica, Abtheil II. Bd. I. 45.

[4] II. 3337.

in England, would have furnished a valid excuse, had the feebleness of Charles's complexion been a mere fiction.[1] One other condition was insisted on: that in repaying the loan he should also repay 35,000 crowns expended during his minority by England for the reduction of Gueldres and Venloo. This condition he would have avoided like the former,[2] but his necessities were too urgent. "If Henry will not consent," he writes to his ambassadors, "to lend the 100,000 florins, without including the 35,000 gold crowns in the arrangement, you are to agree to it, but not readily." The sum must be had under any circumstances, for delay jeopardized his chances in Spain, and Gueldres continued his ravages.

The court of England was not inclined to remember old grudges, or seize an ungenerous advantage. His ambassadors were magnificently received; "partly," says Sebastian, not very well pleased at the turn affairs were now taking, "to cajole the Catholic King, partly because one of the ambassadors, a youth of about 20 years old and extremely handsome, is of a most illustrious family descended from three Emperors."[3] His father is governor of Flanders, his father-in-law is De Chievres. He is, moreover, the boon companion of the Catholic king, sharing all his secrets as familiarly as if he were his brother." Nothing could exceed the sumptuousness of their entertainment[4] or that of the jousts which followed. The jousts ended, preparations were made for a banquet. At the head of the hall sate his Majesty, with the Queen on his right, and next her the Cardinal, and Mary late Queen of France on his left. The feast was regal, the display of gold and silver plate enormous. The banquet over, the King and his guests repaired to another hall, where the Queen's ladies were, and dancing went on for two hours: "the King," says the narrator, doing marvellous things both *in dancing and jumping*, proving himself, as he in truth is, indefatigable." The French ambassadors were not present. Their conduct seemed mysterious to Sebastian, and well it might. Nor were his doubts at all better satisfied when he told them it was reported they were negociating a league with England. They smiled,

[1] Charles had "greedy eyes" (*avari ocelli*), says the Venetian envoy,—was a gross feeder, and subject to dyspepsia. Hence ill-health and his fluctuation of spirits, enhanced by hereditary melancholy. Allied, also to this physical and psychological unsoundness there was a tinge of sentimentalism in Charles not found in his contemporaries. These qualities have made him unconsciously attractive to modern historians.

[2] II. 3442.

[3] The sieur d'Aussy.

[4] See Nos. 3455, 3462; and for the plan and arrangement of the banquet the curious paper, 3446.

and said nothing. Really this reserve of one's friends is very strange, thought Sebastian; and so it was.

But for the present one thing only was talked of; and that was the journey into Spain, and when it should take place. July was beginning to wane, and the King's preparations seemed scarcely more advanced than they were a year ago. From the 5th of June to the 7th of September he loitered at Middleburg. On the 27th of August, Tunstal, who was with him, wrote to Wolsey [1] to say that he did not think the King would leave as the moon was waning; though Charles asserted he would go, even if it were winter. On the 7th of September, "he was shriven once again, for he was houselled at the last opposition of the moon," [2] started the same evening for Flushing, and set sail the next morning. The weather was fair, but the voyage not without accidents. Off the coast of Winchelsea a ship containing the King's horses was burnt to the water's edge, and all hands perished. A strong wind from the S.E. drove the ships into Plymouth roads; [3] not many hours after they were becalmed. On the 19th they found themselves off the coast of Asturias, by the mismanagement of the pilot. Charles and his sister Eleanor, for whom the greatest apprehension was felt, endured the distresses and fatigues of the voyage with greater magnanimity than practised sailors. At four o'clock in the afternoon Charles landed at a rocky and desolate spot, some miles distant from Villa Viciosa, and was compelled to proceed with his sister and all his company on foot toward the nearest village, without refreshment or change of apparel. No preparations had been made for their landing. They were in a poor country, without horses or other necessaries.[4] The village did not contain, says Spinelly, more than forty houses;—such houses as may at this time be seen in Spanish villages, utterly destitute of the comforts and even ordinary necessaries of life. To increase their misfortunes, the wind changed suddenly to the N.N.W., drove the fleet to St. Ander, and with it all their bedding, clothes, and furniture. For the first time, adds Spinelly, Lord Chievres, and others of the noblemen attending on the King, had nothing more than trusses of straw or the bare earth to sleep on. But the loss of their horses was a greater inconvenience than sleeping in the open air. No carriages, no means of travelling were to be had; not even the ordinary bullock waggon, the horror of Spanish travellers;

[1] II. 3641. [2] II. 3666. [3] II. 3692. [4] II. 3705.

"for," says Spinelly, "in that mountainous country the principals go afoot," and the prevalence of sickness in the chief towns had cut off all intercourse on pain of death. The shortness of provisions compelled the King to set forward on the third day. By this time they had mustered about forty horses and a few bullock waggons, the company consisting of 200 persons. Charles mounted a hobby lent him by Spinelly; the ladies were packed in the waggons; the cavaliers, by twos and threes *en croupier* on pack-horses; the majority trudged on foot. And in this shabby array, after four days' hard travelling, the King arrived at St. Vincent, 60 miles distant from Villa Viciosa. They who know what travelling is in the north of Spain with the ordinary fare and conveyance of the country, will readily apprehend the fatigue of such a journey, especially to ladies accustomed all their lives to the luxuries of a court, and whose excursions from Brussels had never extended further than Mechlin or Ghent. "Nevertheless," says Spinelly, who accompanied the cavalcade on foot, "considering the *surety* and sweetness of the land, every one suffered it joyously in patience." If anything could render such a mode of travelling pleasant, it was the remembrance of the alternate becalming and hurricane of a late autumnal voyage in the Bay of Biscay.

To the royal party, compelled thus unexpectedly to rough it, and accustomed only to the rich manufacturing towns of the Low Countries, everything seemed as strange, wild, and entertaining as it does to the modern traveller. The peculiarities which struck Spinelly have remained unaltered after the lapse of three centuries. "The country," he says, "is very mountainous, and abounds in chestones (chesnuts), on which most of the inhabitants live instead of corn. They have also a kind of oats to make bread of for the nobles and gentlemen, though that the worst of them reckon to be the best born; and marvellously they be grounded upon the nobleness of blood, seeing that they have been those that have conquered Castile out of the hands of the Infidels; having, by reason of such opinion, proudness enough in comparison of their goods and riches. Their arrayments be small jackets of coarse light cloth, with bare legs and feet; and commonly they wear long beards and hair, being well made persons and wonderly light (lissome); and, as far as I may conject upon good information, they may be compared unto Irishmen." A comparison evidently referring to the Basques; the exactness of which no one who knows the two people will venture to dispute.

The King was well received. If during the voyage he still entertained any fears of his brother Ferdinand, they were allayed by the rumours which met him at his landing. Ximenes had removed the Comendador of Calatrava and the Bishop of Astorga, and given the charge of Don Ferdinand to the Marquis of Aguilar; "with the king's consent," said the rumour, "because they had endeavoured to make Don Ferdinand king of Arragon against reason and the will of the Catholic king deceased."[1] It was no concern of Charles to set that rumour right.

Letters from Spain came very irregularly; and we lose much of Spinelly's gossiping and amusing correspondence at the time when it would have been most interesting and important. Consequently, of the subsequent movements of Charles, and the death of Ximenes, nothing is told us. On the 31st of October Charles was at Bezzarryll[2] with Chievres and the Chancellor. These powerful favourites are accused of keeping their master away from the great minister, and poisoning his ear against Ximenes. On the 8th of November the Cardinal died; and the popular tradition of Charles's ingratitude receives full confirmation by his treatment of the Cardinal's memory. Stile writes on the 11th of February, to say that the King had appropriated to his own use the money left by Ximenes in legacies to his servants and charitable bequests, to the amount of 212,000 ducats of gold, alleging that he had done more damage in casting down the walls of Navarre than all his wealth amounted to! The Flemish ministers were still supreme; no Spaniard had a voice in the council, with the exception of the bishop of Badajoz and Don Garcia de Padilla.[3] The archbishopric, estimated at 100,000 ducats per annum, was given to Chievres' nephew, Cardinal de Croy, fettered, however, with certain pensions.[4]

And here we leave Charles for a time. Charles in Spain, Maximilian *hors de combat*, the two ancient rivals remained face to face—England and France; France crippled in its finances by the war in Italy and by the large sums advanced to different statesmen in the courts of Europe; England, under the administration of Wolsey, husbanding its resources, and less prodigal in its expenditure from year to year.

[1] II. p. 1169.

[2] II. 3764. [3] II. 3937.

[4] II. 3874. "There was a rumour," says Spinelly, "that the king was amorous of a goodly gentlewoman of the queen of Arragon's (Johanna); and many Spaniards were glad thereof, thinking he should follow the young council (the Spanish party). Howbeit, they have been deceived; for his amours be succeeded very cold."

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

HITHERTO it had been Wolsey's ostensible policy to raise up some counteracting influence to the overgrown power of France. Whether he ever contemplated an invasion of that country by Henry in person, may, I think, be very reasonably doubted. At least I find no serious preparations for such an event. It was his object rather to subsidize the continental powers, to keep Francis well employed in Italy, by advancing money to Maximilian and the Swiss, and by supporting the imperial claims. If Charles could not be induced to league with England, any aid he might lend to France was to be neutralized, at least for a time. With a league consisting of the Pope, Ferdinand, England, the Emperor, and the Swiss, Wolsey might reasonably expect that the efforts of Francis towards aggrandizement in Europe would be effectually repressed. But Ferdinand, never hearty in any scheme that did not promote his own immediate interests, lent no assistance. Of Maximilian enough has been said already. Leo X., fearing and hating the Emperor and Francis alike, and rightly jealous of the proximity and influence of both, oscillated dubiously between the two, alternately flattering and betraying both.[1] So far from the policy of Wolsey meeting with the success he had anticipated, or replacing England in the position it held at the death of Lewis XII., no other effect had been gained, at the close of the year 1516 and the treaty of Noyon, than that of tying all the great powers to the chariot wheels of France, and rendering her the sovereign and dictator of Europe. The result was mortifying enough to the vanity of Henry VIII., who watched with any other feeling than that of complacency the progress of his brilliant and successful rival.

If the language of the Venetian ambassador may be trusted,

[1] Of his meeting with Francis at Bologna, see two very interesting descriptions by eye-witnesses in II. 1281, 1284.

France was the great object of hatred and suspicion, and Wolsey was only biding his time to wreak vengeance upon it for its repeated perfidies. What these perfidies were no one exactly knew, though every English minister, Pace, Wingfield, Spinelly, and even Tunstal fully believed them. Rumours, indeed, had been in circulation as early as January, 1517,[1] that a better understanding existed between the two courts than warranted this belief. Francis, with the exception of his expedition into Italy, had studiously avoided giving any offence to England. His conduct, with one exception, had been uniformly conciliatory. He was fully aware of the efforts secretly made by Henry, and his virtual transgression of the alliance existing between them. But he gave vent to no expressions of anger or resentment. Even the help he is supposed to have afforded Albany was exaggerated; and this help was granted in conformity with the treaties existing between France and Scotland; had been openly avowed to the English ambassadors from the first; was expressly understood, and therefore could constitute no just cause of complaint. But whilst he and his agents wrote from time to time, that France was desirous of a closer alliance, it was believed in England, that this was a mere invention to throw England off its guard:—"All things are full of deceit, *et Judas non dormit*," was Pace's comment on the news. By the 4th of April, 1517, a rumour had found its way into the court at Brussels, "that Henry was intriguing with France against the Emperor and the king of Castile." A few days later the report assumed a more definite shape. "Your Grace," writes Spinelly on the 8th, "is said to be in great practice to restore Tournay to the French and make a new treaty." On the 15th we learn from Worcester that the French ambassador with the King of Castile was spreading the report, "that England was soliciting a stronger amity with France, but without sending regular ambassadors." The whole proceeding was enveloped in mystery; the rumour rose and fell; it was variously asserted and denied; how it had arisen no one could tell; and no one seemed to have any certainty about it. The regular diplomatic relations between the two countries had been interrupted since the return of Suffolk, and had never been regularly renewed. Nothing could be more tantalizing to those who were concerned in discovering such secrets; no bribe and no intrigue were of the least help in unveiling the mystery. Wolsey and the King

[1] II. p. 902.

betrayed no change in their words or actions. For months the Venetian ambassador continued to write to his Senate and the Doge of Wolsey's inveterate hatred to France; for months he congratulated himself on the effects which his arguments had produced in mollifying the Cardinal's resentment. It was France, the Cardinal repeated to the unsuspecting Venetian, that was at the bottom of all the troubles of Christendom; it was France that had invited the Turk—worse than the Turk himself. It was the restless ambition of France, her incessant military preparations, her warlike disposition, that involved England in continual expense, and disturbed the peace of the world. His master was a magnanimous sovereign inclined to peace, and most reluctantly compelled to abandon peace and tranquillity, and adopt aggressive measures against France and you Venetians its allies, "because he has heard of the determination of France to molest him."[1] Giustinian assured him that Francis had no such intentions; if he had, the Venetians would do what they could to prevent it. Wolsey desired no more. He wished to divine the true intentions of France without appearing to suspect them; and he obtained the assurance he desired, from time to time, by pretending to the Venetian ambassador that the republic was helping Francis to embroil Europe and disturb Christendom;—they, of all nations, the most averse to war!

Meanwhile very obscure and mysterious letters had been passing between De Crequy, Dean of Tournay, Dr. Sampson, Wolsey's commissary, and Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester. How long this correspondence had been going on, and whether the whole series has been preserved, cannot be determined. The first letter which has reached us, though evidently not the first in the negociation, is dated 11th of March, 1517,[2] at the very time when Charles, Maximilian, and their ministers were congratulating themselves on their excellent understanding with France, and were signing the treaty of Cambray. The negociator on the French side was no less a person than the Duke of Orleans. From the Duke's letter it appears that the proposal had been broken to him by the Dean of Tournay;[3] whether or not on the Dean's own suggestion, does not appear. A hint dropped in a letter of Worcester's of the same date would lead us to infer that Henry was privy to this proposal, if he was not the author of it.[4] Before the

[1] Feb. 2, 1518.
[2] II. 3006.
[3] II. 3007.
[4] II. 3005.

24th of March the Grand Master of France (Boissi) had been sounded, and Worcester was then waiting for further instructions to see how the project would be accepted.[1] Both parties were cautious of committing themselves; each was suspicious of the other's intentions. By the 13th of April the matter brightens; then Sampson wrote to Wolsey, that it had been suggested to him by the Dean of Tournay of what advantage it would be if peace could be made between France and England. Sampson expressed his concurrence in the wish, but stated that he could not undertake to communicate that wish to his employer. The Dean, he added, has twice made peace between the two realms, and will be glad to do so again. Long before that letter Wolsey had been in communication with Worcester on the same subject,[2] and Sampson's remarks were intended to disengage the Cardinal from all personal risk or responsibility in this intricate and delicate negociation, which now, notwithstanding all these extraordinary precautions, was beginning to transpire.[3] The negociation lingered

[1] II. 3048.

[2] II. 3127.

[3] Pace writes to Wolsey on the 16th of May (No. 3247):

"Please it your Grace,—The 10th day of this present month, Mr. Anchises Vicecomes returned out of France into Swissland in haste, sent only, as he saith, for to speak with me from the French king. And because he durst not arrive unto this city for fear of trouble by some of the Emperor's servants, he hath advertised me largely of these things following; viz. that the said French king himself did examine him of his going into England, and abiding there, and did make great inquisition of the king's grace's manners and yours; whereunto (as he saith) he made as discreet and honorable answer as he could devise: so that the said French king (*si ipse vera refert*) did both say and swear that he doth love the king above all other princes Christian, and therefore he doth marvel that his Grace is alway contrary and adversary unto him, and that he intendeth never to offend his Grace in any manner of cause, but provoked by pure necessity; adding unto that these words, viz. that his cousin of England cannot desire that thing of him that he would deny.

"As touching your Grace, he did ask the said Mr. Anchises whether it were possible for him by any mean to obtain your Grace's favours; whereunto he made (as he saith) this answer—that it were impossible to induce your Grace by any means to do that that should be contrary to the king's honour or profit. This done, he made wonderful inquisition of my person, not only of my qualities, but also of the stature of my body, and said that I had caused him to expend two millions of gold; but, notwithstanding that, if I would help that your Grace would move the king to make a perfect amity with him, he would give unto me *montes auri*; and as for your Grace, you should not only have peaceable possession of the bishopric of Tournay by resignation, but also any other thing as good as that. And to the intent that this thing might come to a good and short effect, he would grant unto me his safe conduct to come surely to Milan, and from thence to be conveyed in like manner into France to his person, and from thence to be brought, as honorably as I would desire myself, to Calais gates.

"My Lord, these premises the said Mr. Anchises hath signified to me, by the French king's express commandment, as he saith; but whether all these things, or part, or nothing, be true, I will not judge (but remit the matter to your Grace's wisdom), knowing that the said Mr. Anchises hath sworn fidelity to the said French king.

on, but we have no further means of tracing it in this state. In June[1] the sieur de la Guiche, a favourite with both courts, who had been in England before, made his appearance in London. Sebastian thought it mysterious,—endeavoured to learn the cause of his coming, but settled down in the conviction that it had no higher purpose than to arrange certain *private* differences! A month after Giustinian began to suspect there might be something more in it.[2] The reserve of these Frenchmen was very strange! But it looked harmless, especially when on the 26th of the same month[3] an indenture appeared, regularly drawn and signed by the two commissioners, the earl of Worcester and De la Guiche, professing to devise means for the redress of grievances, and providing that suitable commissioners should be sent from both sides to sit at Calais on the 1st of September, make compensations, receive complaints, and save the merchants the expenses of the Law Courts. Sebastian thought it was all right; the same round of visits,—the same round of denunciations against France. On the 26th of August, formal commissioners were appointed; among them Sir Thomas More, just then famous for his *Utopia*.

By this time it had oozed out that Francis had offered 400,000 crowns for the surrender of Tournay, and England was not supposed to be adverse to the bargain.[4] The ministers of Charles were becoming uneasy at the prospect of a more kindly intercourse between the two nations. They had hitherto done their utmost to keep both asunder. On the 14th of September the report reached the ears of the Pope. The treaty was now pushed on with greater vigour and openness. Stephen Poncher, Bishop of Paris, arrived at Boulogne, and only waited for advices from the Cardinal to cross over.

But this, I think, undoubtedly be true—that the French king would gladly agree with the king's Grace. And this I do perfectly know—that the said Mr. Anchises, the Count Galiace, with all that sect, doth labour that this thing may come to pass, some of them being mediators therein, knowing right well that they shall obtain great things thereby if it come to pass. Over and above the premises, the French king said, that if the king were aggrieved with any his practices in Scotland, that he was not author or cause thereof, but his predecessor.

"My Lord, we have now here strange tidings—that the Emperor and the king of Castile hath made one new peace with the French king, concluded at Cambray the 11th day of April: *quod si est verum non puto fidem ab iis emendam, qui nullam habent. De rebus Italicis nihil certius habeo illis quæ proxime scripsi.* I did give none answer unto Anchises but this only—that I durst not meddle with a matter of so great importance without the king's commandment.

"Valeat felicissime R^ma^ D. v., cui me humillime commendo et trado. Ex Constantia, 16 Maij 1517."

[1] II. 3415. [2] II. 3445. [3] II. 3520. [4] II. 3666.

Meanwhile, true or not, rumours got into circulation of the unpopularity of the French King and his exactions. "A fat Cordelier" had declared in his sermon, that the King was worse than Nero. The *avocats* were in a state of great commotion. The university of Paris, disgusted with the *concordat*, had displayed their disaffection by defamatory libels, and their officers were thrown into prison. The students took the matter into their own hands, and displayed their hostility in their own peculiar fashion. A farce of more than usual audacity was written and acted, in which the *dramatis personæ* were personified representations of the vices and abuses of the court; *Le Medecin, Dame Rapinne, Lebon Gensdarme, Le Tout, La Poulette.* This last personage was the daughter of president Le Cocq, and wife of an *avocat*, a lady of whom Francis was supposed to be enamoured. On a subsequent occasion,[1] a trumpeter, sent by the King to read a proclamation, was surrounded by the angry students. They cut off his horse's ears, broke his trumpet as he descended from the stage, and compelled him to seek safety in flight. Next day the mayor with 400 men-at-arms came down to apprehend the ringleaders, but was driven back. The day after the proctor of the university marched down to the parliament house with 4,000 scholars in armour, and demanded by what authority these measures had been taken. The cause of the students was supported by the Constable Bourbon, no longer on good terms with Francis; the Duke of Lorraine had retired in discontent because he had been asked to stand godfather to the Dauphin in company with the Duke of Urbino.[2] Nassau had followed his example. These reports may have been exaggerated, but they are too numerous, and come from too many quarters, to be entirely destitute of foundation.

These and other causes made Francis anxious for peace. The assurances given by Wolsey to De la Guiche at his departure, that England would prefer the alliance of France to all others, were cordially received;[3] and from this period the negociation fell exclusively into the hands of De la Guiche and the Bishop of Paris on the French part, of Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, and the Earl of Worcester, on the English.[4] At Henry's wish the French commissioners crossed over to England in October. The sweating sickness was then making its appearance; the King moved from place to place to avoid it, and Wolsey himself was in ill health. Sebastian writes on

[1] II. 4154. [2] II. 3314. [3] II. 3714. [4] II. 3723, 3739.

the 11th of November:[1] "Two ambassadors have arrived here from the Most Christian king, the bishop of Paris, and Monseigneur de la Guiche. It is said they are come about certain reprisals; but I do not believe that envoys of such dignity would have been sent on so trivial a mission. The king is abroad, and keeps moving from one place to another, on account of the plague, which has made great ravages in the king's household; some of the pages who slept in his Majesty's chamber have died, so he has dismissed the whole court, both his own and that of the most serene queen; and only three of his favorite gentlemen, with Dionysius Memo the musician, are with him, and accompany the king and queen through every peril. Neither his Majesty nor the Cardinal will return until after the Christmas holidays, and then only provided the plague cease." If Wolsey's expressions of dissatisfaction with France, openly made and repeated, especially to Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, were sincere, we must infer that the negociation now lingered, and was near going off altogether.

When Charles and his ministers heard the news of it in Spain they were naturally anxious to prevent it, and, if possible, get Tournay into their own hands. But Charles had no money; he was already indebted in 100,000 crowns to Henry VIII., and could not or would not offer any equivalent in exchange.[2] The English court did not wish to offend him;—it would have experienced the utmost mortification had Charles once more thrown himself into the arms of France, as he or at least his ministers felt great inclination to do. So the real state of the negociation in regard to Tournay was carefully concealed or sedulously misrepresented. The Archbishop of Armagh and John Lord Berners, the celebrated translator of Froissart, were sent into Spain[3] to Charles to express their master's delight at his safe arrival, to proffer mutual communication of all secrets between them, and explain away the new negociations with France. England, they were told to say, had sent to Francis to desire redress for injuries at sea, and the latter had taken this opportunity of sending over the

[1] II. 3788.

[2] The King of Spain, says Spinelly (3872), is anxious to have Tournay in his hands, but fears the indignation of the French; and if they may have the French King's consent by the means of the grand master, according to the devices at Cambray, they will speak in it. If this expedient fail, and the King my master be determined to get rid of Tournay, they propose *to take it by way of gift*, and the King Catholic to acknowledge himself debtor to the King my master, for a sum of money, by antedated bonds!

[3] II. 4135.

Bishop of Paris and M. de la Guiche, ostensibly with the view of repressing piracy, really to urge the surrender of Tournay, and offer for it a large sum. When the King expressed his unwillingness to accede to the proposal without consulting Charles, the French had assured him there would be no need of such a step, as they were on excellent terms with the King Catholic, but now that Francis had not been able to obtain his wishes, he was seeking to recover Tournay by force. The King of England rejoiced at the determination of Charles to observe his oath inviolably, and "his virtuous inclination to true and faithful dealing." In return for so much confidence and cordiality he was moved to send the Catholic King warning of the artifices of France. "When the ambassadors have an opportunity of speaking with the king alone they shall tell him that Francis is not much attached to his queen (Claude), who is small of stature, and far from beautiful; and as she is now with child there may be some danger in her delivery." They shall further urge that Francis, "who has heard of the rare beauty of the lady Eleanor the king's eldest sister, and considers her prospects for the succession in Spain, is endeavouring to prevent her marriage with the king of Portugal; intending, in the event of his own queen dying, to marry Eleanor himself.[1] It is true that this might seem an honorable

[1] This lady's history forms a little romance. She was eldest sister to Charles, and attached to one of his favourites, Lewis Count Palatine. Whilst the King was at Middleburgh, waiting to start for Spain, he snatched a letter out of her bosom, which proved to be a declaration of love from the Palatine. The Count was immediately dismissed in disgrace, Charles obstinately refusing to listen to any intercession in his favour (II. 3641, 3646). When she arrived in Spain a negociation was set on foot to marry her to Emmanuel the Fortunate, King of Portugal, an old man with a large family. It had been intended in the first instance that she should have been married to his son, the Prince, and Lady Margaret be given to the father; but, this project failing, she was sacrificed to the heartless intrigues of Chievres and the Chancellor. "I signify to your Highness" (writes Spinelly to Henry VIII., 2nd of April, 1518), "that this afternoon the Chancellor showed me a secret, how they had been in great practices with the king of Portugal for the marriage of the lady Eleanor, saying she was infortunate, being of so noble and virtuous a condition, and for lack of youth" (she was then not more than twenty) "almost compelled to take a husband of 48 years, with eight children, the which, before those that God might send her, unto the crown and all other things shall be preferred; and though the Chancellor speaks but (*qu.* not?) of the conclusion I suppose it is very nigh, and that in such case the young sister (Katharine) shall be married to the prince of Portugal. . . . The lady Eleanor, by the testament of her father, and by the ancient custom of the crown of Castile, should have for her marriage 200,000 ducats; howbeit, the king of Portugal demands nothing but the apparel for her body, and is content to make her a fair dower upon sure land and rent." On the death of Emmanuel in 1521, she seems to have returned to Madrid, and remained there when Francis I. was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. According to the common historians, she

match; but if it were carried into effect, the lives of Charles and his brother Ferdinand would never be safe from the artifices of France."

Similar precautions were used towards Sebastian; to a degree so far beyond the apparent importance of the Venetian, as would almost lead the reader to suspect that the King and the Cardinal took delight in mystifying this worthy envoy of the republic of fishermen.[1] On one occasion, when he hurried into Wolsey's presence with a budget of French news, the Cardinal with unusual graciousness[2] took the envoy's arm, and carried him to the King. On his assuring Henry that Francis did not intend to attack any one unless provoked by manifold injuries, the King laughed and replied: "If he bore me any good will, he would not esteem me so lightly as he does, by wronging my subjects and refusing redress. I perceive that though his ambassadors, who came here, used language as agreeable as could be desired, and were not ashamed to ask peace in their master's name, yet on their return no justice was done to my subjects. I am not going to make war upon him, if he shows me proper respect, and I would fain distinguish myself against the Infidel; not by mere words and boasting, or levying money for a crusade, and then

showed so much commiseration in her adversity for the royal captive, and contributed by her attention so much to the re-establishment of his health, that Francis, out of gratitude, married her, on his release from captivity, alleging that he had been better tended by her at Madrid than ever he was at Paris by Louise his mother, or Claude his wife. He told Wolsey, however, that he was moved to his union "more for necessity than any private favor to my lady Eleanor;" and said still more plainly to the Earl of Rochford (Boleyn) that "she was one of the great number he had the least desire unto." (State Papers, vii. 181). And probably there was as much sincerity in one assertion as in the other.

Her life was far from happy. Henry VIII. and his ministers did all they could to sow ill will and distrust between her and her faithless husband, through dread of her influence being exerted in behalf of the Emperor. The Queen-mother disliked her lest she should undermine her authority, —"The Spanish ladies and the French ladies (says Bryan) be at a jar; the French ladies mock them every day, and that the Spanish ladies spy very well" (Ibid. 249);—Margaret of Navarre, for a less legitimate reason (Ibid. 291). When Suffolk was sent into France on Anne Boleyn's behalf he held a conversation with Margaret respecting the Queen, which he repeats to Henry VIII., so gross and indelicate, that if the revelations she then made to him were true, the correspondence between Francis and his sister goes far to justify the imputations that have since been propagated against Margaret's purity. Whether what she said was true or not, nothing could show a more flagrant disregard to decency than such a conversation with a comparative stranger.

[1] The Venetians were in very bad repute in England, and were regarded in the light of half regular traders and half pirates. It is possible that their opposition to the Pope, and their alliance with the Turk, added to their known friendship for France, contributed to this unfair estimate of the republic in the minds of our countrymen during this century.

[2] Sometimes, in his more condescending moods, Wolsey allowed the ambassador to kiss his hand.

doing nothing." On another occasion he rode over to Richmond with an alarming story of the invasion of the Turk, to which the King replied with a sarcasm that must have made Giustinian's ears tingle: "His Excellency the Doge is on such good terms with the Turk, he has nothing to fear." Sebastian made a long and lame apology for this renegade act of the great republic, insisting upon the necessity of conciliating the Sultan in their unprotected condition. "Write to your Signory, sir ambassador," replied the King, "to be more apprehensive of a certain person, that shall be nameless, than of the Great Turk; one who is plotting worse things for Christendom than Sultan Selim. As for me, I am anxious for peace, but I am so prepared that, should the king of France attack me, he will find himself deceived." And he added this expression, *Incidet in foveam quam fecit;* the pit he made for others he shall fall into himself. After a while the King said: "Let me ask you this one question. If the king of France acts sincerely by us, why does he not have justice done to our subjects? Then, again, how can I put up with his sending the duke of Albany into Scotland, where my nephew is king? The king of France sends this duke into Scotland, who will perhaps put the king to death, in like manner as his brother died, which I never intend to suffer. I am king of this island, and am perfectly satisfied,[1] and yet it seems to me I do not do my duty thoroughly, nor govern my subjects well; and if I could have greater dominion, nay, upon my oath, if I could be Lord of the world, I would not; as I know I could not do my duty, and that for my omissions God will call me into judgment. Whereas, this king is a greater lord than I; he has a larger kingdom and more territory; and yet he is not content, but chooses to meddle in matters which appertain to me. But I have more than he has, and shall have more troops whenever I please."

Candid and magnanimous as this avowal appears, with the exception of the last sentence, it is certain that at this very time the King and Wolsey were on a very good understanding with France. Even Sebastian was only half deceived. He could scarcely trust his senses, when he heard the King talk so glibly of his preparations against France, and yet when he looked abroad observed no bustle or note of them. Only three days after this harangue, Clarencieux returned from the French court, where he had been sent by Henry, in

[1] Intended as a hint to him whom it concerned, that Henry did not intend to compete for the Empire.

company with a French herald, bringing letters from Francis announcing the birth of the Dauphin, much to the King's satisfaction.[1] Yet long after this, when the terms of the negociation were known and almost settled on both sides, Wolsey and the King continued to hold the same language to the bewildered Venetian.[2] On one occasion when Sebastian's companion, the Spanish ambassador, employed his choicest rhetoric in urging the crusade, Wolsey cut him short with the rejoinder, that this was no time to make preparations. Then turning to the Venetian, "You are in a perilous position, but more from the Christian than the true Turk." Sebastian, however, began to guess that the whole was a scene enacted for the behoof of the Spaniard. Nor was he far wrong in his conjecture; for when the Spaniard had left the room, Wolsey spoke of the French King in more decorous terms, saying, "If I perceive the king of France means well to his Majesty, and will do justice, I will conclude this union. The king of France has now got a son, and the king of England a daughter. I will unite them by these means." Yet even after this he had not dropped the disguise entirely, for when Sebastian told him in the course of a subsequent interview, that Francis had always displayed great affection to Venice, "Don't be taken by surprise," replied Wolsey; "you Venetians have often been deceived by the kings of France." Sebastian retorted: "*Alius fuit Ludovicus, alius Franciscus.*" "*Galli sunt omnes*" (rogues all), rejoined Wolsey.

Hitherto the negociations had only embraced the surrender of Tournay, and the terms of a stricter alliance. The birth of the Dauphin, Feb. 28, 1518, seemed to open, as Wolsey had hinted, the prospect of a closer union between the two crowns. The proceedings were inaugurated by a letter from Stephen Poncher, the aged Bishop of Paris, expressing his anxiety to further peace, as he had done in the days of Lewis XII., and reminding the Cardinal of a conversation which had passed between them at the arrangements for Tournay.[3] He sent at the same time his secretary, John Gobelin,[4]—a name since famous throughout the world,—to remind the Cardinal that the Bishop had not forgotten the desire expressed by Wolsey, when he and De la Guiche were ambassadors in England;

[1] II. 4014.
[2] II. 4047.
[3] April 8, 1518: 4063.
[4] Giles Gobelin, the celebrated manufacturer, was contemporaneous with this John; but what was the relation between them, if any, I have not been able to discover. As artificers of this kind were highly favoured by the great ecclesiastics of the age, I have little doubt that both belonged to the same family.

that if the Queen of France who was then pregnant, should have a son, a marriage might be contracted between him and the Princess Mary. The King his master was aware of Wolsey's desire to further the amity between the two crowns, and hoped for his good offices in the matter. If agreeable to the Cardinal, he requested the negociation might be secret and speedy, and carried on under the pretext of an arrangement for Tournay. Wolsey's answer has not been preserved in the English archives; it may probably be found in France. We learn, however, from a letter of the Bishop's dated the 14th of May,[1] that he considered it so important as to submit it at once to Francis; and both concurred in the Cardinal's suggestion that the negociations should be carried on through some trusty messenger, in preference to a more ostentatious embassy. The management of the whole affair fell into the hands of Wolsey. The King was of course privy to it; but when Dr. Clerk was despatched from the Cardinal to the Court, then residing at Woodstock in consequence of the plague, the King took him apart, and strictly enjoined him that "in no wise should he make mention of London matters" (that is, the French treaty then negociated by Wolsey alone in London) "before his lords." These lords were the Dukes of Buckingham and Suffolk, Lovell, and Marny,[2] all members of the Privy Council. It is probable that Lovell was aware of these proceedings;[3]—that Suffolk, who always favoured the French interests, and had apparently retired from court when its measures were hostile to Francis, more than guessed what was going on, can scarcely be doubted. For some reasons, not clearly explained, disagreements had arisen between Suffolk and Wolsey,[4] to which I shall refer at greater length hereafter, occasioned apparently by the fact that the Duke had employed his influence with the French ambassadors to learn the secrets of their mission. At least, it is not easy to put any other interpretation on Pace's words. He states[5] that after Suffolk received the sacrament, on Easter day, he desired Pace to hear him speak, and said, "he had been accused as untrue to the king's Grace, as well in the accepting of a protection offered unto him by the French king, as in putting the French orators, at their late being here or afore their coming, in comfort of the restitution of Tournay." This Suffolk denied. In a subsequent conversation with

[1] II. 4166.
[2] II. 4124.
[3] See ibid.
[4] II. 1248, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1278, 1289, 1331, 4346.
[5] April 7. No. 4061.

Pace,[1] he spoke strongly of his desire for reconciliation with Wolsey, "confirming with solemn oaths, in most humble manner, the most faithful love and servitude that he intendeth to use towards your Grace, during his life, in all manner of things touching your honor."

As both Kings were equally anxious for the match, it proceeded without further impediment.[2] By the 9th of July,[3] the articles were drawn and concluded, and nothing now remained but the formal acceptance of them by the high contracting parties. Bonnivet, the admiral, was sent into England on a more splendid mission than any which had yet left the shores of France. He was attended by the Bishop of Paris, and a numerous train; thirty gentlemen, and fifty archers, with wrestlers, musicians, and tennis players.[4] The largeness of the company occasioned some irregularity in its arrival. On the 28th of August, the Bishop landed at Sandwich, and was directed to wait at Gravesend, where a barge would be ready for his reception. The rest of the embassy had not yet started from Calais.[5] The weather was stormy, and it was not thought consistent with the King's dignity to receive one party without the other. Even then, if we may credit Giustinian, all difficulties had not disappeared. He found the Cardinal and the Bishop in close conclave. High words had passed between them. The arrival of the Bishop unattended had awakened the dormant suspicions of the English, that after all Francis intended to deceive them; and the extreme secrecy observed even now by Wolsey shows how cautiously he guarded himself against such a contingency. The real points in debate may be seen in Wolsey's letter to the King.[6] It was he who insisted on having the best of the bargain; even then, at the eleventh hour, he wrung additional concessions from the French. One of these concessions had reference to Scotland; Albany should not be permitted to return thither; a stipulation which occasioned the King of France the greatest annoyance.

Sebastian was anxious to penetrate the mystery, and discover in what state the matter stood. He only half relished

[1] July 11. No. 4308.

[2] Whilst it was proceeding, Pace mentions a curious argument he had held with the King, whether the marriage of princes was regulated by the same laws as that of private persons; the King holding the negative. (4275.) It is worth observing how the whole history of Henry VIII. constantly impinges on this topic.

[3] II. 4303.

[4] II. 4356. Their names are given in No. 4409.

[5] II. App. p. 1540.

[6] Ibid. See also the French report, No. 4479. It appears that they had taken alarm at the offer of Charles to prevent the marriage and the surrender of Tournay.

this close intimacy between France and England, which he had formerly urged with vehemency when he saw there was no hope of it; now it was near its accomplishment, it seemed to have no other effect than that of throwing himself and the republic into the shade. He rode over to Eltham on the 18th of September, under the plausible pretext of offering the King his warmest congratulations on the peace and union between the two crowns—(he could always succeed better with the King than the Cardinal),—hoping in reality, at some unguarded interval, to make himself "master of the situation." Unfortunately for him, the King was going out for an airing, and he learnt no more than that peace had not yet been concluded, with a hint that many details still remained for discussion. By no means baffled by this disappointment, the envoy hurried away to Sir Thomas More, the newly made councillor, then attending on the King as one of his secretaries. "I adroitly turned the conversation—(they are his own words)—to those negociations concerning peace and marriage; but More did not open, and pretended not to know in what the difficulties consisted, declaring that the Cardinal of York 'most solely,' to use his own expression, transacted this matter with the French ambassadors, and when he has concluded then he calls in the councillors, so that the king himself scarcely knows in what state matters are." [1]

All difficulties were arranged at last;—the voice of dispute, and the sharp dialectics of diplomatists striving to outwit each other, were silent before the public rejoicings, as the gay trains of ambassadors in strange and picturesque array passed along the streets. On the 23rd of September the Lord Admiral made his appearance with an enormous cavalcade, exceeding 600 horsemen, in splendid equipages, attended by 70 mules and 7 waggons loaded with baggage, to the immense delight of the good citizens of London.[2] Such an embassy had never been seen within its walls before. They were met by the Lord

[1] II. 4438.

[2] Hall, who is not to be exclusively trusted, for his strong English antipathies to everything foreign often perverted his judgment, states that the embassy was "accompanied with many noblemen and young fresh gallants of the court of France to the number of 80 and more; and with them came a great number of rascal and pedlars and jewellers, and brought over hats and caps and divers merchandize uncustomed, all under the color of trussery (baggage) of the ambassadors." Chron. p. 593. And again, after the ambassadors had been lodged in the Tailors' Hall, he adds: "When these lords were in their lodgings, then the French hardware men opened their wares, and made the Tailors' Hall like to the paunde of a mart. At this doing many an Englishman grudged, but it availed not" (p. 594). Evil May Day was not yet out of their thoughts, nor the hatred they felt for foreign merchants and artificers.

Surrey, High Admiral, with 160 lords and gentlemen, on the part of England, resolved not to be outdone by their French rivals. The mounted procession numbered 1,400, half French and half English, 30 of them being the Scotch guards of the French King, accompanied by the same number of English guards. On the 26th the King, attended by the legates, gave them a public audience at Greenwich in a magnificent assembly of all the nobles of the realm.[1] The Bishop of Paris delivered the oration. He enlarged on the blessings of peace, and the happy prospects which now dawned upon Christendom by the union of its two most powerful Sovereigns, concluding his speech by demanding the hand of Princess Mary for the Dauphin. The reply was delivered by Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely, in much the same strain, and of course with the expected conclusion. This done, the King "got upon his legs, and calling all the French gentlemen one by one, embraced them very graciously." Then he led the French ambassador and Wolsey into an inner chamber, leaving the legate Campeggio, who happened to be present with other ambassadors, standing at the door. Sebastian is very much scandalized at the little respect paid by England to the Holy See.[2]

On the 3rd of October (Sunday) the King, with a train of 1,000 mounted gentlemen richly dressed, attended by the legates and all the foreign ambassadors, went in procession to St. Paul's. The mass was sung by Wolsey, assisted by the Bishops and mitred abbots. Pace preached the sermon. The service ended, the King took his oath. "The ceremonial," says Bonnivet, writing to Francis, and familiar with such displays, "was too magnificent for description. To-morrow (the 5th of Oct.) they go to Greenwich; and I," he adds, "shall be in great glory for that day, as they desire me to personate Mons. the Dauphin as *fiancé* to Madame the Princess." All were in high glee: feasting and rejoicing prevailed everywhere. The same day the King dined with the Bishop of London, returning afterwards to Durham House in the Strand, from which he had started in the morning.

"After dinner the Cardinal of York was followed by the entire company to his own house (at Westminster), where they sate down to a most sumptuous supper, the like of which,

[1] The Admiral (Bonnivet) was in a gown of cloth of silver raised, furred with rich sables, and all his company almost were in a new-fashioned garment called a shemew (chemay), which was in effect a gown cut in the middle. —Hall.

[2] The heads of the treaty will be found in II. 4468. The marriage was to take place as soon as the Dauphin attained his 14th year. Mary would then be 16.

I fancy (says Giustinian), was never given by Cleopatra or Caligula; the whole banqueting hall being so decorated with huge vases of gold and silver, that I fancied myself in the tower of Chosroes, where that monarch caused divine honors to be paid him. After supper a mummery, consisting of twelve male and twelve female dancers, made their appearance in the richest and most sumptuous array possible, being all dressed alike. After performing certain dances in their own fashion, they took off their visors. The two leaders were the king and Queen Dowager of France,[1] and all the others were lords and ladies, who seated themselves apart from the tables, and were served with countless dishes of confections and other delicacies. After gratifying their palates, they gratified their eyes and hands; large bowls, filled with ducats and dice, were placed on the tables for such as liked to gamble: shortly after which the supper-tables were removed, when dancing recommenced, and lasted until midnight.

"When the banquet was done, in came six minstrels disguised, and after them followed three gentlemen in wide and long gowns of crimson satin, every one having a cup of gold in his hands; the first cup was full of angels and royals, the second had divers bales of dice, and the third had certain pairs of cards. These gentlemen offered to play at mumchance, and when they had played the length of the first board, then the minstrels blew up, and then entered into the chamber twelve ladies disguised; the first was the king himself and the French queen; [the 2nd,] the duke of Suffolk and the lady Daubney; [3rd,] the lord Admiral and the lady Guilford; [4th,] Sir Edw. Neville and Lady St. Leger; [5th,] Sir Henry Guilford and Mrs. (Miss) Walden; [6th,] Captain Emery and Mrs. Anne Carew; [7th,] Sir Giles Capel and lady Elizabeth Carew; [8th,] Nicholas Carew and Anne Browne; [9th,] Francis Brian and Elizabeth Blount; [10th,] Henry Norris and Anne Wotton; [11th,] Francis Poyntz and Mary Fyennes; [12th,] Arthur Pole and Margaret Bruges.

"On this company twelve knights attended in disguise, and bearing torches. All these thirty-six persons were disguised in one suit of fine green satin all over covered with cloth of gold, under-tied together with laces of gold, and had

[1] Katharine was near her confinement at the time, and took no part in these festivities. Envious people abroad reported that "the king went privily a mumming and dancing with the queen dowager of France at the admiral's lodging" (4544);—a distorted report of the supper mentioned in the text.

masking hoods on their heads: the ladies had tires made of braids of damask gold, with long hairs of white gold. All these maskers danced at one time, and after they had danced they put off their visors, and then they were all known. The admiral and lords of France heartily thanked the king that it pleased him to visit them with such disport."[1]

On the 5th of October the bridal ceremonies were celebrated at Greenwich. The King took his station in front of the throne; on one side stood Mary of France and Queen Katharine; in front of her mother was the Princess Mary, just two years old, dressed in cloth of gold with a cap of black velvet on her head blazing with jewels. On the other side stood the two legates, Wolsey and Campeggio. After a speech by Dr. Tunstal,[2] the Princess was taken in arms; the consent of the King and Queen was demanded and granted; and Wolsey approached with a diminutive gold ring fitted to the young lady's finger, in which was a diamond of great value. The Lord Admiral, as proxy for the bridegroom, passed it over the second joint; the bride was blessed, and mass performed by Wolsey, the King and the whole court attending it. These ceremonials were followed by a series of entertainments of the most costly description. The bill of fare for one day, the 7th of October, is preserved,[3] and enables us to form some conception of their magnificence. Among the solid viands were 3,000 loaves of bread, 3 tuns and 2 pipes of wine, 6 tuns and 7 hogsheads of ale, 10¾ carcases of beeves, 56 of muttons, 3 porkers, 4 fat hogs, 10 pigs, 2 doz. fat capons, 5 doz. and 7 Kentish capons, 7 doz. of a coarser kind, 27 doz. of chickens, 2½ doz. of pullets, 15 swans, 6 cranes, 32 doz. pigeons, 54 doz. of larks, 5 doz. and 8 geese, 4 peacocks, 18 peachicks, 35 lbs. of dates, 26 lbs. of prunes, 31 lbs. of small raisins, 32 lbs. of almonds, 4 lbs. of green ginger, 4 lbs. of marmalade, 3,000 pears, 1,300 apples, 220 quinces, 5¼ lbs. of long comfits, 28 lbs. of small, 16½ gallons of cream, 16 gallons of milk, 6 gallons of frumenty, 7 gallons of curds, 367 dishes of butter. Among other items set down in the King's Book of Payments for the occasion is the sum of

[1] II. 4481. These details suggested to Shakspeare his scene of the masqued ball in Romeo and Juliet. At the next page, in describing another pageant, Hall (p. 595) says: "Then entered Report (Rumour), apparelled in crimson satin full of tongues, sitting on a flying horse with wings," etc. This person declared the meaning of the pageant.

[2] Hall says that mass had been previously sung by Ruthal, Bishop of Durham. Probably before that part of the ceremonial took place at which Mary was present.

[3] II. pp. 1514-5.

1,000*l.* advanced to the King for "playing-money," gambling; 800*l.* at one time in rewards to the French King's gentlemen, 1,829*l.* 14*s.* in plate at another. The sum paid for "an hall place" (*haut pas?*) in St. Paul's Church[1] for the marriage of the Princess was 21*l.*; for "the mummery held at my lord Cardinal's place at Westminster, and for the disguising at Greenwich, 230*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*"[2] The personal expenses of the King for that month were 9,606*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* as against 3,085*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* of the previous year. The whole court during the celebration was engrossed with one unvarying round of festivities. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant no occasion like it had ever happened in England. When Mary was married to Lewis XII. the rejoicings were confined exclusively to France. This match, on the other hand, afforded Wolsey an opportunity for displaying his genius in splendid pomp and ceremonial; and his genius was as conspicuous in these minor things as in negociating a treaty for managing a nation. To the King, still a young man, ardently fond of personal display, and more fitted for it than any one of his time by his strength, stature, and agility, his good looks and love of activity, such an occasion as this was not unwelcome. Nothing more was needed to complete his happiness than a personal interview with Francis. A few solemn triflers might shake their heads at the thought of England being once more tied up in reversion to a foreign crown, or complain with grave faces that "these gentlemen of France were very fresh;"[3] but Katharine was still a young woman, the nation was anxiously expecting the birth of a prince, and the solid advantages of the union could not be denied.

The old councillors, who had hitherto stood aloof from the German policy of Wolsey, openly applauded the match. Fox, who is reported (on no better authority than that of Polydore Vergil) to have withdrawn from the Council in disgust, wrote a letter in terms unusually warm for so cold and reserved a prelate: "It was the best deed," he tells Wolsey, "that ever was done for England, and next to the king the praise of it is due to you."[4] How Katharine herself accepted this alliance for her daughter, so contrary in all appearance to her family predilections, to her stern Spanish piety and asceticism, we have no evidence to show; but if Wolsey stood high in the

[1] Although the marriage was celebrated by proxy "in the Queen's great chamber at Greenwich" (II. 4480), it would appear that there was a public celebration of it at St. Paul's.—Ed.

[2] II. p. 1479.

[3] Hall.

[4] II. 4540.

opinion of his royal master before, this last stroke of policy raised him higher still. No subject had ever been exalted to such a dazzling height; omnipotent with his own King, he had in effect the whole sovereignty of Europe at his beck. Francis professed to be entirely guided by his councils; Charles, more distant and haughty, owed to his good offices the safe possession of Spain, and his projects of the Imperial crown depended on the continuance of Wolsey's favour. As for Leo X., Giustinian did not exceed the truth when he stated that Wolsey "was seven times more in repute than if he had been the Pope himself."[1] In fact, whilst Leo by turns trembled before Charles and Francis, and intrigued against both to deliver himself from their oppressive patronage, Wolsey, independent of either, had it in his power to make both feel keenly the consequences of his friendship or resentment. The independence of the Sovereign Pontiff was but a shadow; if he got rid of one dictator, it was only to fall under the more galling tyranny of another. The two rivals for supremacy in Italy were as the upper and the nether millstone, grinding themselves when they ceased to grind the Pope.

The embassy from France was followed by an embassy from England in return. It consisted of the Earl of Worcester, West, Bishop of Ely, Dokwra, Prior of St. John's, and Sir Nicholas Vaux.[2] They reached Dover on the 13th of November, crossed to Calais the next day (Sunday), but, owing to a storm, had the misfortune to leave part of their train and their horses behind. On the 27th they left for Boulogne, where they were received "in great triumph with shooting of guns,"[3] and were lodged in the castle. On the 29th they were attended by La Fayette to Montreuil; thence to Abbeville on the 1st of December.[4] Here the mayor and merchants of the town, after a solemn reception, presented them with three puncheons of wine. The Bishop entertained them at his father's house; "where the old father, a very impotent old man, having no more use of reason than a child, met them in his gallery, and made them a right good supper." On the 3rd to Amiens; where, being Friday, the burgesses offered them "great carps, great pikes, trouts, barbels, crevisses, great eels, and four puncheons of wine." On Sunday they divided their company for straitness of lodging, agreeing to meet at Senlis on Tuesday.[5] They reached St. Denys on the

[1] Brown's *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*, ii. 314.
[2] II. 4593.
[3] II. 4163.
[4] II. 4638.
[5] At this place they wrote to Wolsey

9th.;[1] here the abbot sent them right good plenty of wine;" and next day made them "a right good feast;"—for their new continental friends and allies seem to have been quite alive to the national infirmity. A league from Paris they were met by the Bishop, and 100 gentlemen of the King's house. Then came the provost with "the merchants," and the courtiers in the faubourgs. As they passed along they were met by "divers gentlemen masked, some of whom rode amongst us, and looked upon every man as they rode, amongst whom we surely suppose the king himself was." Their audience was appointed on Sunday the 12th, at the palace; "where, in a very great chamber, appointed with blue hangings full of fleurs-de-lis, with the floor covered with the same,[2] and seats prepared round for the noblemen, as it was within your realm,[3] closed round about with rails, the king himself sate in a chair raised four steps from the ground, under a rich cloth of estate, with a pall of cloth of gold, and a cushion of the same under his feet."[4] The steps of the daïs were covered with violet-coloured velvet powdered with fleurs-de-lis. Francis was dressed in a robe of cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers, and lined with herons' feathers. His doublet was cloth of gold. But on his head he wore only his ordinary cloth cap. On his right was the Roman legate, seated under a gold canopy, then the King of Navarre, with the Dukes of Alençon, Bourbon, and others; on the left, four Cardinals, the papal nuncio, and ambassadors, the Chevalier Duprat, and a crowd of Bishops.

After all were duly seated, the English ambassadors made their appearance. They were conducted through the press by 200 gentlemen armed with battle-axes.[5] Worcester was dressed in a vest of crimson satin lined with sables, Vaux in

to inquire whether the gentlemen that be not appointed to go with my Lord of Ely to see the Dauphin are to wait upon my Lord Chamberlain (Worcester), or take the straight way home. They had already written on the 28th of November to say, "that the Dauphin was at Blois in good health." This is explained by a story in Hall, exaggerated, no doubt, and coloured by his peculiar prejudices: "After divers feasts, jousts, and banquets made to the English ambassadors, the Bishop of Ely, with Sir Thomas Boleyn and Sir Richard Weston, were sent by the French king to Coniac to see the Dolphyn, where they were well received, and to them was showed a fair young child; and when they had seen him they departed. The fame went that the French king at this time had no son, but that this was but a color of the French king."—Chron. p. 596.

[1] II. 4652, 4661.

[2] Blue tiles, such as are now seen in the palace at Blois.

[3] The oversight is curious, for the letter was addressed to Wolsey.

[4] II. 4661.

[5] The readers of Shakspeare's Henry VIII. will remember the hubbub at the christening of the princess Elizabeth, and the rough usage of the crowd.

cloth of gold lined with the same, the Bishop of Ely in his rochet, the Lord of St. John in black satin. Then came twenty English gentlemen, superbly dressed in cloth of gold, with pendants in their bonnets, and massive gold chains round their necks and waists, studded with jewels. As they arrived at the middle of the platform, Francis descended from his seat, embraced them, and ordered them to be seated. Then West rose to speak, of course in Latin, the sole medium of communication on these occasions, and delivered himself not merely "with good emphasis and discretion," but, if Hall may be trusted, "with such a bold spirit that the Frenchmen much praised his audacity."[1] At the conclusion of the ceremony, the King rose, descended from his throne, and embraced all the English gentlemen, an acknowledgment of a similar compliment paid to the French gentlemen at Greenwich. That done, he withdrew to another chamber, accompanied by Worcester. To the Earl he expressed his great satisfaction at the peace;—declared that "from henceforth he would repute himself and his subjects as Englishmen, and the king's Grace, our master and his subjects, as Frenchmen; and that it might so appear, he would endeavour himself to learn English." When Worcester presented his letters, partly written with the King's hand, Francis raised them to his lips with becoming reverence, read them, and put them in his bosom, saying "that he had all the letters that ever his Grace had sent him in his own custody and keeping, and he would in like manner keep these." France had some right to be proud of the best-bred gentleman in Europe.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the embassy proceeded to Notre Dame, where the Scotch guard "kept the room." Mass done, the legate advanced to the high altar, and gave a solemn benediction with plenary indulgence. Then the King advanced from his traverse, followed by the English commissioners. A cardinal held the book, the legate standing before him; whilst Francis signed the oath with his own hand. "Sire, ye have done a noble act to-day," said the legate. "By my *faith*," replied the King, "I have done it with a good heart and good will." Then all went to dinner with the Bishop of Paris, "who gave them a stately banquet

[1] What occasion there could be for "audacity," except that of delivering a Latin oration before a critical audience, I do not perceive. If that is what Hall meant, it did require not only considerable confidence, but mastery of the Latin tongue, to speak before men, some of whom, like the Cardinal Legate, Bibiena, then present, were the correspondents of Bembo, and gloried in the coveted title of *Ciceroniani*.

served solely on gold plate;" after dinner to the Duke of Bourbon's to a supper, equally costly. The whole was concluded with an entertainment on the 22nd, at the Bastille, "a small fortress surrounded by very high walls, turrets, and a moat, constructed of yore as a bulwark to the city." It was now near mid-winter, and the weather stormy and rainy. But the French, never at a loss where taste and ingenuity are required, were as distinguished in displays of this kind then as they are now.[1] The inner courtyard of the Bastille was carefully laid over with smooth timber, and covered with an awning of blue canvas, setting weather and rain at defiance. The canvas was painted blue, to represent the heavens, and powdered with gilt stars and planets; the galleries were festooned with alternate strips of white and tawny, the royal colours. The floor was carpeted in the same manner. From the centre hung an immense chandelier, "throwing such a marvellous blaze of light on the starry ceiling as to rival the sun." A raised platform ran along the whole length of the apartment, carpeted like the hall, with benches all round, covered with gold brocade. Over-arching the platform was a latticed bower of box, ivy, and evergreens, from which roses and other flowers trailed. The King took his seat at the table on a high daïs, covered with cloth of gold, placing the Duchess of Alençon on his left, and next her the Bishop of Ely. On his right was the papal legate, with the beautiful Countess of Borromeo, daughter of Galeazzo Visconti; next her the Earl of Worcester, with noblemen and ladies alternately. The gentlemen of the embassy dined at tables on the floor below the platform. Dancing commenced to the sound of trumpets and fifes, and lasted until nine, when supper was served on gold and silver dishes, each course being announced by a flourish of trumpets. The supper ended, different companies of maskers successively appeared in quaint costume; and last of all the King, dressed in a long close-fitting vest of white satin, embroidered with gold, intended to represent Christ's robe, with compasses and dials, the meaning of which puzzled the spectators. Then dancing recommenced, and the whole was finished by ladies handing round to all the company confections and bon-bons on silver dishes. The entertainment is said to have cost the King of France more than 450,000 crowns.[2]

[1] II. 4674.

[2] Those who wish to pursue these details any further may consult Mr. Rawdon Brown's curious Appendix to the despatches of Giustinian.

The embassy returned. France was now the ally of England, but for that alliance it had made great concessions and sacrifices. It had purchased its own property from England at a heavy cost. It had paid dearly for a possession which England would not have retained at any price. It had agreed to desist from all interference in the affairs of Scotland, its most steady and ancient ally. The wings of its ambition were clipped. So bitter, and apparently so unpopular, had the military career of Francis proved to many of his subjects, that they welcomed the friendship of England with every demonstration of delight. The wheel had turned round, and Wolsey had fulfilled his promise. He had united the two nations. Once more England stood arbiter among the sovereigns of Europe;—without a blow; by the mere force of Wolsey's policy. His triumph was complete; his enemies had not a word to say.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTCH AFFAIRS.

In the last four chapters we have traced at some length the story of our diplomatic relations with foreign Powers at a period of special interest in continental history. The internal policy of our own country during the same period is, with one exception, of much less interest and importance. That exception relates to the flight of Queen Margaret from Scotland, and her refuge in England, told in the State papers with a minuteness that forms a striking contrast to the meagre and unsatisfactory narrative of Scotch historians in general. To follow the documents it will be necessary for the reader to bear in mind the following events.

By the death of the accomplished Alexander Stuart [1] on the field of Flodden, the metropolitan see of St. Andrew's fell vacant. Three competitors started up for the vacancy: Gawin Douglas, the translator of Virgil, supported by the influence of England; John Hepburn, Prior of St. Andrew's; and Andrew Forman, Bishop of Murray, whose name is of frequent occurrence in the Scotch diplomatic correspondence. The Bishop of Murray was higher in favour than either of his rivals at the Papal and the French courts. Julius II. had promised him a cardinalate.[2] Lewis XII. had created him Archbishop of Bourges, and employed him as his mediator with the Pope. The claims of Hepburn were, in the first instance, espoused by Alexander Hume, Chamberlain of Scotland: subsequently Hume took part with Forman, and thus drew down upon himself the resentment of Hepburn. Even before the death of James IV. fierce dissensions had broken out among the hierarchy of that country; now, after their preponderance had been greatly augmented by the fatal

[1] He was the pupil of Erasmus, who has embalmed his memory in some of the most charming passages of his *Adagia*. Erasmus tells us he was so near-sighted that he could not read without holding his book to the very end of his nose. What other fate could he expect in such a *mêlée* as that at Flodden?

[2] II. 776.

destruction of the nobility at Flodden and the minority of James V., the power and rights of the Crown were set at defiance. The Church presented a scene of rapine and disorder darker even than the rest of that dark kingdom. "Every man takes up abbacies that may. . . . They tarry not quhilk benefices be vacant; they take them or (*i.e.* before) they fall; for they tyne (lose) the virtue if they touch ground"—is the quaint and sarcastic remark of Inglis, Margaret's secretary.[1]

Such was the state of things when Margaret, four months after the birth of her posthumous son,[2] and within a year of the death of James IV.,[3] married her second husband, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a handsome young man,—"vehementi quodam animi impetu concitata," remarks Leslie,—a remark which characterized the whole family in these affairs. She lost by her marriage the little remains of authority she had nominally retained over her proud and impetuous subjects;—a result to which she herself contributed by advancing the interests of her husband's relatives. James Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, exasperated at the loss of the chancellorship, threw himself immediately into opposition, and marched upon Edinburgh. Margaret fled with Angus to Stirling. She was in great distress,—she had pawned her jewels, and lost her friends. Whether Henry ever contemplated making an offer of her hand during her widowhood to Lewis XII., as Dacre proposed, we have no means of deciding. It is not unlikely. When she was in England Wolsey was heard to

[1] II. 50.

[2] This son was born April 30, 1514. Her troubles had already begun, and were not entirely consequent upon her second marriage, as some have represented. This is clear from Lord Dacre's letter to Henry VIII. (I. 4951.) He writes that in the parliament held in April, it had been enacted, that all fortresses in Scotland should be delivered to the three estates,—a blow apparently aimed at Stirling;—that a bill for Albany's recall had been read, but was not concluded. The Scotch had already been in correspondence with the Duke. Then, adds Dacre, in the cold, grim, and granite policy of the times: "The queen has taken her chamber in Stirling Castle; if the French king (Lewis XII.) please to marry her he can have her." The letter is dated April 8. Anne of Brittany died January 9 before. Yet this hard man, who burnt villages on the borders by the score, and reckoned up the death or imprisonment of hundreds of poor inhabitants with as little compunction as if they had been so many sheep or oxen, had a soft and romantic spot in his heart. In a letter to Wolsey about a certain Lady Pickering, whom he wished to marry, he says: "She has only 40*l.* a year, her goods are of little value, her father's lands will descend to her children" (she was a widow). "The letter I wrote unto your Grace concerning her was more for love than any profit; and that she is young, and that I have but one son, and am desirous to have more, so it will stand with the pleasure of God." II. 4541.

[3] She married Angus, August 6, 1514.

say "that he would have resigned the Cardinal's hat, or lost a finger of his right hand, to have married her to the Emperor Maximilian."[1] Some sort of argument was in fact set up for that purpose. Scotland, it was pretended, was under an interdict at the time of her marriage, and so her union with Angus was null and void.[2] But in Margaret, as in Mary, Henry found a will as imperious as his own in matters of the heart. Where these Tudors set their affections there they gave their hands, regardless of all considerations but one; and from their resolutions, once taken, nothing could divert them. In this state of uncertainty she received a letter from Henry on the 22nd of November.[3] She was then at war with her refractory subjects. Hepburn had laid siege to the castle of St. Andrew's; she herself was daily expecting to be attacked in Stirling castle. Hume, the Chamberlain, "the post of this conspiration," usurped all authority, and treated her and her adherents as rebels. She desired Henry to send an army into Scotland, and keep him well employed; from the rest she could defend herself till aid came from England. She begs to hear from her brother every month: "and gif my party adversary counterfeits ony letters in my name, or gif they compel me to write to you for concord, the subscription shall be but thus: *Margaret R.*, na mare."[4] That would show she had written under compulsion.

The expected aid did not come; she was taken a few days after from Stirling to Edinburgh by her enemies, Arran and the Chamberlain; escaped with Angus on the 21st of November;[5] threw herself again into Stirling, and was closely besieged by the Prior of St. Andrew's. So matters stood at the commencement of 1515. Both parties were now anxiously expecting the arrival of Albany. It had been part of the purpose of Suffolk and his fellows, in their embassy of congratulation, to prevent, if possible, the Duke from receiving aid from France. In this they were unsuccessful. The design of Suffolk to marry the French Queen placed him at once in a false position at the French court, and tied his hands. Francis and his ministers professed utter ignorance of any design upon the part of Albany to cross the sea.[6] There was no means of meeting such an allegation. The English ambassadors, however well convinced of the fact, had only uncertain rumours to oppose. The Duke's steps were carefully

[1] II. 1863.
II. 1845.
[3] I. 5614.
[4] Instead of, *Your loving sister, Margaret R.*
[5] II. 5641.
[6] II. 105.

dogged by English spies; the port from which he was to sail well known; and English vessels hovered about the passage to intercept him.[1] Francis himself, more young and confident than his ministers, made no concealment of his intentions. When Suffolk and the rest proposed to conclude the peace between the two crowns on condition that Francis should agree by a secret article not to send Albany to Scotland, he proudly refused. The altercation (it was little less) lasted two hours, but the King's resolution remained unshaken. He had promised the Scots to send Albany, and he could not now retract his promise with honour. They urged, "he was the most suspect person that could be sent, for he not only pretended to the crown of Scotland, but had been invited by their master's enemies." The only satisfaction they could obtain was a promise that Francis would undertake that the Duke should do no injury to England; and if he failed to appease the disturbances in three or four months, he should be recalled. The promise to send Albany, the King urged, had been made to the Scots by Lewis XII., and therefore his successor was bound to perform it.[2]

His ministers, more wary, and conscious of the fact that Henry was already actively interposing in the affairs of Scotland, offered to stop Albany for three months, if Henry in the meantime would engage to give no aid to his sister, but allow both parties in Scotland to settle their differences by themselves. The English replied: They had no authority to make such an agreement, and would not make it if they had; but if Francis sent the Duke to aid one party, their master "would send another as big as he" to help his sister. The French said: England has already prepared ships which are now cruising on the coast; and as they cannot be intended against France, whose alliance England is now seeking, they must be intended against Scotland. The ambassadors replied, about that matter they knew nothing.[3]

These remarks will explain a number of difficulties which have hitherto puzzled English and Scotch historians. It has appeared strange that in so critical a period Henry should have rendered such ineffectual aid to Margaret. Her messengers were all this time in England urging, in the strongest terms, a speedy and effective demonstration. That seemed the wisest policy. If it were only known that England was making preparations to advance to Margaret's relief, it would

[1] II. 287. [2] II. 296. [3] II. 304.

inspire her friends with confidence, and intimidate her foes. Neither the Queen's life nor her husband's was safe in a country abandoned to furious civil strife, and never nice in shedding royal blood. In January, Hamilton set an ambush of 600 men to slay Angus as he was coming from Glasgow. Lennox had pounced upon Dumbarton. Every day the Queen expected to be deprived of her children. She was surrounded by spies on all sides. "God send," she writes to her brother, "I were such a woman as might go with my bairns in mine arm, I trow I should not be long fra you." It was the same with all classes, high or low. As might be expected, when the chiefs quarrelled, every Scotchman, as a matter of course, with his keen appetite and canine sagacity for strife, was only too ready to share in the fray. "Ye know the use (fashion) of this country," says Sir James Inglis[1] more than three hundred years ago; "every man speaks of what he will without blame. There is na slander punished; the man hath ma words na (than) the master, and will not be content except he ken his master's counsel. There is na order among us." Yet no help came.

Equally, on the other side, Albany's inexplicable delay filled his followers with fear and perplexity. He did not leave St. Malo, where he had been hovering about for a month, watching the white sails of the English cruisers, until the 18th of May. The exact day of his disembarkation is not known; it was sedulously concealed. His first letter was addressed to Francis I., from Glasgow, May 22nd,[2] doubtless from the house of his great ally the Archbishop there. But by that time Francis was out of ear-shot of English remonstrances. He had started on his expedition for Milan, and cared not to have his whereabouts known. Albany, at his arrival, threw himself into the arms of Hepburn, Margaret's most implacable enemy. The fiery pride of Hume was offended at this injudicious preference of his rival. He veered round to the Queen's party; and Murray became indifferent.

By the comprehension of Scotland in the treaty with France, Henry was precluded from all overt acts of aggression on the kingdom of his nephew. Whatever was to be done, especially against Albany, could only be done by intrigues with Margaret, or continual raids upon the borders. For the latter some pretext was never long wanting. A hard, stern

[1] II. 50. [2] II. 494.

people, reckless of life—for property they had none,—familiarized from their cradles with bloodshed and robbery, nurtured among burning homesteads and smoking ricks—accustomed to look out on every bright moonlit night in the summer for the rapid moss-trooper swooping down with his black gangs on any spot recovered by a greener vegetation from the dreary waste—from sire to son inheriting blood which cried aloud for vengeance and throbbed in their veins for the wrongs of country and kinsmen,—they never waited to consider how far they might be violating the laws of treaties, or what amount of provocation justified retaliation. The implacable feuds of the two people had drawn a band of desolation of many miles in extent, from Berwick to Carlisle—so dreary, so desolate, that centuries of peaceful occupation have not yet sufficed entirely to obliterate its traces. Chief of the English Marches was Thomas Lord Dacre, sometimes called Lord Dacre of the North; fierce, imperious, and indefatigable; not so fiery as Hotspur, but one to whom might be applied, more truly than to Hotspur himself, the exaggerated expression of Prince Henry,—one that "would kill some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, wash his hands, and say to his wife: 'Fie upon this quiet life, I want work.'" But Dacre, unlike Hotspur, was a man of great policy, habituated to all those arts of disguise and surprise which had been fostered by his border life. He was the person now appointed to carry out the designs of Henry against Scotland;—an everlasting thorn to prick the sides of Albany, and keep him in perpetual alarm.

His first move was to disengage Hume, the Chamberlain, still further from his ancient friends, and set him up as a rival to the duke.[1] This was not difficult. Albany had been received at Edinburgh with acclamations. No better proof can be given of his great popularity than the unusual efforts made by Henry to detain him in France. At the meeting of the Scotch Parliament on the 12th of July, the sword was borne before him by the Earl of Arran, without any regard to Margaret; a coronet was set upon his head by Angus and Argyle, and he was nominated Protector until the King reached the age of eighteen. Dacre had taken the precaution to despatch his brother Sir Christopher, like another invisible Até, to stir the blood of the disaffected lords, and prompt the neutrals to disaffection. It required very little art to crush

[1] II. 779.

the clusters of "ripe hate, like a wine;" or to note the way—

"It worked while each grew drunk:

but one art—and that was, not to seem to work in behalf of England, which the Scotch feared, hated, and suspected. Albany, who had little capacity for ruling, began unwisely by revenging past injuries, and striking at the adherents of Margaret. Lord Drummond, the grandfather of Angus, was sent to Blackness for maltreating a herald of Albany's a year before. Gawin Douglas was committed to the sea tower of St. Andrew's, for his English predilections. Eight lords were appointed to have the supervision of the young King, and four of them were sent to Margaret with an intimation to select three. Margaret was then at Stirling. On hearing of their approach she took the young King by the hand, then a child of two years old, and with her nurse carrying the other Prince in her arms, posted herself in the gateway of the castle attended by Angus, and resolutely waited the coming of the lords. The moment they were seen approaching within three yards of the gate, she commanded them to stand and deliver their message. They replied they had brought her a commission to deliver into their hands the King and his brother. At the instant the portcullis dropped; and Margaret refused all further parley, declaring that the castle was her own, and that by the will of her husband she was the guardian of his children. On the fifth day she offered to commit them to the care of three lords of her own nomination; but her proposition was refused, and Albany resolved to make himself master of the fortress. For this purpose he employed the services of her husband, Angus![1]

The possession of the two Princes was of the utmost importance; and Albany was determined not to be baffled. Stirling was strictly besieged by Lennox, Borthwick, Bothwell, and others, hereditary enemies of the Douglas. Angus, who had withdrawn from Stirling, was commanded on his allegiance to return, and assist in "keeping victuals from the Queen and her party." This gratuitous cruelty and impolitic measure of the Duke gave Dacre the opportunity he desired. He arranged for Angus and the Chamberlain to ride to Stirling with 60 horse and carry off the two Princes. They managed to speak with Margaret, and smuggle in George Douglas, the Earl's brother. Unfortunately sixteen of the party were lost as they en-

[1] II. 779, 783.

deavoured to steal away unperceived. But Dacre had accomplished one part of his purpose:—an irreconcilable feud sprung up between Albany and the Chamberlain.

On Saturday, 4th of August, Albany appeared before Stirling, accompanied with 7,000 men and a park of artillery: among the number was the celebrated Mons Meg, now laid up in honourable inactivity in the castle at Edinburgh. It had been arranged by Margaret and her husband, that in the event of the Duke assaulting the castle, Margaret should take the young King, and, placing him on the ramparts[1] in sight of the invaders, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, testify by this act that the war was directed against the King's own person. The formidable nature of Albany's preparation drove this and all thoughts of resistance out of the heads of the besieged. George Douglas with the rest fled, leaving Margaret and the young Princes to their fate. In her distress she had no alternative except to surrender. She put the keys of the fortress into the young King's hands, and, descending with him to the gate, delivered them to the keeping of the Duke; beseeching the regent, at the same time, to show favour to her children and her husband.[2] She was remanded to the castle, and closely watched by Albany's adherents.

So far Dacre had succeeded above his expectations in exasperating Margaret against the regent, and rendering all sincere reconciliation between them impossible. But the two Princes had escaped the snare. His next device was to entice Albany to invade England, and thus by breaking the comprehension give Henry a just pretext for sending an army into Scotland. This was not easy; it might, however, be accomplished. By sheltering the disaffected nobles in the English marches, Albany might be provoked to make a sudden attempt to cross the borders and secure their persons.[3] No device seemed more available for that purpose than the feud between Albany and the Chamberlain; and as Hume had been warden of the marches for Scotland, this plan seemed the most feasible. If attacked by Albany he could

[1] II. 783. [2] II. 788.

[3] This is only one specimen of the systematic policy pursued by the Tudors towards Scotland and its rulers. The conduct of Dacre is but one instance of many which might be produced to show how thoroughly such ministers entered into the spirit of that policy; and how unscrupulously they pursued it—goaded on, as Dacre was, by dread of being thought to do his work incompletely, and not unfrequently stimulated by personal and national hatred of the Scotch. Of that hatred this age happily can form no conception.

readily retreat into the English borders; if he required ammunition, nothing was easier than to send it him from Berwick, or allow him to take it by a feint. Such was Dacre's suggestion; and it seems to have been acted on;[1] although it sometimes happened that those who had to carry out these plans did not understand them, and thought that Dacre was intriguing with Albany. Hume had a stronghold on the borders, named Fast Castle, which appeared admirably adapted to the plot. It was victualled by Hume at the suggestion of Dacre, "meaning to do the Duke all the annoyance he could, and take refuge in England when he could hold it no longer."[2] Alarmed at these intentions, Albany commanded Arran and Lennox to dislodge him. At the suggestion, doubtless, of Dacre, Hume made a show of submission, and offered it to Albany if he would come and take it with a small band. On his appearing before the walls Lady Hume refused to deliver it.[3] By Dacre's advice it was delivered at last to Lord Fleming, but in so ruinous a condition as to render its possession worthless.[4] Hume had set it on fire, taken away the iron gates, unroofed all the houses and chambers, left "no thakke" or covering over any part, except only a vault,[5] where Fleming lay with a small company. Dissatisfied even with this destruction, Hume retook the castle, drove out Fleming, levelled the walls to the ground, and, in the expressive language of the day,[6] "dammed up the well for evermore." Dacre might well boast he had got the Chamberlain into his power, and there was no probability of his reconciliation with the Duke. "It is the interest of the Chamberlain to be true," he wrote to Sir Anthony Ughtred, captain of Berwick, who was mystified with this crooked policy; "I am aware of his movements, and cannot be beguiled."[7] In his desire for revenge, Hume, like the horse in the fable, had taken a new and rougher rider on his back. Six months before he was the most powerful noble in Scotland, now a houseless man and an exile. The arts of Dacre were prospering. He had prepared a bed of thorns for Albany. He was trailing round the regent an inextricable web of intrigue and faction, and was enchanted at the prospect.

I return to Margaret, whom we left a prisoner, strictly

[1] II. 218.
[2] Aug. 7. II. 788.
[3] Aug. 14.
[4] Though spoken of as "Home castle" in Nos. 850 and 861, and "Fast castle" elsewhere, I think it is evident that the English narrators meant one and the same place.
[5] II. 850.
[6] II. 861.
[7] II. p. 219.

watched, in Stirling castle. She had desired her brother to send her aid in the shape of an army; in his inability to comply with this request Henry invited her to take refuge in England.[1] Dacre was instructed to convey her safely into her brother's dominions from Douglas castle, or any other place within ten miles this side of Stirling. Margaret alleged, in answer to this proposal, that she would rather follow it "than be the greatest lady in the world;"[2] but neither she, her husband, nor his uncle Gawin Douglas, could see how it was to be executed; for she was surrounded on all sides by spies, and all her communications were intercepted. She added a significant hint that in the event of no succours coming she should be compelled to submit to the Duke, as she had no means of defending herself.[3] It is probable that neither Margaret nor her advisers approved of a flight to England, except as a desperate remedy. So long as they had hopes of maintaining themselves in Scotland, that was better than refuge in England, however honourable; refuge there involved the destruction of her party, and all her expectations as Queen. In vain Henry's agents endeavoured to combat these objections.[4] The capture of her two sons, and her own imprisonment at Stirling, had destroyed her hopes; and if Albany's letters and her own may be trusted, she had learned to acquiesce in her fate; or at least pretended so to do. She returned to Edinburgh in token of her satisfaction at the regent's conduct;[5] she had even written to her brother, expressing a wish that she and Albany should continue in such a course that peace might be preserved between them; she expressed her approbation of the course taken by parliament in reference to the royal children; and as this letter was signed in the way she had arranged with Henry when he was to consider her writing as spontaneous, we must believe that these professions at the time were sincere.[6] She added at the close of the letter a very suspicious clause, that as she had not more than eight weeks to her time, she intended to lie in at Linlithgow in twelve days.[7] The letter was dated from Edinburgh, August 20th. Apparently this was a preconcerted signal between herself and Dacre, to whom she

[1] II. 62.
[2] II. 47.
[3] II. 48.
[4] II. 66.
[5] See August 10. II. 795.
[6] Yet Alexander Hume wrote to Dacre on the 24th to say that Albany had compelled Margaret to write and express her satisfaction to her brother against her will; and that he had received a secret message from her to that effect, to be communicated to Dacre (No. 846).
[7] II. 832.

wrote at the same time. By some contrivance the letter was not despatched until the end of the month.

On the 1st September,[1] Dacre requested her to change Linlithgow for Blacater, near Berwick, when he promised to wait upon her. She wrote in reply by Sir Robert Carr, that Dacre did not comprehend her real position; she was kept in strict watch by Albany in Edinburgh, her friends were in "ward," her revenues withheld. Escape was not easy. To follow Dacre's advice, and reach Blacater, she would feign sickness, go to Linlithgow with the earl her husband, and there take her chamber. She proposed to leave on the first or second night, accompanied only by her husband and four or five servants; the Chamberlain was to meet her with "40 hardy and well striking fellows," two or three miles from the town. It was suggested that in the event of failure, he should set fire to some village, as if his intentions had been nothing more than a border raid, and then wait for a better opportunity. It was now the 7th of September, and Dacre was at Etall. The plot could not apparently be carried out so soon as was expected. Nearly a month slipped away, but on Sunday, September 30th, Margaret arrived at Harbottle; and the Sunday after, in the words of Dacre, was immediately "delivered of a fair young lady," christened the next day with such conveniences as they could muster.[2] This was the celebrated Margaret Douglas, afterwards married to the Earl of Lennox. When her escape became known to Albany, he wrote to her the most urgent entreaties to return to Scotland, apologized for the part he had taken in reference to her children, and attributed the act entirely to the States.[3] If she would return to Scotland "to her gesine" (her lying-in) he promised to restore everything in seven days, and take Angus into favour. It is needless to say that these offers were rejected with scorn. On the 10th she notified to him her delivery "of a Christian soul, being a young lady,"[4] and demanded the governance of her children. The answer of the Council of Scotland to this demand was extraordinary; still more as it was manifestly dictated by Albany. They told her that the governance of the realm expired with the death of her husband, and devolved upon the States; that Albany had been appointed by her consent; that she had forfeited the guardianship of her children by her second marriage; that in all temporal

[1] II. 885.
[2] II. 1044, 1672.
[3] II. 879, 1027.
[4] II. 1011.

matters "the realm of Scotland *has been immediately subject to Almighty God, not recognizing the Pope or any superior upon earth.*"

It was in vain that Albany employed threats and blandishments alternately. He wrote to Queen Mary,[1] whom he had personally known in France, to her husband the Duke of Suffolk, to Henry, and to Wolsey;[2] his intentions, he said, were studiously misrepresented, and Dacre—without mentioning his name—had kept the truth from the King's ears. Truth was not the thing wanted, least of all peace. It was Dacre's object to keep Albany in perpetual alarm; to throw over the borders the lawless troopers of Northumberland, Riddesdale, Tynedale, and Gillesland, and withdraw them the moment Albany appeared in force. By all the means his fertile brains could devise, he fomented the animosities of the nobles, especially of the Humes; he held out to them promises of munificent rewards from his master on condition that they should never make terms with Albany; and he took care, in his private correspondence with the Duke, that Albany should be in no temper or condition to make advances. "They are resolved," he says, in a letter to the King,[3] "to annoy the Duke, who is well weary from the continued spoiling, burning, and slaughter in Scotland." Dacre was indefatigable in these devices; an inimitable agent of mischief and destruction. In his hands the passions, the selfishness, the treachery of men were more desolating instruments than fire and sword, for turning a fruitful land into a wilderness.

Henry was desirous that Margaret should spend her Christmas in London, and take part in the pageantry of that season,[4] into which no one entered with greater zest than himself. But her delivery had been followed by a severe and protracted illness. From Harbottle she had been removed to Morpeth, to Dacre's intolerable expense, and was some days in accomplishing the journey. She was too feeble to bear the jolting of horses in the litter, and was carried the whole distance on the shoulders of Dacre's servants. Sir Christopher Garneys, whom Skelton the poet has made the subject of his bitterest invectives, was sent to visit her in December, and carry her the King's presents. He gives an affecting picture of the Queen and the woman, racked by excruciating pains, which could not extinguish the delight she took in the new dresses just arrived from London. "I think

[1] II. 1025. [2] II. 1024, 1030. [3] II. 1044. [4] II. 1223.

her," he says,[1] "one of the lowest-brought ladies with her great pain of sickness that I have seen, and escape. Her Grace hath such a pain in her right leg that these three weeks she may not endure to sit up while her bed is a-making; and when her Grace is removed, it would pity any man's heart to hear the shrieks and cries that her Grace giveth."[2] Immediately she heard of the presents, she had herself borne in a chair out of her bedroom into the great chamber, to feast her eyes on the rich stuffs her brother had sent her. "When she had seen everything," continues Garneys, "she bid the lord chamberlain (Hume, who had followed her to Morpeth) and the other gentlemen come in and look at them; exclaiming, with an air of triumph, 'So, my Lords, here ye may see that the King my brother hath not forgotten me, and that he would not I should die for lack of clothes!'" Garneys adds that she had a wonderful love of apparel, and had caused the gowns of cloth of gold and tinsen (tinsel) to be made against this term of Christmas, "and likes the fashion so well she will send for them and have them held before her once or twice a day to look at." She had already in the castle twenty-two gowns of cloth of silk and gold, and had sent to Edinburgh for more.

In this flutter of delight she was unconscious of the great loss which had befallen her. The Duke of Rothesay, her favourite child, had died a few days before, on the 18th of December. The news was known to Dacre, but no one dared break it to Margaret. She herself was too much occupied with her clothes to notice the anxious looks of her attendants. The Duke, by all accounts, was a beautiful and winning boy; and Margaret, who had not seen him since she left Edinburgh, was never tired of talking about him. "If it comes to her knowledge," says Garneys, "it will be fatal to her. These four or five days of her own mind it hath pleased her grace to show unto me how goodly a child her younger son is, and her grace praiseth him more than she doth the king her eldest son."[3] In such unobserved corners nature peeps out. No amount of brocade, no mountain heaps of political intrigue, could smother it entirely.

[1] II. 1350.

[2] It was a disease in the hip-joint: according to Dacre and Magnus, probably sciatica. She was a very unmanageable patient. "Her long confinement," says Dacre, "has destroyed her appetite, nor at any time heretofore would she take coleses, morterons, almond milk, good broths, pottages, or boiled meats, but only roast meat with jellies, and that very scantily." (II. 1387.)

[3] II. 1759, 1829.

In April the Queen's health was re-established, and she started southward on her progress. The journey was not pressed upon her solely from motives of affection. Dacre was afraid that the resort of the Scotch nobles to Morpeth might produce some change in the Queen's inclinations, and possibly tempt her to an accommodation with Albany, who wrote frequently and made many professions. Dacre dictated her letters, and under such management there was no fear of their being too conciliatory.[1] On the 3rd of May the King met her at Tottenham, and "the same day her Grace did ride behind Sir Thomas Parr through Cheapside, about six o'clock, to Bayard's castle."[2] She remained in England until June, 1517, taking part in the court pageantry, and adding lustre by her presence to those masks and ceremonials, on which, in the absence of more serious occupations, so much attention was then bestowed. Her necessities were pressing; from Henry she had no regular allowance, and no remittances came from Scotland.[3] We find her urgently demanding of Wolsey 200*l.* for her own and her servants' wants at Christmas.[4] "I pray you heartily, my lord, put me off no longer, for the time is short; and if you will do so much for me at this time I pray send me word, for I will trouble you no more with my sending, for then I will speak to the king my brother, for I trust his grace will do so much for me." The King, her son, was in Scotland. Angus, her husband, and Hume, had left her on hearing her resolution to proceed southward.[5] Judging by the cautious terms of Dacre's letter, there had been a quarrel between them on this subject. They had no appetite for an honourable captivity in England, and from that moment were reconciled to Albany. No wonder Margaret was anxious to return and join her child and her husband. The preparations for a war with France facilitated her wishes. Ostensibly Albany was tired of Scotland, and desirous to leave. He pro-

[1] II. 1671.

[2] II. 1861.

[3] Yet I find the following sums advanced for her use in the King's Book of Payments (see Calendar, II. pp. 1471 seq.):—In April, 1516, 100*l.*; in May, 200*l.*, by Magnus; in July, 100*l.*, by Sir Thos. Par; in September, 140*l.* in two payments; in November, 100*l.*; and the same in December. In 1517, in February, 140*l.*; and when she was returning to Scotland in May, the following sums were appointed for herself and her attendants:—expenses in London, etc., 170*l.*; till her coming to York, 200*l.*; for the Queen herself, first 180*l.*, and afterwards 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; to Magnus going with her, 40*l.*; to Sir Edw. Benstead attending on her 40 days, 10*l.*; Sir Thomas Boleyn, her carver, 10*l.*; Master Hall, her chaplain, 66*s.* 8*d.*; two gentlemen ushers, 3*s.* 4*d.* a day; and two grooms of her chamber, 20*d.* a day each; Jamy Dogge, 100*s.* The plate given her is estimated at 125*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*

[4] II. 2729.

[5] II. 1759.

fessed the strongest wish for the two kingdoms to remain at peace, and even offered to visit Henry in England, provided he might have sufficient security.[1] This arrangement never took effect. The estates of Scotland refused to let Albany leave until their King was of age.[2] When Clarencieux urged him to give some proof of his sincerity, he took the herald's "hand betwixt his two hands, and swore by the faith he owed unto God and by the faith of a gentleman"—a phrase he had apparently picked up from his familiarity with Francis I.—"that he would put himself in his most effectual devoir to have his leave of the Scots to go to England; and were he not as well minded as any one, in condition he were ready to depart, to go on foot from Edinburgh to London, he would forsake his part in paradise, and give him, body and soul, to all the devils of hell; and further sware in like manner, upon a piece of the Holy Cross, and on divers other relics, which be in a tablet of gold hanging about his neck."

In March, 1517, when by the treaty of Noyon all the European powers were in league with France, a truce was concluded between England and Scotland, and Margaret was allowed to return, on condition that she took no part in the administration.[3] She commenced her journey in May.[4] At her entry into York she was received by the Earl of Northumberland.[5] On Whitsunday, 31st of May, she dined at St. Mary's Abbey. On the 15th of the next month she entered Scotland.[6] Albany in the interval had crossed to France on the 8th, leaving as governors in his place the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, with the Earls of Huntley, Angus, Argyle, and Arran. Magnus, who attended her and noticed her dejection, thought that she would rather have remained in England. He did the best to comfort and advise her; but she loitered on the borders, naturally reluctant when the time came to trust herself again to the stormy sea from which she had escaped so recently. "Her Grace," he adds,[7] "considereth now the honour of England, and the poverty and wretchedness of Scotland, which she did not afore, but in her opinion esteemed Scotland equal to England."

She was well received, but her authority was not restored, and her influence was less substantial than it was before. What could a woman do among such restless and imperious

[1] II. 2234–5.
[2] II. 2610.
[3] II. 3119.
[4] II. 3209.
[5] II. 3336.
[6] II. 3365.
[7] Ibid.

spirits, proud and defiant under all rule, still more under that of an English Princess? The romantic chivalry towards women, sometimes carried to excess in the South, was scarcely known in Scotland. The Scotch nobility, uneducated as a body, and despising all arts and polite acquirements, spent their lives in endless feuds, devoting the little intellects they had to interminable quarrels, transmitted from sire to son with fatal and unimpaired fidelity. Never engaged in one common enterprize or continental war, no sense of unity as a nation, no national spirit existed among them. There was no centre, as in England, round which the restless and jarring elements might eventually concentrate and find harmony and repose at last; sovereigns to them were but mockery kings and queens of snow. One bond of union they had, and but one, the worst a people could have, and that was hatred; hatred the most intense for England, and, next to that, for one another. Happily the former continued strong enough and long enough to prevent the latter from running out into its fullest latitude of excess; and their border warfare, perhaps the most sanguinary that ever stained the annals of any people, had this one advantage, that it gave the Scotch aristocracy and their followers a common enemy, and something of a common interest, and so preserved the nation from utter desolation. I must conclude this portion of my narrative with some remarks on the fate and conduct of the Humes, whose exploits have been so frequently mentioned in these pages.

When Margaret took her journey to London, Angus and Hume had left her in displeasure, to the extreme disgust of Dacre. Both returned to Scotland, and were reconciled to Albany.[1] From that moment the Chamberlain's fate is involved in obscurity. His mother, Lady Hume (according to the partial statement of Margaret, which was in truth only a political manifesto drawn by Dacre), had been taken from Coldstream by De la Bastie, placed "on a trotting horse in spite of her age," and carried to Dunbar castle, where she was kept "six weeks on brown store-bread and water."[2] The Chamberlain had been attainted in Parliament for the part he had taken in furthering Margaret's escape, and urging an invasion by England. But rumour reported that he had made his peace with the Duke, through the mediation of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's[3] (Forman, late Bishop of Murray). Dacre writes to Wolsey on the 26th of October,[4] but without

[1] II. 1759. [2] II. p. 467. [3] II. 1938. [4] II. 2481.

a passing expression of regret, that the Master of Graystock would explain to him the order for the execution of Lord Hume and his brother. They had already been executed some day before this communication,[1] and their heads had been set on "the town house at Edinburgh."[2] That the reconciliation with Albany was sincere on his part is obvious from Spinelly's letters. At the Duke's recommendation Francis I. granted pensions to six of the Scotch noblemen who had hitherto been inclined to England, and the Chamberlain was one of that number.[3] As late as on the 29th of August, we find from a letter of Clarencieux[4] to Wolsey that Angus, Hume, and their party, still hung together, and were outwardly submissive to the Duke. Hume's relative, David Hume of Wedderburn,[5] states positively that the Chamberlain was slain by Albany "under trust;"—an assertion not to be accepted without hesitation, considering the quarter from which it emanates. Whatever might be the cause, Hume was condemned by Parliament. A traitor apparently on both sides, and studious only of revenge at any sacrifice, his fate was not regretted or condemned by his own people or by Englishmen. Neither Dacre nor his Sovereign made any effort to save him.

The clan of the Humes studied revenge. David Hume in despair seized the person of the French ambassador,[6] but at the bidding of Dacre reluctantly consented to let him go. George Hume took a more ample and speedy revenge. At the death of the Chamberlain, De la Bastie, the bravest and most accomplished knight in Scotland, had been appointed warden of the East Marches. On the 15th of April, 1517,[7] he was desired by Albany to visit Dacre, then at Naward, and demand the surrender of George Hume and others, according to the agreement lately made between the two nations. Dacre stated, in reply to this demand, that he did not know where George Hume and his brother were to be found. He thought they were in Scotland, but if they were in his borders he would do his best to take them.[8] On the 16th of June, La Bastie was one of those who met Margaret on the borders, and welcomed her to Scotland. Towards the end of July[9] he was again with Dacre on the subject of these border disputes. This is the last time we hear of him alive. The Humes had been watching for an opportunity of revenge; at length, they contrived

[1] II. October 8.
[2] II. 2484.
[3] July. II. 2136.
[4] II. 2314.
[5] II. 4338.
[6] II. 4338.
[7] II. 3124.
[8] II. 3139.
[9] II. p. 1083.

by a feint to draw out La Bastie, accompanied with a few followers, from the castle of Dunbar, attacked him in full force, and as his horse got entangled in a morass,[1] in his attempt to escape, slew him with great cruelty, cut off his head, which George Hume slung at his saddle-bow, and fixed it upon a pole in the town of Dunse. The Scotch historians date this murder on the 19th or 20th of September. I think it must have been earlier for the following reasons. Margaret had written to Dacre, desiring him, at the request of the laird of Wedderburn, to send her the prior of Coldingham and his brother George Hume, for now was the time for them to take her part. She was resolved, she told him, to have "all the rule, or there will be some trouble." It appears that either on her own behalf, or at the suggestion of Angus, she thought it possible, in the confusion which arose on the death of La Bastie, Albany's most important adherent, that she might make a dash at the crown, and regain her authority. It is clear too that she believed the two Humes, notwithstanding this murder, were sheltered and supported by Dacre, who naturally laid himself open to suspicion from the encouragement he had given to the Humes and his adoption of an illegitimate son of the late Chamberlain. His reply indicates considerable annoyance, and is barely respectful.[2] He began by expressing his astonishment that she should write to him at the request of the laird of Wedderburn;—he knew nothing of the Humes, nor where they were. Then referring to the murder of La Bastie, which strangely enough had not been openly mentioned in Margaret's letter, he expressed his belief that it was "of a sodendy." He warns Angus "not to lose himself in the taking of a light way with the said laird of Wedderburn," and to do nothing without the advice of his friends in Scotland;—expressions which can hardly bear any other construction than that Angus had meditated, with the help of the Humes to obtain the government during Albany's absence, and in common with Margaret had imagined that the slaughter of La Bastie had *been planned* with a view to *their* interests, not without Dacre's cognizance.

The cause of the Humes was ruined for ever. Francis I. was then in secret communication with Wolsey for a stricter union between the two crowns; and on hearing of the death of his ambassador, he dictated an energetic remonstrance to the States of Scotland.[3] The States wrote word that nothing

[1] In a place called to this day, in memory of the deed, *Batty's Bog.*
[2] II. 3713. [3] II. 4048.

had ever grieved them more since the death of their late King. They had already taken measures for punishing the offenders before the receipt of his letters, and had summoned a Parliament for that purpose:—all the Humes had been declared traitors; their lands and goods forfeited; one had been caught, hung, drawn, and quartered; the rest had fled to England, and were sheltered there in violation of the truce. A demand had been made for their surrender, which Henry had refused. Naturally Dacre was anxious to free himself from all suspicion of harbouring such delinquents.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC HISTORY.

GREAT was the contrast which England offered in this respect to the sister kingdom, and Margaret might well return to Scotland with a sigh. In England there was no trouble or dissension; there she was accustomed to behold a wealthy and obedient people, a submissive clergy, a court where nothing seemed to rule except an unbroken round of pleasure; splendid amusements, masques, decorations, jewellery, inlaid armour; cards and dice, ducats and crowns in great silver bowls, luxuries for which money was always forthcoming when needed. All these delights must have appeared to her bewildered imagination, in contrast to her own poverty as Queen of Scotland, like the realization of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. I have stated before[1] that the King had the entire and exclusive control of the money paid into the Exchequer. He had nothing to do except sign a warrant to John Heron, the treasurer of the Chamber, and whatever sums were in the hands of the receivers of the revenue were instantly paid over to the King's use. There was no Admiralty to control the navy or regulate its expenses; no commander-in-chief or paymaster-general of the army. All such offices, or their modern substitutes, were combined in the King's person, and he regulated at his own will the finances connected with them. If ships were to be built, he built them out of his privy purse; if armies were to be raised, they were raised by the same means. The country was called upon for loans and subsidies, and the Parliament determined on the amount; but it never presumed to regulate the expenditure of the money so collected, or even dictate how it should be applied. If the reader will turn to the remarkable document, entitled "The King's Book of Payments,"[2] he will see this subject more clearly at a glance than it could be explained to him by the

[1] See p. 69.

[2] See II. pp. 1441–80.

most laborious description. On comparing the two years of war, 1512, 1513, followed by 1514, with three years of peace and subsidizing of foreign powers, like Maximilian and the Swiss, the account will be found to stand as follows:—Sum total of all expenditure in 1512 was 286,269*l.*; in 1513 it rose to 699,714*l.*; in 1514 it declined to 155,757*l.*; in 1515 to 74,007*l.*;[1] in 1516 it rose again, from circumstances stated in the note, to 130,779*l.*;[2] but sunk in 1517 to 78,887*l.*[3] This extraordinary reduction of expenditure from the moment that Wolsey came into power is one of the most remarkable feats of his administration, and shows how entirely it has been misunderstood by modern historians. It must be remembered also that all the expenses of Tournay are included in these latter years, with the loans to Queen Margaret, presents to ambassadors, and the establishment for Princess Mary. The King too had acquired in the latter years a habit of helping himself to heavy sums, for his own use, without accounting for the mode of their expenditure. In May, 1515, he took 3,000*l.*, in August 3,000*l.*, and again in December 6,000*l.*; in June, 1516, 2,000*l.*, and again in October 3,000*l.*; in March, 1517, 3,000*l.*; in December, 1518, 2,000.[4] How these sums were employed it would be useless to speculate. They were received by Sir William Compton, the chief gentleman of the King's bedchamber, "for the King's use," and formed no part of the regular expenses for the household, the entertainment of ambassadors, secret or public service-money, all of which are entered at full. The sums disbursed for alms, jewellery, plate, arms, horses, saddlery, the tilt-yard, Christmas boxes, and new year's gifts, are also accounted for. In 1515 the money paid for silks and velvets, not including minor items, exceeded 5,000*l.*, for plate and jewellery 1,500*l.*; in January, 1515, for pearls, 566*l.*; in December, 1516, for pearls and diamonds, 596*l.*; in October, 1518, for sables, 290*l.* I can only infer, therefore, that the large sums mentioned above were laid out in personal luxuries or expenditure, of which the King and his attendants chose to give no detailed account. His presents to ambassadors were on a most magnificent scale. To the Duke of Longueville, he gave in August, 1514,

[1] From this sum 6,000*l.* are to be deducted for war expenses in the previous years, and 4,000*l.* as a loan to Cavallary.

[2] Including 6,000*l.* lent to Suffolk, 26,000*l.* for Pace and Wingfield, 5,000*l.* for war expenses, 10,000*l.* for citadel at Tournay, 11,539*l.* for ordnance and similar items.

[3] From this sum 13,333*l.* to be deducted as a loan to Charles of Spain.

[4] In October this year he spent 1,000*l.* at play, and 20*l.* the month before.

2,083*l.*;[1] to the Prince of Castile's ambassadors in July, 1517, 200*l.*, and 560*l.* in plate in the September following; to the French King's gentlemen in October, 800*l.*, and 1,829*l.* in plate; to the Cardinal of Sion, in November, 1518, 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* There was the same love of splendour, and the same disregard of economy, shown in his amusements.[2] New year's gifts, revels at court, tournaments, masques, balls, and interludes form a considerable item in the royal expenditure. Of these many curious accounts will be found in the Calendar of Henry VIII. at the close of the second volume. I can only afford space for two, and must apologize to my readers for entering into these minute details.

The first is a Christmas festivity held at Westminster in 1511. The writer makes no distinction between the antelope and the olyvant (elephant), as one of the supporters of the royal arms.[3]

On the 12 and 13 Feb., 2 Hen. VIII., a joust of honor was held by the King, with three aids, at Westminster. A forest was constructed within the house of Black Friars, Ludgate, 26 ft. long, 16 ft. broad, 9 ft. high, garnished with artificial "hawthorns, oaks, maples, hazels, birches, fern, broom, and furze, with beasts and birds embossed of sundry fashion, with foresters sitting and going on the top of the same, and a castle in the said forest, with a maiden sitting thereby with a garland, and a lion of great stature and bigness, with an antelope of like proportion, after his kind, drawing the said pageant or forest, conducted with men in woodwoos'[4] apparel, and two maidens sitting on the said two beasts. In the which forest were four men of arms, riding, that issued out at times appointed; and on every of the four quarters of the forest were the arms of the four knights challengers. And for the second day were provided and made four rich pavilions, one crowned, the other three with balls of burnished gold."

For this pageant the following articles were required: 27 ft. of fine oak for mules and other beasts. 78 alder poles for the body of the forest and great beasts, and the closures of the hall door at Westminster. 10 bundles of crown paper for moulding beasts, the faces of the lion and antelope, &c.; 7 reams of white Geen paper, for lining the sarcenet that the leaves were made of, and for covering the rocks. 6 fir trees. 4 masts for enclosing the hall door. 1 lb. of Spanish brown for coloring the beasts. 1 lb. of orpiment. 2 doz. green "schyng" paper, for mixing with the ivy and the woodwos' heads and staves. 5 doz. of gold paper for the castle, and the body and legs of the lion. 1 lb. of vermilion for the mouths of the lion and antelope, &c. Canvas of Normandy, 16 ells for the lion and olyvant; 9 ells for lining the woodwos' apparel. 5 bushels of wheat flour, for paste. 4 st. neat's tallow. 56 doz. silver paper. 2 doz. embossed birds. 2,400 turned acorns and hazelnuts, 118 lbs. orsade for flossing and casing the lion, etc. Holly boughs, fennel stalks, broom stalks, &c. planted with sarcenet flowers and leaves. 6 doz. silk roses, wrought by the maiden into a garland, and delivered to the queen when

[1] Not including 500*l.* to John Clerke, who took him prisoner.

[2] Various references occur to the King's stud and his deer; some to a tame leopard; but none to dogs or falcons, so far as I can remember.

[3] The extracts which follow are from the Calendar. Only where quotation marks are used is the precise language of the original documents followed.

[4] Wild men of the woods; savages.

the jousts began. 4 lbs. of iron wire for the lions and olyvant's tails. 6 backs of tanned leather for the chains that the lion and the antelope drew the forest with. Gold for gilding the antelope's horns, crowns, &c. 3 coifs of Venice gold, for the maiden in the forest, and those that rode on the lion and the olyvant. 4 oz. Venice ribbon for girdles and the garland presented to the queen. Ivy for the woodwos' heads, belts, and staves. 4 vizors for the woodwos who conducted the forest. 3 lbs. of booellarmanyake (bole Armeniac). Green sarcenet, for the boughs of the forest, 26 ft. long, 16 ft. broad, and 9 ft. high, 153 yds.; lining a pavilion for the King, 42 yds.; for 12 hawthorns, 44 yds.; 12 oaks, 44 yds.; 10 maples, 36 yds.; 12 hazels, 32 yds.; 10 birches, 32 yds.; 16 doz. fern roots and branches, 64 yds.; 50 broom stalks, 58 yds.; 16 furze bushes, 33 yds.; lining the maiden's sleeves, 2¾ yds.; total, 542 yds. Yellow sarcenet for broom and furze flowers, 22 yds. Russet sarcenet for the 4 woodwos' garments, shred like locks of hair or wool, 48 yds. Russet damask, spent by Edmund Skill, tailor, for kirtles of the maiden in the forest, and on the lion and "olyvant," 10 yds. Yellow damask for the maidens on the lion and "antlope," 10 yds. Blue velvet for a pavilion for the king, 36 yds. Blue and crimson damask for pavilions. 1 yd. of blue sarcenet for a banner in the forest. "Spent and employed on the said four pavilions for points to stay the hoops, which points were spent, stolen and wasted at the siege of Terouenne, at the receiving of the Emperor, for the said pavilions did the king royal service to his honor." To Edmund Skill, for making the apparel for the maiden in the forest, those on the lion and the antelope[1] and the woodwos, 42*s.* 10*d.*

"Thys forrest or pageant after the usance had into Westmester gret Hall, and by the kynges gard and other gentyllmen rent, brokyn, and by fors karryed away, and the poor men that wer set to kep, theyr heds brokyn two of them, and the remnant put ther from with foors, so that noon ther of byt the baar tymbyr cum near to the kynges ews nor stoor.

"The second day the 4 pavelyuns wer savyd to the kynges ews and profyd with meche payn.

"Memorandum, That the kynges graas at hys town of Kales cummandyd me Rechard Gybson to kut oon of the sayd pavelyuns, and so yt was and maad an hangyng for an hows of tymbyr of Flandyrs werke. And at the seege of Tyrwyen the sayd hows was geyvn by the kynges graas to my Lord of Wynchester, with the saam hangyng so mad of the saam pavelyun."

The other belongs to 1516, and is as follows:—

The king being at Eltham, Christmas, 7 Hen. VIII., instructions were issued to Richard Gibson, by Mr. Wm. Cornish and the master of the revels, to prepare a castle off timber in the King's hall, garnished after such devises as shall ensue. Cornish and the children of the chapel also performed "the story of Troylous and Pandor richly apparelled, also Kallkas and Kryssyd apparelled like a widow of honour, in black sarcenet and other habiliments for such matter; Dyomed and the Greeks apparelled like men of war, according to the intent or purpose. After which comedy played and done, a herald cried and made an oy that three strange knights were come to do battle with [those] of the said castle; out [of] which issued three men of arms with punching spears, ready to do feats at the barriers, apparelled in white satin and green satin of Bruges, lined with green sarcenet and white sarcenet, and the satin cut thereon. To the said three men of arms entered other three men of arms with like weapons, and apparelled in slops of red sarcenet and yellow sarcenet, and with spears made certain strokes; and after that done, with naked swords fought a fair battle of twelve strokes, and so departed of force. Then out of the castle issued a queen, and with her six ladies, with speeches after the

[1] Correction from "Olyvant."

device of Mr. Cornish; and after this done, seven minstrels apparelled in long garments, and bonnets to the same, of satin of Bruges, white and green,[1] on the walls and towers of the said castle played a melodious song. Then came out of the castle six lords and gentlemen apparelled in garments of white satin of Bruges and green, broidered with counterfeit stuff of Flanders making, as brooches, ouches, spangs, and such; and also six ladies apparelled in six garments of rich satin, white and green, set with H and K of yellow satin, pointed together with points of Kolen gold. These six garments for ladies were of the King's store, newly repaired. All the said ladies heads apparelled with loose gold of damask, as well as with woven flat gold of damask, &c." The garments were prepared and brought to Eltham for Epiphany night and New Year's night.

Bought of Wm. Botre and Mr. Thorstoon, 265¾ yds. white and green satin, for garments for ladies, a doublet for one of the chapel children who played Eulyxes. 5 yds. red satin. 27 yds. yellow satin for Cornish and the ladies of the castle. 51¾ yds. red and yellow sarcenet for three Greek robes, a double cloak for Troylous, a mantle and bishop's surcoat for Cornish to play Killkass in. 27¼ yds. white and green sarcenet. Black sarcenet for a surcoat, mantle and widow's hood for Kressyd, and a garment for Cornish when he played the herald, &c. 2 pieces Florence cotton for Kressyd. 12 pieces cyprus for the lady who played Faith. 7 ells Holland cloth for short wide sleeves for Dyomed and his fellows. 10 oz. copper ribbon and 12 doz. silk points for binding 7 ladies' collars, coats for minstrels, and for Troylous, Pandor, Dyomed, Eulyxes, and others. 1 qu. 1 nail velvet for shoes for Troylous. 10 hand staves for barriers. 6 morions. 6 swords for "the men of arms that battled in presence as for the departers with 4 odd staves." To Cornish, for a feather for Troylous, Spanish girdles, &c., 13*s.* 4*d.* For a barber "for there heer trimming and washing of their heads," 4*d.* To the tailor, 6*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* For a cart to carry the stuff to Eltham, and "hys abod," 3 days and nights, 8*s.* 4*d.*

Expenses of garments.—To Cornish, a mantle, a surcoat of yellow sarcenet, a coat armour, a garment of black sarcenet, and a bonnet. To the two children, Troylous and Pandor, 9 satin doublets, 2 jackets of the old store, a double cloak of sarcenet. To Kryssyd, a mantle, a surcoat, and cottons and wimple. To gentlemen, 6 crimson satin bonnets. 3 bases and Greek robes to men at arms. 7 coats and bonnets of satin to minstrels. A gown of white green and satin to Mr. Harry of the chapel. To the seven ladies of the castle, seven gowns of satin of Bruges, with their headdresses. To the six ladies of the court who disguised, their headdresses and stomachers of crimson satin. The feather that Troylous wore. All the girdles, spears, swords, and targets. To the taborets, 2 jackets of the store.

Number of persons for the play.—15 for the castle; 7 ladies; 7 minstrels; 6 lords and gentlemen and 6 ladies disguised; 6 men at arms; 3 tamboreens.

This is admirable fooling.

Hitherto Henry's reign had been one of uninterrupted prosperity. He was the most popular, the most wealthy, the most envied of monarchs. His ambassadors boasted with reason, that no king was more beloved by his subjects or more readily obeyed than he. Possessed of vast royal demesnes, he could gratify his love of pleasure, his taste, his magnificence, without stint. Never engaged but once in a

[1] White and green were the Tudor liveries.

continental war, and that at no great distance, still less in that ruinous game of ambition on which Francis I. expended his energies and his treasures, Henry VIII. had no occasion "to pill and poll his subjects;" and his rule formed a striking contrast to that of the impoverished Maximilian, and the famished and grasping policy of Charles. Whatever vices or mistakes may have clouded his latter years, they had not yet made their appearance. Compared with the licentiousness of Francis I., his life was a pattern of temperance and purity. Constant he was not to his marriage vow; but his departures from it were neither frequent nor notorious. The French ambassador wrote home, that "he was a youngster who cared for nothing but girls and hunting, and wasted his father's patrimony."[1] Such scandals are not to be received implicitly; ambassadors wrote home what they thought would please their own courts, without much concern for the accuracy of their information. Often ignorant of the real feelings of the court and the nation to which they were accredited, generally ignorant of its language, exposed more than others to imposition, and fed with tales by those who knew their humour, or were purposely set on to mislead them,—solitary and unsupported anecdotes repeated in their despatches must not be implicitly accepted, unless they are crossed and supported by other and independent lines of evidence. Not frequently in the absence of better news, they were authorized retailers of gossip, intended quite as much to amuse as to instruct their respective courts. In this instance, the scandal of the French ambassador receives no support from the Venetian or the private correspondence of the times. Notwithstanding his frequent disappointments, the King is represented as treating Katharine uniformly with kindness and respect. If he felt any dissatisfaction, he took care not to express it by word or sign. And her affectionate solicitude for him, especially in the time of the "sweating sickness," is a satisfactory proof that hitherto the love between them had continued unimpaired.

The birth of the Princess Mary[2] threw the Queen into the shade,—I am inclined to think not unwillingly on her part. Her happiness at this, the most joyous event in her ill-starred life, was clouded by the death of her father Ferdinand; of him, who, next to herself, would have been most interested in the event. The news of his death was studiously concealed from

[1] II. 1105.

[2] Feb. 18, 1516.

her,[1] in dread of the ill effect it might produce; and if anything could have tended to augment her melancholy, it must have been the thought that the only child which survived of all her offspring was ushered into the world in a season of mourning. As for Henry himself, though he would fain have had a boy, he solaced himself in his usual buoyant style: "Domine orator," he said to the Venetian ambassador, who had come to congratulate him on the occasion, and express regret that it had not been a Prince, "we are both young; if it be a girl this time, by the grace of God, boys will follow." Mary was christened three days after her birth, on Wednesday, 20th of February, 1516, and had for her godfather Cardinal Wolsey.[2] The silver font was brought from the cathedral of Canterbury to Greenwich, for the ceremony.[3] Henry, always fond of children, was fond and proud of his daughter to excess. When she was not more than two years old,[4] he carried her about in his arms in the presence chamber, before the lords and ladies of the court and the foreign ambassadors. Even at this early period of her life, Mary displayed that love of music in which she was afterwards so great a proficient;—the passion of her whole family.[5] The Venetian ambassador, who had introduced an Italian friar, named Memo, to the King, for his great musical talents, gives a charming account of his interview with the little Princess at one of the court receptions.

"After this conversation, his Majesty caused the princess, his daughter, who is two years old, to be brought into the apartment where we were; whereupon the right reverend Cardinal (Wolsey) and I, and all the other lords, kissed her hand, *pro more*;—the greatest marks of honor being paid her universally, more than to the queen herself. The moment she cast her eyes on the reverend Dionysius Memo, who was there, she commenced calling out in English, *Priest, priest:* and he was obliged to go and play for her; after which the king with the princess in his arms, came to me and said: '*Per Deum iste* (*Memo*) *est honestissimus vir et unus carissimus; nullus unquam servivit mihi melius isto.*'"[6]

[1] II. 1563.
[2] II. 1573.
[3] II. p. 1470.
[4] Henry's court must not be judged by courts and reception-rooms now. It was far more easy, gracious, and domestic.
[5] At the close of volume II. of the Calendar, the reader will find numerous references to musical instruments and books purchased by the King.
[6] II. 3976. Her New Year's gifts in 1518 were, a gold cup from Wolsey, a gold pomander from Mary the French Queen, a gold spoon from Lady Devonshire, and two smocks from Lady Mountjoy (p. 1476).

These brilliant and halcyon days seemed the more brilliant from the contrast they presented to the troubled rule of other sovereigns. So the years ran smoothly on. The amusements at court were diversified by hunting and out-door exercises in the morning; in the afternoon by Memo's music, by the consecration and distribution of cramp-rings, or the inventing of plasters and compounding of medicines—an occupation in which the King took unusual pleasure. A manuscript[1] is preserved in the British Museum, entitled Dr. Butts' Diary, containing a variety of liniments and cataplasms devised by his Majesty;—chiefly for excoriations or ulcers in the legs, a disease common in those days, and from which the King himself suffered, and eventually died. Had these complaints been confined to laymen, they might have been attributed to gross feeding and the chafing of armour; but notices of them occur repeatedly, in all classes, without distinction.[2]

Erasmus describes in glowing terms the court of Henry as a Musæum of letters and learning,—a polite academy, where arts and sciences flourished under liberal patronage. Queen Katharine was a miracle of learning and piety; the King took more delight in reading good books than any prince of his age. The eulogy, though perhaps highly coloured, was not wholly undeserved. The advancement of men of learning and genius to posts about the King and to high offices in the state, justified in a great measure the praises of Erasmus. Among the favourite preachers were Dean Colet and Grocyn (More's friend); Linacre was physician, More privy councillor, Pace secretary, Tunstal Master of the Rolls.

As we proceed, notices occur of more serious employments than gambling at cards or devising masques. On the 24th of

[1] MS. Sloane, 1047. Among the contents are:—"The king's Majesty's own plaster.—A plaster devised by the king to heal ulcers without pain, made with pearl and lignum guaiacum.—Plaster devised by the king at Greenwich, and made at Westminster, to heal excoriations. At Westminster, by the same, to heal swellings in the ancles."

It is observable in these medicaments, how many apply to various kinds of excoriation and ulcers in the legs. One is exceedingly curious (f. 32 b.):—"A plaster for my lady Anne of Cleves, to mollify and resolve, comfort and cease pain of cold and windy causes." Another is, "an ointment devised by his Majesty at Greenwich, to cool and let inflammations, and take away itch." Besides the king's recipes, there are others by John de Vigo, Dr. Buttes, Dr. Chamber, Dr. Augustine, and Dr. Cromer. Most of them are dated at Greenwich, Westminster, St. James's, Ampthill, Fotheringay, Cawoode, Hampton Court, Petworth, Dover, Canterbury, Knolles, and the More. I do not find that Henry ever dabbled in alchemy, the royal amusement of the Scotch kings. The difference of the national tastes and characters may be seen in the different employments of the two sovereigns.

[2] *E.g.* West, Bishop of Ely, Compton (II. 138), Jerningham (2584), Wingfield (3604), Pace (1909).

June, 1518, Pace writes to Wolsey that the King was pleased with the commendations given to *his book* by the Cardinal; and though he does not think it worthy such praise as it had from him and all other great learned men, yet he is very glad "to have noted in your Grace's *letters that his reasons be called inevitable, considering that your Grace was some time his adversary herein, and of contrary opinion;*"—a passage well worth observing. The same statement is repeated by Pace four days afterwards. Now, though the word *book* is used frequently to imply a paper of political instructions or a written agreement,[1] in its connection here with the praises of learned men, it seems to me impossible that it can be employed in any other than in its modern meaning. If so, the book to which Pace refers must be the draft of the King's book against Luther, which appeared in 1521. The letters of Erasmus show the rapid progress of Lutheran opinions, even at this early date; and "swarms of books" were now pouring from the press on the great questions soon destined to engross the minds of men exclusively. Though little or no reference is made to Luther in the English correspondence at this early date, and Lutheranism appears to have been then almost unknown in England, Erasmus thought it necessary to disavow to Wolsey[2] not only all friendship for the German reformer, but all personal acquaintance with him. That letter ought to be studied; for it shows that the King's book grappled with those points especially on which the minds of people were most disturbed. The correspondence of Pace invalidates the supposition that he or More, or both conjointly, were the real authors of the book. They may have assisted in its composition, especially in correcting the Latin style, but had they been the authors of it Pace would scarcely have held the language he did to Wolsey.

But the cloud was no bigger than a man's hand—if a cloud at all. Erasmus might be alarmed at the new tone and noisy scurrility which burst upon his ears, so foreign to his notions of dignified scholarship and literary refinement. He might think it would have been better to have left the friars in undisturbed possession of the pulpit, and for the canonists to bemuse themselves in extravagant admiration of the Decretals.[3] But to the majority of the world, and to our own

[1] So Shakspeare uses it: "Our book is drawn; we'll but seal." 1 Henry IV. act iii. 1.

[2] II. 41 63.

[3] "O seraphic Sextus, continued Homenas, how necessary are you to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic Clementines! how perfectly

nation at that time, it seemed no more than a passing brawl between two friars—brawls to which the world had been accustomed, and which wise men had ceased to notice. Indulgences were not new to Europe. They were not even the exclusive invention of the papal court for raising money; at all events, the temporal Sovereigns of Europe joined in the plot and shared the spoils. On the 8th of December, 1515, Mountjoy wrote from Tournay to Wolsey to tell him, "that a commissary had come from the Pope with great indulgences for the helping to the building of St. Peter's." As nothing of the sort might be published without the sanction of the King, Mountjoy had informed the commissary that he would not be allowed to publish his brief, "but such alms as should be given were to be put in a box with two keys, of which he was to have the one, and Mountjoy the other." The Bishop of Worcester, ambassador for England at the papal court, writes to say,[1] that the Pope intended sending commissioners to England with indulgences for the same purpose, as he had done to France, Germany, and Spain. The Bishop told his Holiness that such a practice had never been allowed unless the King gave his consent and shared the profits. The Pope offered a fourth. Worcester says, if Wolsey approve, he will endeavour to obtain a third. In Spain Charles had managed to obtain a loan of 175,000 ducats from the commissioners, in anticipation of the amount to be realized. "The Pope," says Spinelly,[2] "has granted the realms of Castile indulgence for three years, which will amount to more than 800,000 ducats of gold, net." "For here the common people, whether they will or not, be compelled to take it for a certain sum of money, and the commissioners appointed in this business

the perfect institution of a true Christian is contained and described in you! O angelical Extravagantes! how many poor souls that wander up and down in mortal bodies through this vale of misery would perish were it not for you! When, ah when, shall this special gift of grace be bestowed on mankind as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to understand you, to know you by heart, to digest you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incentre you in the deepest ventricles of their brains, the inmost marrow of their bones, and most intricate labyrinth of their arteries? Then, ah then, and no sooner than then, and no otherwise than then, shall the world be universally happy! * * *

"Oh how wonderfully if you read but a demi-canon, short paragraph, or single observation of these sacro-sanct Decretals;—how wonderfully, I say, do you perceive yourself to kindle in your hearts a furnace of divine love, charity to your neighbour—provided he be not a heretic—bold contempt of all carnal and earthly things, unshaken contentment in all your affections, and exstatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven!"—Rabelais, iv. 51.

[1] April, 1517; Calendar, vol. II. Appendix.

[2] January 7, 1518.

have advanced unto the King by manner of lent (loan) a 175,000 ducats; whose (which) commissioners shall have for their right and labour a penny Flemish for every bull, and the King two royals of silver for every man; that is, upon tenpence English. The Pope hath had in ready money for such grant 27,000 ducats, and 10,000 restored again that he had lent for the payment of the footmen in Spain." It was the same in France, where a great and bitter feud raged between the King and the Parliament. The necessities of Francis compelled him, like Charles, to encourage the sale of indulgences. It was the readiest and the least obnoxious means of raising money. "The king of France," writes one,[1] "has gained more money by pardons of the crusade than by all his exactions. People are compelled to listen to these *heretic preachers*"—the phrase is remarkable—"and murmur everywhere. They preach that whoever puts 10 sous Tournois into the money-box will go to Paradise; for 10 sous apiece sins shall be forgiven, and souls escape purgatory. They are opposed by the University and doctors of theology; but too late, as the money has been collected. These indulgences are ruinous to princes and their poor subjects." Such passages as these throw a new light on that event which led to such momentous consequences. The sale of indulgences was a project devised between the temporal and spiritual rulers of Europe for collecting subsidies from the poor and the labouring classes. It was levelled to their capacities and their means.[2] By the old and established system of trentals and private masses the delivery of souls out of purgatory and remission of sins were accessible only to the rich; now when the same could be accomplished at 10 sous a head, that was the same as bringing within the reach of the poorest a privilege hitherto exclusively confined to their more fortunate brethren. In the former case the privilege was limited to a class whose growing intelligence and gradual emancipation from credulity, added to other causes, had brought the practice within much narrower limits. Now there was to be no restriction: the sale of pardons was to descend to a much wider circle; to be sanctioned by the highest authority secular and national; to be engrafted without stint into the Church's

[1] December 1, 1517.

[2] Tetzel, in his notices affixed to the church doors, had given out that the price of these indulgences should be relaxed; and at the bottom of the notice this clause was added: *pauperibus dentur gratis propter Deum.* When, however, application was made to him by a poor scholar on the faith of this clause, Tetzel refused him, and required a small fee—however small. See Löscher, i. 306.

system; to become a great State engine, against which resistance would be ineffectual. So the preachers of indulgences were opposed by two parties for their novel and pernicious doctrines;—they were condemned for illegal exactions by the one, and denounced as heretics by the other. They were everywhere opposed by the regular clergy; and it is as heretics and novel preachers transgressing the teaching of the Church that Luther wrote to the Archbishop of Mayence to interpose his authority and put them down.[1]

Just at this time two scourges were beginning to threaten Christendom, and brought men to more serious thoughts. I refer to the plague and the *sweating sickness*. With the former I am not concerned at present. For centuries no infection had visited England, which in fearful rapidity and malignancy could be compared with the *sudor Anglicus*, as it was at first called, from the notion that its attacks were confined to Englishmen. People sitting at dinner, in the full enjoyment of health and spirits, were seized with it, and died before the next morning. An open window, accidental contact in the streets, children playing before the door, a beggar knocking at the rich man's gate, might disseminate the infection, and a whole family would be decimated in a few hours without hope or remedy. Houses and villages were deserted. Where the sickness once appeared, precaution was unavailing; and flight afforded the only chance of security.

Dr. Caius, a physician who had studied the disease under its various aspects, gives the following account of its appearance:—

"In the year of our Lord God 1485, shortly after the 7th day of August, at which time king Henry VII. arrived at Milford in Wales out of France, and in the first year of his reign, there chanced a disease

[1] "Papal indulgences are hawked about, under the sanction of your noble name, for the building of St. Peter's. I do not complain so much of the preachers' declamations, which I have not heard, but I regret the utterly mistaken notions of the populace about these indulgences. It is said everywhere that whoever has purchased these letters of indulgence shall be sure of salvation. . . .

"Why do these preachers by their fabulous pardons render the people careless and indifferent? Indulgences contribute nothing to salvation of souls. They only remove the external penalties formerly imposed canonically (*olim canonice imponi solitam*)."—Luther to the Abp. of Mayence, October 31, 1517.

For what sins should these poor, thrifty, temperate, German-Saxons require indulgences? The oratory of Tetzel was not levelled so much at the rich and luxurious, nor were his letters purchased by the educated. The sin of sins was, trading upon the new and rising religious earnestness of the people, who, equally with Luther, were asking how men in their sins could be saved? By faith, replies Luther; by indulgences, said Tetzel. It was a cry, not from the *moral* but the *spiritual* nature of man. And as such Luther answered it.

among the people, lasting the rest of that month and all September, which for the sudden sharpness and unwont cruelness passed the pestilence. For this commonly giveth in four, often seven, sometime nine, sometime eleven, and sometime fourteen days, respite to whom it vexeth. But that immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in playing with children in their street doors; some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed; and at the longest to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper. As it found them, so it took them; some in sleep, some in wake, some in mirth, some in care, some fasting and some full, some busy and some idle; and in one house sometime three, sometime five, sometime more, sometime all; of the which if the half in every town escaped, it was thought a great favor. This disease, because it most did stand in sweating from the beginning until the ending, was called here *The Sweating Sickness;* and because it first began in England, it was named in other countries 'The English Sweat.'"[1]

From the same authority we learn that it appeared in 1506, again in 1517 from July to the middle of December, then in 1528. It commenced with a fever, followed by strong internal struggles of nature, causing sweat. If the constitution proved sufficiently strong to expel the poison, the patient escaped. It was attended with sharp pains in the back, shoulders, and extremities, and then attacked the liver; pains in the head were succeeded by oppressions of the heart, followed by drowsiness, the whole body becoming inactive and lumpish. It had these further peculiarities that men of middle age and sanguine complexion were most liable to its ravages. Labouring and "thin dieted" men generally escaped it.[2]

It is stated by Caius, in other parts of his work, that the disease was almost peculiar to Englishmen, following them as the shadow does the body in all countries, albeit not at all times.[3] Others "it haunted not at all, or else very seldom or once in an age."[4] It never entered Scotland. In Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant it generally singled out English residents and visitors, whilst the native population were unaffected. In despair of escape, and the absence of any sufficient or certain remedies, men gave up all hope of recovery, and yielded to it without a struggle; seeing how it began "fearfully to invade them, furiously handle them, speedily oppress them, unmercifully choke them, and that in no small numbers, and such persons so notably noble in birth, goodly conditions, grave sobriety, singular wisdom, and great learning."

In consequence of the peculiarity of the disease in thus singling out Englishmen, and those of a richer diet and more

[1] A Boke or Counseill against the Sweate, f. 9.
[2] f. 18, 19. [3] f. 7. [4] f. 18.

sanguine temperament, various speculations were set afloat as to its origin and its best mode of cure. Erasmus attributed it to bad houses and bad ventilation, to the clay floors, the unchanged and festering rushes with which the rooms were strewn, and the putrid offal, bones, and filth which reeked and rotted together in the unswept and unwashed dining-halls and chambers. He urged greater moderation at meals, less use of salt food, the employment of proper scavengers to clear the streets of the various abominations which defiled them.[1] Possibly Erasmus was as correct in his surmise as others who possessed and professed no knowledge of physic. Failing of more specific information, the disease may be attributed to a variety of causes growing out of a great alteration in the habits and dietary of the population. Change of place, fresh air, moderate diet, seem to have been the only sure specifics; and these were pointed out as much by natural instinct as observation:—the meagre suffered less than the gross; poor agricultural labourers escaped when the rich citizen and the noble perished. During the last century the population of the towns had increased rapidly, without any proportionate

[1] "I am frequently astonished and grieved to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance for England.

"First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors or windows;—next, their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light, but exclude the air, and yet they let in the draft through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, the leakage of dogs and men, ale-droppings, scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes, a vapour is exhaled, which I consider very detrimental to health. I may add that England is not only everywhere surrounded by sea, but is in many places swampy and marshy —(Erasmus no doubt meant Essex),— intersected by salt rivers, to say nothing of salt provisions, in which the common people take so much delight. I am confident the island would be much more salubrious if the use of rushes were abandoned, and if the rooms were built in such a way as to be exposed to the sky on two or three sides, and all the windows so built as to be opened or closed at once; and so completely closed as not to admit the foul air through chinks; for as it is beneficial to health to admit the air, so is it equally beneficial at times to exclude it. The common people laugh at you if you complain of a cloudy or foggy day. Thirty years ago if ever I entered a room which had not been occupied for some months, I was sure to take a fever. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service; more particularly were public ædiles appointed to see the streets cleaned from mud and urine, and the suburbs kept in better order." * *—Erasmus to [John ?] Francis, Wolsey's physician.

increase in their sanitary condition or means of accommodation. The same filthy, open, and stagnant sewers rolled lazily their tribute to the Thames, or left their abominations to breed pestilence in the muddy and unpaved streets, where rank and sickly vegetation crawled and rotted, and fever and death were exhaled from numerous holes and pits. The fresh-water springs had been gradually diminished, or were monopolized by brewers; the narrow conduits spouted from their pea-shooters exactly the same quantity of pure liquid to supply the wants of thousands as for a century and more had scantily served for tens. Add to these, the old religious observances of the town populations had rapidly declined; and the discipline of the Church had fallen into desuetude. Lenten fasts and Advent were treated with contempt in the growing puritanism of the age, which regarded these things as indifferent or superstitious, and overlooked their social and sanitary importance when their religious obligation was disputed. Pilgrimages to St. Thomas of Canterbury, in April and May, a month or six weeks' ride on horseback over the fresh fields and salt downs, change of diet and change of air, worked wonders for exhausted frames and overcharged digestions; and "the blissful martyr," St. Thomas, had the credit, and richly he deserved it, "of helping them that were sick" more effectually than the best leech in all the shires of broad England.[1]

In the reign of Henry VIII. the sickness first made its appearance in April, 1516.[2] Its violence abated as usual at the approach of cold weather. It reappeared again in the spring of 1517 with alarming fury, and continuing all through the summer into November without interruption, scarcely ceased in the winter, and raged more violently than ever in 1518. In that year it was accompanied with the measles and the smallpox.[3] Not only amusements but business ceased in a great measure; crowds and places of public resort were carefully avoided; noblemen broke up their establishments, and every one in dread of the infection hastened, as best he could, to isolate himself from his neighbours. "Tell your master," said Wolsey to the Earl of Shrewsbury's chaplain, "to get him into clean air, and divide his household in sundry places." No lord, except during his necessary attend-

[1] As a specimen of the different modes of treatment adopted for the sweating sickness, certain extracts from the Additional MSS. in the British Museum are given in the Appendix to this volume.

[2] II. 1815, 1832.

[3] II. 4320.

ance at court, was suffered to keep servant or stuff in his chamber, "considering the misorder that is used by their servants whereby infection ensued."[1] Fairs were put down; and in Oxford, so long as the court resided at Abingdon, orders were given by Sir Thomas More in the King's name that the inhabitants of infected houses should keep in, hang out wisps of straw, and carry white rods, in the same way as the King had ordered the Londoners.[2] The King moved from place to place, alarmed at every report of the sickness, whether well or ill founded;[3] his fears were increased by those of Katharine, not for herself but for him, and by her natural solicitude for the welfare of Princess Mary. The apprehensions of the court were not without reason; the plague fell upon the royal household, and carried off the pages that slept in the King's chamber.[4] Every superfluous attendant was dismissed; and only three favourite gentlemen were retained. But even this precaution proved unavailing; in the spring three more of the pages died of the plague in the King's palace at Richmond.[5] Ammonius, the Latin secretary, the friend of Erasmus, was dining one day with an acquaintance; they had arranged to meet the next day,[6] and ride to Merton to escape the infection. The next morning, before his friend had time to get out of bed and dress himself, a messenger arrived to announce the death of Ammonius. He was carried off in eight hours.[7] As if to show that foreigners enjoyed no special immunity, Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, was twice attacked by it in the same week, and two of his servants died in his house.[8] Foreign ambassadors feared to set foot in England, or were urgent to get away.

The only man who remained at his post during this general consternation and alarm was Wolsey. In addition to his duties as chief minister, he was now Lord Chancellor. His administration of this great legal office was characterized by the same energy and fearlessness as distinguished his conduct in all other departments. For his zeal and ability as a judge we have the best testimony that could be had; the testimony of Sir Thomas More. His regularity, decision, and dispatch cannot be questioned; his impartiality to all classes was never disputed. These formed the topics of satire and complaint. The lawyers hated him for his strict adherence to justice, his

[1] II. 4331.
[2] II. 4125.
[3] II. 4057, *sq.*
[4] Nov., 1517. No. 3788.
[5] II. 4009.
[6] II. 3603.
[7] II. 3645.
[8] II. 4332.

discouragement of petty legal artifices, endless forms, and interminable verbosity; the nobles hated him still more, because riches and nobility were no recommendation to partiality or favour, as they had been in the days of his predecessors. His own assertion may be accepted when he says, in a letter to Henry VIII., that the realm was never in greater peace or tranquillity. "All this summer,"[1] he adds, "I have had neither riot, felony, nor forcible entry, but your laws be in every place indifferently ministered, without leaning of any manner." He then mentions a fray between the retainers of Serjeant Pigot and Sir Andrew Wyndsor, both high in the royal favour, and his intention to bring both parties into the Star Chamber, "that they shall beware how from henceforth they redress their matters with their own hands."

In the performance of these arduous and accumulated duties he was attacked by the sweating sickness, to the undisguised delight of all whom he had compelled to pay their just debts to the Crown and submit to the impartial administration of the laws. In June, 1517, he had been so seriously ill that his life was despaired of; "and for many days," says Giustinian, "neither the nobles, nor other members of the privy council, who are wont to be so assiduous, went near him."[2] In July he was suffering from quinsy: in August he was attacked by the prevailing sickness, and many of his household died; "this is the fourth time," says Giustinian,[3] who hated him for his firmness; and the complaint told heavily on his personal appearance. He now proposed a pilgrimage to Walsingham, and then to Our Lady of Grace, to take air and exercise and correct the weakness of his stomach, as he informed his royal master. He performed his vow and returned, but not to escape from a repetition of the attacks the next year.[4] Henry had not yet learned to be ungrateful. He sent various messages to Wolsey expressive of his satisfaction; praised the Cardinal's wisdom and diligence; went so far even as to say before Pace,[5] "he was no less contented

[1] August, 1517. II. App. No. 38.
[2] II. 3372.
[3] II. 3638, 3655.
[4] The precautions adopted by Wolsey in consequence of these repeated attacks were misrepresented by his satirists and disappointed suitors. Allen, a chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, complains that when the Cardinal walked in the park at Hampton Court he would suffer no suitor to come near him within bow-shot. (Nov. 25, 1517.) Skelton ridicules him for indulging in light and nutritious diets, such as pheasants and partridges.

While on this visit to Walsingham, it seems that Wolsey went on to Norwich, and arranged a dispute between the citizens and the monks, relative to a piece of ground called *Tombland*.
[5] II. 4071.

with the Cardinal's contentation than though he had been his own father;" asserted before the lords[1] "that there was no man living who pondered more the surety of his person and the common wealth of his realm." He desired Wolsey, as soon as business would allow, to repair to Woodstock; "for here," writes Dr. Clerk, through whom the communication was made, "is clear air, which his Grace thinketh ye will like very well."

It was during the progress of the sickness, probably a few days before Wolsey started on his pilgrimage to Walsingham, that the King addressed to him the following letter in his own hand:—

"Myne awne good Cardinall, I recomande me unto yow with all my hart, and thanke yow for the grette payne and labour that yow do dayly take in my bysynes and maters, desyryng yow (that wen yow have well establysshyd them) to take summe pastyme and comfort, to the intente yow may the lenger endure to serve us; for allways payne can nott be induryd. Surly yow have so substancyally orderyd oure maters, bothe off thys syde the see and byonde, that in myne oppynion litylI or no thyng can be addyd. Nevertheles, accordyng to your desyre, I do send yow myne oppynyon by thys berar, the refformation whereoff I do remyte to yow and the remnante off our trusty counsellors, whyche I am sure wyll substanically loke on hyt. As tochyng the mater that Sir Wyllyam Sandys broght answar off, I am well contentyd with what order so ever yow do take in itt. The Quene my wyff hathe desyryd me to make har most harty recommendations to yow, as to hym that she lovethe very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when yow wyll repayer to us.

"No more to yow att thys tyme, but that with God's helpe I trust we shall dysapoynte oure enymys off theyre intendyd purpose. Wryttyn with the hand off your lovyng master,

"HENRY R."

So whilst the King, in compliance with his royal instincts and the solicitations of his subjects, took care of his own health—of all considerations the most precious—the Cardinal took care of the State. The court shifted from Richmond to Reading, from Reading to Abingdon, thence to Woodstock, or Wallingford, or Farnham, as fear or sickness prevailed. Masks and tournaments were at an end for a time; dice, card-playing, and divinity took their place.[2]

But whatever might be the effect on the court and the courtiers, the sweating sickness had not passed over the land without leaving its mark on the doors and sideposts of the lower population. Then, even more than now, any long

[1] II. 4124.

[2] "Carding and dicing, for this Holy Week, is turned into picking off (pitching of?) arrows over the screen in the hall!"—Pace to Wolsey, from Abingdon, where the court was then staying.

absence of the court from London was fraught with evil consequences. It was disastrous to the good order as well as the prosperity of the metropolis. The King had nothing to fear from any competitor to the crown: the only relict of the betrampled De la Poles, the last of the White Roses, was a wretched exile at Metz in Lorraine, beset with spies and scoundrels, and starving on a wretched pittance from the King of France. The State papers of the time are full of the mean and unscrupulous efforts employed to betray him to England and his brother's fate by two emissaries, Hans Nagel and Alamire, who played the traitors' part, and took money from both sides. But London apprentices were a restless and ignorant mob; the municipality of the city inadequate to the preservation of order upon extraordinary occasions, and accustomed to look to the court for help. The late sickness had been disastrous to business; the city was unguarded; foreign merchants had swarmed into London in unusual numbers; and foreign fashions, hitherto discountenanced, were growing popular at court in consequence of the increasing communication with the Continent. The general dissatisfaction found vent at a time when it was least expected. Indications of it appeared as early as the spring of 1516. On the 28th of April in that year Thomas Allen writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury that a bill had been set upon the door of St. Paul's, reflecting on the King and his Council. It insinuated that strangers obtained much money from the King, "and bought wools to the undoing of Englishmen." The reflection was evidently aimed at the Venetian and Florentine merchants, the Campucci, Cavalcanti, and Frescobaldi, but especially the first, who obtained large concessions about this time. This incendiary handbill occasioned great displeasure, "insomuch that in every ward one of the king's council, with the alderman of the same, was commanded to see every man write that could; and further took every man's books and sealed them, and brought them to Guildhall there to examine them." The examination apparently produced few results; at least no further notice occurs of it in the papers of this year. But the fire still smouldered and soon after burst into a flame. Hall, in his Chronicle, attributes the disturbance to the boastfulness of the Genoese and the French; but most of "the strangers were so proud that they disdained, mocked, and oppressed" the poor English artificer, "who could scarce get a living." These and other stories

must not be too easily credited: the citizens were actuated by jealousy of rival tradesmen and intense hatred of the least apparent invasion of their monopoly. In the Easter of 1517 a broker named John Lincoln called upon Dr. Henry Standish,[1] warden of the Mendicant Friars, the most popular preacher of the day, and begged him in the sermon which he was to preach on Easter Monday at St. Mary's Spittle to move the mayor and aldermen "to take part with the commonalty against the strangers." Standish wisely refused. Beaten, but not baffled, Lincoln applied to one Dr. Beale, a canon of the same hospital. He enlarged on the misery of the poor artificers, whose living was taken away by strangers; "and also how the English merchants could have no utterance; for the merchant strangers brought in all silks, cloth of gold, wine, oil, iron, and such other merchandize, that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman. And also outward they carry so much English wool, tin, and lead, that Englishmen that aventure outward can have no living; which things" (said Lincoln) "have been shewed to the council and cannot be heard. Wherefore" (said Lincoln), "Master Doctor, syth you were born in London, and see the oppression of the strangers, and the great misery of your own native country, exhort all the citizens to join in one against the strangers, raveners, and destroyers of your country." Master Doctor, on hearing this, much lamented their case. "Yea," said Lincoln, "for the Dutchmen (Germans) bring over iron, timber, leather, and wainscot, ready wrought; nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles with points, saddles, and painted (embroidered) cloths; so that if they were wrought here Englishmen might get something by it. And beside this they grow into such a multitude that it is to be looked upon; for I saw on a Sunday this Lent 600 strangers shooting at the popynjay with crossbows, and they make such a gathering to their common box that every botcher will hold plea (go to law) with the city of London." Then taking his leave, he put a paper of grievances into Beale's hand, which Beale promised to study.

On the Tuesday, after Dr. Standish, Beale preached to a crowded and excited audience, taking for his text, "The heaven is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; but the earth

[1] Immortalized for his quarrel with Erasmus. He was afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, St. Asse, or De Asino, as Pace and Erasmus called him. His name occurs frequently with Colet's and Grocyn's among the court preachers.

he has given to the children of men;"—*cœlum cœli Domino, terram autem dedit filiis hominum.* He argued with no little eloquence and ingenuity, that when God appointed their proper boundaries and habitations to all nations, he gave the land his audience stood upon as an inheritance to Englishmen for ever; and as birds would defend their nests, so (he urged) ought Englishmen to fight for their country and defend it against aliens. A popular topic, so enforced and so illustrated, was not likely to lose any of its effect. May-Day, the popular festival, was at hand; and the court, in dread of the sickness, had retired to Richmond. Two days before, a rumour sprung up, no man could tell from what beginning, that the city would rise, and all strangers be massacred without discrimination. Wolsey sent for the chief members of the corporation, and demanded of the Mayor how the city stood. "Well, and in good quiet," answered the Mayor, as mayors are apt to do. "Nay," said the Cardinal, "we are informed that your young and riotous people will rise and distress the strangers. Hear ye of no such thing?" "No, surely," said the Mayor, "and I trust so to govern them that the king's peace shall not be broken, and that I dare undertake, if I and my brethren the aldermen may be suffered." Wolsey dismissed them with a caution to look well to this matter. The aldermen talked the subject over, differed in their opinions, and no effectual precautions were adopted. According to Hall (whose antipathy to foreigners leads him to extenuate the insurrection in a manner inconsistent with the efforts afterwards used to punish and suppress it), the whole affair was a trifle. Sir John Munday, one of the aldermen, found two apprentices in his ward playing at bucklers, and a great company looking on. As they refused to disperse, he took one of them by the arm, who was immediately rescued. Instantly the cry of *Clubs! Prentices!* was raised; and in a moment the streets were thronged with a motley crowd of watermen, serving-men, and apprentices, swaying hither and thither, bent on mischief, but not yet resolved what course to take. Some fell to rifling the houses, others ran to Leadenhall, the residence of Peter Meautis, the King's secretary, others to the strangers' quarters, plundering and destroying all that fell in their way. Hall accuses Sir Thomas Parr of exaggerating the report of the disturbance to the King, and greatly underrates the number of the rioters. He condemns Sir Richard Cholmeley, lieutenant of the Tower, for needlessly battering the city

gates, "in a frantic fury," with certain pieces of ordnance, "which did little harm, howbeit his good will appeared." The serving-men and priests engaged in the riot escaped, says Hall, "but the poor prentices were taken!" The whole narrative, however, is so much coloured by the writer's peculiar prejudices and his anxiety to exculpate the rioters, that he assumes as grave facts the rhetorical exaggerations of the preacher, and is unjust to the alien merchants. He accuses them of showing open contempt for the citizens, depriving them of their industry and emoluments, and dishonouring their wives and daughters;—an accusation of no probability, considering the paucity of their number, and the dangers to which they were exposed from the multitude and irritation of the citizens. "From that day," says Giustinian, referring to the day of Beale's sermon, "they commenced threatening the strangers that on the 1st of May they would cut them to pieces and sack their houses." Sebastian gave Wolsey notice of the danger, and, apprehensive of the consequences, withdrew to Richmond. The rioters rose in the night of the 30th of April, to the number of 2,000, sacked the houses of the French and Flemish artificers, and then proceeded to the residence of Peter Meautis, who escaped death by hiding himself in the belfry of the adjoining church. Their next object of attack was the Italian quarter, but the merchants there had provided themselves with men, arms, and artillery, and defied the mob, who drew off to attack the less resolute and the defenceless. Much greater mischief would have arisen but for the precautionary measures of the Cardinal, who had ordered troops to advance by several roads to the city, "where they found the gates closed by these seditious ribalds, who had overpowered the forces of the lord mayor and aldermen, and compelled them to open the gaols and release the prisoners." The gates were forced in different directions; the preacher, with twelve of the ringleaders, and seventy of their adherents taken.

On the 4th of May, the prisoners were brought through the streets to trial, tied with ropes, two and two; "some men, some lads, some children of xiii. years."[1] They were tried on the statute of high treason; thirteen were found guilty, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Gallows were erected in different parts of the city, and the executions entrusted to Lord Surrey, the admiral, son of the Duke of Norfolk, as knight marshal, who showed the unfortunate

[1] Hall.

prisoners no mercy. The armed retainers of the Duke and other noblemen appointed to keep order, regarded the citizens with hatred and disdain, and made no scruple of expressing their feelings in opprobrious words and gestures. On Thursday, the 7th, Lincoln and the ringleaders were ordered for execution; but Lincoln alone suffered; the rest were respited at the foot of the gallows.[1] These severities did not all at once produce the effects that had been anticipated. Great murmuring and disaffection rose among the people, especially among the women. Strangers were not safe in the city; blows were struck, foreigners were eyed with angry glances, though no serious riots ensued. Great as was their fear, their ill will was greater than ever. Numbers still remained in prison, uncertain of their fate. On the 11th the King removed to Greenwich, and received a deputation of the recorder and aldermen, dressed in black, who had come to excuse themselves and beg mercy for the offenders. Henry declined to grant their petition, and referred them to the Chancellor. Eleven days after, attended by the Cardinal, the Council, and the lords spiritual and temporal, the King took his seat on a lofty daïs, with great ceremony, in Westminster Hall: the mayor, aldermen, and chief citizens were in attendance. "The king commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along one after another, in their shirts, and every one with a halter about his neck, to the number of 400 men and eleven women."[2] The Cardinal, as they presented themselves before the King entreated his Majesty to pardon them. The King refused. Turning to the delinquents, the Cardinal announced the royal determination. On hearing it the culprits fell upon their knees, crying aloud, *Mercy, Mercy!* Then the Cardinal, falling on his knees, besought his Majesty's compassion, and at length obtained their pardon, which he announced to them with tears in his eyes,[3] urging them in a long discourse to be

[1] Stow adds a circumstance omitted by Hall, whose account he follows in other respects. "It is to be noted that three queens, sc., Katharine queen of England, *and by her means* Mary the French queen, and Margaret queen of Scots, the king's sisters, then resident in England, long time on their knees before the king, had begged their pardon, which by persuasion of the cardinal Wolsey (without whose counsel he would then do nothing) the king granted unto them."—Chron. p. 506. Five days after Margaret returned to Scotland.

[2] Hall.

[3] Hall, who hated Wolsey, has omitted many little circumstances in his account of this affair, which he thought might be creditable to the Cardinal. The best account of it will be found in Giustinian's despatches.

obedient subjects, and not oppose the will of their Prince, who had resolved that all strangers should be well treated in his dominions. "And when the Cardinal told them this," says Sagudino,[1] "it was a fine sight to see each man take the halter from his neck, and fling it in the air; and how they jumped for joy, making such signs of rejoicing as became people who had escaped from extreme peril."[2]

The city was apparently quieted; and Hall, its apologist, says no more of this disastrous affair, which had ended with much less mischief than might have been anticipated. But the punishment of the ringleaders sunk deep into the minds of the citizens: nothing could shake their conviction that undue partiality had been shown to the strangers, and a disproportionate severity to those who had only risen in defence of their inalienable rights as Englishmen. The ill feeling was fostered by the sight of the mutilated remains of those who had suffered for the part they had taken in the late insurrection. "At the city gates," says an eye-witness,[3] "one sees nothing but gibbets and the quarters of these wretches, so that it is horrible to pass near them." The memory of what Surrey and other noblemen had done, in their hour of triumph, was treasured up with feelings of resentment by the inhabitants of London. Their time for vengeance had not yet arrived; but hatred of the nobility became henceforth a strong element in the loyalty of London citizens, and no inconsiderable motive power in the Reformation. The rebellion burst forth again five months after, when the King and the Cardinal were away. Three of the ringleaders were apprehended, but previous experience had made the mayor and aldermen watchful, and nothing came of it.[4]

The part taken by the religious orders in this dispute, and the identification of the Minorite friars and Dr. Standish with the popular cause, are deserving of notice. It is another proof, overlooked by the historians of the Reformation, of the favour borne to these orders by the town population. Then, as now, the secular clergy and bishops constituted an ecclesiastical aristocracy, and sympathized with the nobility. They

[1] II. 3259.

[2] By this, "the King might perceive they were none of the discretest sort," is Hall's frigid comment on this demonstration. He adds, more appropriately, that the gallows were taken down, and from that time the citizens looked more carefully after their apprentices and servants.

[3] II. 3259.

[4] II. 3697.

joined with Erasmus in his ridicule of the friars; and this feeling of contempt for the preaching friar of the lower classes was not inconsistent with the conservatism exhibited by them at a later stage of the Reformation. It must be considered as still more strange that Dr. Standish, the warden of the Friars, should have stood up in defence of the royal supremacy against the whole power of Convocation;—an act which neither the clergy nor the King ever forgot.[1] When the see of St. Asaph fell vacant in 1518, Wolsey, then at the very height of his credit, desired it for the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, but in vain; and Pace writes to the Cardinal,[2] "the king will give St. Asse to friar Standish; whereof I would be right sorry for the good service he was like to do to the Church. *Erit tamen difficile huic rei obstare (ut mihi videtur) quia majestas regia illum mihi jampridem laudavit ex doctrina et omnes isti domini aulici eidem favent de singulari quam navavit opera ad ecclesiam Anglicam subvertendam.*" The favour thus borne to Standish by the King for his defence of the royal supremacy is not easily reconciled with the popular notions entertained of the Mendicant friars, and the part taken by them in the religious movements of that age. More remarkable is the testimony of Pace that Standish stood high in the good graces of the courtiers, because like them, he was supposed to be no well-wisher to the Church. The readers of Burnet will remember a remarkable document, printed by that historian, containing a most graphic account of the part taken by Standish in the Convocation of 1515.[3] I must crave my readers' indulgence for referring to this subject with some minuteness, not merely for its great importance, but because, in the recent arrangement of the State papers under the order of the Master of the Rolls, the answer made by the Convocation to the King, when summoned to defend itself for its treatment of Standish, was for the first time brought to light.

Whilst the Parliament was sitting in 1515, Richard Kidderminster, Abbot of Winchcombe, preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, wherein he maintained that the Act passed three years before for depriving murderers and other malefactors of the benefit of clergy, was contrary to the law of God and the liberties of the Church. At a council of divines and temporal lords summoned by the King to examine an assertion so derogatory to the laws of their realm, Standish spoke in favour of the Act. The argument employed by him in defence

[1] II. 1312–14. [2] II. 4074. [3] See II. 1313.

of it was remarkable: "it was not," he said, "against the liberty of the Church, because it was passed for the weal of the whole realm." Upon this a divine, whose name has not been preserved, remarked that the exemption of the clergy from temporal penalties had been asserted by the canons, and by Christ Himself; and, in defence of this assertion, he alleged the words *Nolite tangere Christos meos*. Standish replied, that these were not the words of Christ, but of David a thousand years before, and were spoken by the psalmist because the greater number of men were unbelievers in those days, and they were forbidden by David to molest those of the true faith, whom he called *Christos*. After some further discussion, the temporal lords demanded that the Bishops should compel the Abbot to make an apology for what he had said. The Bishops not only refused, but shortly after summoned Standish to answer before Convocation to certain articles involving the points in dispute. On perceiving their drift, Standish appealed for protection to the King. The two parties were immediately brought into collision: the clergy urged the King to maintain his coronation oath and defend the rights of the Church; the temporal lords appealed to the same oath in maintenance of the rights of the subject, and of Standish in particular. A commission, consisting of the judges, the privy council, certain spiritual and temporal lords, and a few members from the Parliament, was ordered by the King to assemble at Blackfriars, and try the question. The arguments employed on both sides are worthy of notice; and even if the report of them—preserved by a lawyer—was favourable to Standish, the line of defence which he adopted was marked with so much ability as ought to modify the unfavourable judgment left us by Erasmus of the friar's ignorance and bigotry. Ultimately the judges determined that Convocation by its proceedings against Standish had incurred the guilt of *præmunire;* and to this judgment they appended a clause more in accordance with the 17th than the 16th century, that the King, if he pleased, could hold a Parliament by himself and the temporal lords and commons, without the assistance of the spirituality, who had no place there except by virtue of their temporal possessions. On this Wolsey, then Archbishop of York, kneeled down before the King, and assured him that the clergy had no intention of doing anything prejudicial to the Crown; and he for one, who owed his advancement solely to his Majesty, would never

assent to anything in derogation of the royal authority. The clergy, he urged, had acted in good faith in this matter, and conformably to the duty, as they believed, imposed upon them by their oaths in defence of the liberties of the Church, and he prayed the King to allow the matter to be referred to the Pope and his council at Rome. The King answered, "We think Dr. Standish has replied to you sufficiently on all points." Fox, Bishop of Winchester, said, "Sir, I warrant you Dr. Standish will not abide by his opinion at his peril." Standish rejoined, "What should one poor friar do alone against all the bishops and clergy of England?" Then said the Archbishop of Canterbury: in former days many holy fathers resisted the law of the land on this point, and some suffered martyrdom in the quarrel. Fineux, Chief Justice, answered, that the conventing of clerks before the lay judges had been practised by many holy kings, and many fathers of the Church had agreed to it; adding, "If a clerk be arrested by the secular authority for murder or felony, and is committed to the clergy by the temporal judge, you of the clergy have no authority by your laws to try him." Hereupon the King said, "We are by the sufferance of God king of England, and the kings of England in times past never had any superior but God; know, therefore, that we will maintain the rights of the crown in this matter like our progenitors; and as for your decrees, we are satisfied that even you of the spiritualty act expressly against the words of several of them, as has been well shown you by some of our spiritual council. You interpret your decrees at your pleasure; but as for me, I will never consent to your desire, any more than my progenitors have done." The Convocation, in their answer, disavowed in humble and earnest terms any wish to interfere with the prerogative, but they claimed the right of discussing questions affecting the Church with the same unrestricted liberty as questions touching the clergy were discussed in the Parliament. They said: "at sundry times divers of the parliament speak divers and many things, not only against men of the Church and against the laws of the Church, but also sometimes against the king's laws, for the which neither the king nor the prelates of the Church have punished them, nor yet desireth any punishment for their so speaking." [1]

A little study of these two remarkable documents will be

[1] II. 1313, 1314.

sufficient to dissipate many popular misconceptions of the progress, purpose, and character of the Reformation in England, if those misconceptions have not been shaken already. The notions that the royal supremacy leapt full-armed from the brains of Henry VIII., that the clergy were irresponsible even in spiritual matters, or that the Pope could dictate from Rome to the Sovereigns of this country, at least to Henry VIII. or Henry VII., beyond what those princes were willing to allow,—still more, that on the papal fiat depended the abstract right or wrong of any question in the minds of the people—are idle phantoms. The canon law had grown up side by side with the laws of the realm. In the weakness and imperfection of other laws, it seemed no more than fitting that the clergy, as a spiritual body, should be governed by spiritual laws:—the encroachments of those laws, and the difficulty of adjusting them with the temporal laws, provoked frequent disputes; but then it remained with the King to decide how far those spiritual laws should be operative. Convocation could pass no canons without the King's consent; no bull or ecclesiastical constitution could be published in this country without his sanction; no bishop, no abbot, no prior could assume their several offices without the royal permission. As a right, though not always as a fact, the supremacy of the King had continued from time immemorial: the usurpations upon that right were resisted and modified by the energy and will of the Sovereign. But in the reign of Henry VIII. the papal authority in England had ceased to be anything more than a form—a decorum to be observed—a concession to the opinions and usages of the age, which no orthodox son of the Church would wilfully or pointedly disregard, and so put himself outside the pale of Christendom, and excommunicate himself from what was then considered as "decent society." And here, the question discussed between Standish and his opponents, supposed to have been settled for ever by the blood of St. Thomas, is just as rife in men's minds, and as far from adjustment, as it was three centuries and a half before. The King's supremacy is as vital and energetic a principle in the minds of lawyers and divines, the peril of *præmunire* as real, as when at the fall of Wolsey the King exerted that authority which here he was satisfied merely with asserting.

And what, perhaps, is no less curious, the part taken by Standish presents him and the friars, of whom he was the representative, in a very different light from that in which the

religious orders appear in popular histories,[1] or in the sarcastic anecdotes of Erasmus. In giving due weight to the testimony of Erasmus it should be remembered that it is the hatred of the scholar and the wit, the man of refinement, of somewhat epicurean tastes and habits, for the vulgar, coarse, and popular preacher of the day. It was the judgment of the exquisite critic, of the favoured visitant at the marble palaces of bishops and cardinals, upon the half-educated priest, very little removed from the low and uneducated classes amongst whom he laboured, and over whom he exercised unbounded control. Atheism, talking Greek in high places, and armed with correct Latinity, was a less disagreeable sight to Erasmus than piety in bad Latin, violating the rules of Lily's grammar. The friars were the assertors of the popular cause against the aristocracy and the hierarchy; at one time, they supported Kings against both orders, braved them at another when their authority was oppressive;—but coarse, energetic, and turbulent in whatever they undertook.

In fact the sixteenth century was not a mass of moral corruption out of which life emerged by some process unknown to art or nature; it was not an addled egg cradling a living bird; quite the reverse. *Fervet totus mundus in justitia sua constituenda*, is the repeated cry of Luther;[2] and an age busied with the great questions of righteousness, whether of faith or works, is not a demoralized or degenerate age, at all events, however roughly and rudely the discussion may be carried on. These are not the thoughts which trouble the hearts of men buried in sensuality. It was an age instinct with vast animal life, robust health, and muscular energy, terrible in its rude and unrefined appetites, its fiery virtues, and fierce passions. It had risen from the sleep of the last century "like a giant refreshed with wine." It was this new vigour and strength which alarmed those who had hitherto deemed its old guides sufficient, and were tempted to draw closer the ancient bonds, and knit them more firmly together. *State super vias antiquas* was the cry of those who, unwilling to look forward, saw with reluctance the scaffolding giving way under which the building

[1] Unfortunately, in all our popular histories the Reformation has been presented from the Elizabethan point of view, when men's impressions and notions about it had undergone great changes from a variety of causes.

[2] Luther's most earnest remonstrances were directed, not against bad, but against "good works," and the stress laid upon them by the advocates of the old religion. If that religion had been in its practice so generally corrupt, as it is represented to have been by modern writers, such denunciations were idle.

had risen to such grand and majestic proportions. Under that old system England had emerged from barbarism to civilization; from wandering hordes of broken tribes to the unity of a great nation; from hovels of clay to cathedrals and palaces; from the outscourings of Saxons, Danes, and Normans, to a great, strong, and independent people. It was the admiration of the world for its material wealth and prosperity; it was not given to lying, as historians nowadays tell us, but manly, candid, and trustworthy; too honest and straightforward to believe in deceit, and therefore, as State papers show, too easy to be deceived. *State super vias antiquas*, cried men who looked back upon the goodly deeds of their forefathers, as Englishmen will every now and then cry out by reason of their conservative instincts; as all men naturally will cry out who have a past upon which they can and they dare look back. So the stronger went forward, and the timid stayed behind; not necessarily less earnest or less morally pure than the bolder and more advanced; for among laymen Sir Thomas More was surely as honest as Cromwell or Rich, and among churchmen Fisher was as conscientious as Cranmer.[1]

[1] "Whereupon Gargantua, fearful lest the child should hurt himself, caused four great chains of iron to be made to bind him, and so many strong wooden arches unto his cradle most firmly stacked and morticed in huge frames. . . . Thus continued Pantagruel [the genius of the Reformation] for a while, very calm and quiet, for he was not able so easily to break those chains, especially having no room in the cradle to give a swing with his arms. But see what happened once on a great holiday that his father Gargantua made a sumptuous banquet to all the princes of his court. Hark what he did, good people! He strove and essayed to break the chains of the cradle with his arms, but could not, for they were too strong for him. Then did he keep with his feet [*i.e.* the masses] such a stamping, and so long, that at last he beat out the lower end of his cradle, which notwithstanding was made of a great post five feet square; and as soon as he had gotten out his feet, he slid down as well as he could till he had got his soles to the ground, and then with a mighty force he rose up carrying his cradle upon his back bound to him, like a tortoise that crawls up against a wall. In this manner he entered into the great hall where they were banqueting, and that very boldly, and did much affright the company; yet, because his arms were tied in, he could not reach anything to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little to take with the whole flat of his tongue some good lick, good bit or morsel [*i.e.* popular liberties, at first, after the Reformation more slowly and grudgingly conceded]. Which when his father saw, he saw well enough that they had left him without giving him anything to eat, and therefore commanded that he should be loosed from the said chains. . . . When he was unchained they made him sit down, where after he had fed very well [the increase of science and education], he took his cradle and broke it into more than five hundred thousand pieces, with one blow of his fist, swearing he would never come into it again."—Rabelais, II. 4.

CHAPTER IX.

WOLSEY, CARDINAL AND LEGATE.

It was during the period of which we have just been treating that Wolsey's fortunes reached their culminating point. The marriage of Mary with Lewis XII. had greatly advanced his influence. It established him in the confidence of the royal family as no minister in his own time or before him, had ever been; not even Suffolk, the King's brother-in-law. The terms in which he addresses Mary and Margaret, and even Katharine of Arragon, indicate the familiar footing on which he was received by the different branches of the royal family. His first letter to Mary,[1] then a widow and a Queen, is conceived more in the tone of a personal friend than of a prime minister. He begs her, "for the old service he has done her," to make no rash engagements; "and for my part," he concludes, "to the effusion of my blood and spending of my goods I shall never forsake nor leave you." Strange language this to come from the lips of a minister to a Queen in the time of the Tudors! And both Queens, though neither loved him, were accustomed to this somewhat magisterial tone, and replied to him in terms of respect and submission. Of the light in which he was regarded by the King evidence has been given already. To the Pope he addressed himself in the canonized terms of humility, such as no Sovereign, much less a Bishop of those times, whatever his power or however bitter his resentment, would for a moment think of neglecting; but if Leo X. ever dreamed of temporizing with Wolsey, or putting him off with promises and apologies, he was quickly made to feel who was the real pontiff of the West. His enemies accounted him haughty and imperious; and much more humility or moderation than Wolsey possessed could scarcely have escaped the imputation. Such a sight as this Cardinal presented was not common to the eyes of Christendom. The

[1] II. 15.

great nobles could obtain no audience of him until after four or five applications; foreign ambassadors not even then. "He is omnipotent," says Erasmus, writing to Cardinal Grimani.[1] "All the power of the state is centred in him," is the observation of Giustinian;[2] "he is in fact *ipse rex*." "Whether it be by necromancy, witchcraft, or policy, no man knoweth,"[3] murmured the people in taverns and highways. Yet undisputed as was the supremacy of this great minister, it was surely no more than might have been expected. In genius, in penetration, in aptitude for business, and indefatigable labour, he had no equal. All despatches addressed to ambassadors abroad or at home passed through his hands;—the entire political correspondence of the times was submitted to his perusal, and waited for his decision. Before a single measure was submitted to the Privy Council, it was shaped by Wolsey's hands; he managed it unaided and alone when it had passed their approval. Fox, the only minister of any experience, seldom attended; Suffolk dared not offer opposition. Norfolk, who had endeavoured and once had partly succeeded in thwarting Wolsey's authority, had been defeated and yielded. He was too haughty to conceal a temper not less imperious than the Cardinal's, and wanted the flexibility and courtesy of manner required in a successful courtier. Of the rest, Ruthal was "the treble to Wolsey's bass;" Lovell and Sir Henry Marney without influence. Serious disputes had arisen more than once, and endangered the Cardinal's position. "Here is a great snarling in the Privy Council," writes Thomas Allen to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "insomuch that my lord Cardinal said to Sir Henry Marney, that the same Sir Henry had done more displeasure unto the king's grace, by reason of his cruelty against the great estates of this realm than any man living. . . . The Cardinal and Sir William Compton are marvellous great. . . . The lord Marquis (Dorset), the earl of Surrey (afterwards duke of Norfolk), and the Lord Abergavenny were put out of the Council chamber within these four days, whatever that did mean."[4] The same writer, a few weeks after, advises the earl not to come up to London; "for there are some things come not so well to pass"—alluding to the ill success of Wolsey's policy with Maximilian—"*wherein few* were of counsel, as the beginners of the same thought they would have done. I hear some

[1] March 31, 1515.
[2] II. 1086, 1380.
[3] II. 2733.
[4] May 31, 1516. 1959.

things which are not to be written."[1] These obscure remarks receive further illustration from a letter of Giustinian:[2] "For many days and months past the Bishop of Winchester (Fox) and the Archbishop of Canterbury (Warham), who were principal members of the government, have withdrawn themselves, on account, it is said, of the succour given to the Emperor against the King of France.[3] Canterbury was Lord Chancellor, and Winchester Privy Seal, both which offices are of extreme importance, and have been resigned by them. The Chancellorship has been conferred on the Cardinal, the Privy Seal on the Bishop of Durham. The Duke of Suffolk, who married the queen-widow of France, has also absented himself; it is said he is not so much in favour with the king as before. Sir Thomas Lovel, an old servant of the late and the present king, a person of great authority, seems also to have withdrawn himself, and interferes little in the government. So the whole direction of affairs rests, to the dissatisfaction of everybody, with the right reverend Cardinal, the bishop of Durham and the lord Treasurer (Norfolk)."

Wolsey's position was not a bed of roses. Exposed by his monopoly of the King's favour to the envy of the nobility in general; to the odium of one class for his cardinalate, of another for his impartial justice or his rigid economy; whatever line of policy he found it necessary to adopt he was opposed by one party or more in the nation. To the people in general an alliance with France was as distasteful as ever; to the nobility it was otherwise. The statesmen of the old school believed that union with France implied peace in Christendom, with plenty and economy at home. To them a German alliance seemed but a shadow, or a bottomless waste. Yet popular wilfulness compelled the wiser not unfrequently to abandon their better convictions, and sacrifice the real interests of England to popular clamour. On the other hand, the German was identified even then, and still more in the sequel, with opposition to the Pope. So disputes sprang up in the Council upon the questions of its foreign policy; Fox, Warham, and Suffolk, who supported French interests, withdrew, but only for a time,—not out of hatred to Wolsey, as Polydore Vergil represents, for all were present at the ceremonies when Wolsey received the cardinal's hat,[4] and Suffolk

[1] II. 2018.
[2] July 17, 1516.
[3] There were two parties in the cabinet, as in the nation at large—the French and the German. Norfolk sided with the latter throughout.
[4] II. 1153.

was always desirous of reconciliation. Fox appeared at the Council in November, 1515, again in November, 1516,[1] after he is represented as having laid down his office and permanently retired; again in December interceding for the papal nuncio, Chieregato;[2] and again in January, 1517;[3]—facts inconsistent with Polydore's account. Opposed to Wolsey's imperial policy, on the marriage of Mary with Lewis XII. Fox wrote to the Cardinal "that was the best deed ever done for England."[4]

In further illustration of this obscure subject, so important for a clear understanding of the times, we have a remarkable letter of Wolsey, addressed to De Giglis, Bishop of Worcester, the English agent at the Vatican. The Bishop had reported to Wolsey certain rumours then current at Rome, of a conspiracy formed by some parties in England to work his destruction by the aid of France; and of this the Pope had desired him to take warning.[5] Wolsey replied[6] that it was impossible to describe the King's gratitude for the information communicated by the Pope;—not that he was really apprehensive of any danger, for there was no king in the world more ardently beloved or more respected by his subjects. His very looks, he added, strike terror into evil-doers. As for himself and his administration, the kingdom was never in greater unity or repose than at present, "*tanti enim justitiam et æquitatem facio, absit jactantiæ crimen;* and were I to offer to resign I am sure neither the king nor his nobles would permit it."

Possibly he might overrate his popularity with the nobles, but his confidence in his own administration of justice was well founded. His worst enemies, his most incessant maligners, were reluctantly compelled to admit that in his functions as Chancellor he behaved admirably.[7] To that post

[1] II. 2559.
[2] II. 2643.
[3] II. 2839.
[4] II. 4540.
[5] The French faction were the chief authors of Wolsey's fall in after life, and Suffolk the instrument then, as he seems to be alluded to now; whether set on by others or his own suggestion is uncertain. He was signally insincere and ungrateful. The reader will do well to peruse, in reference to this topic, Pace's remarkable letters.
[6] II. 3973.
[7] II. 1335., 1552. "He is pensive and has the reputation of being extremely just; he favors the people exceedingly, and especially the poor, hearing their suits and seeking to despatch them instantly. He also makes the lawyers plead gratis for all paupers." This is the testimony of Giustinian, who assuredly was not partial to Wolsey. "In matters of judicature he behaved himself commendably. I hear no widows' sighs nor see orphans' tears in our chronicles caused by him. Sure in such cases wherein his private ends made him not a party, he was an excellent justicier."—Fuller's Holy State, iv. 3.

he had been appointed on the resignation of Warham, 22nd of December, 1515; not as Polydore Vergil represents, in consequence of a successful intrigue, but at the earnest request of the King.[1] More's commendation of him is well known.[2] "The archbishop," he says, "has succeeded at last in getting quit of the chancellorship, which he has been laboring to do for some years. The king has nominated Wolsey in his room, who acquits himself so well as to outdo all men's expectations;—and, what must be admitted to be very difficult, even after so excellent a predecessor he gives the greatest satisfaction." The testimony of Fox is to the same effect. At the time when the Bishop is represented as withdrawing from the council table in disgust, he wrote from his retreat to Wolsey, who was anxious to bring him to court, that if he had not the most satisfactory reason for his absence in his anxiety to visit his diocese after twenty-eight years of neglect, he should be very ungrateful and forgetful, considering Wolsey's goodness to him in times past. He professed that no one had ever greater will to serve the King than he, especially since Wolsey's great charge (of the Chancellorship);—"perceiving better, straighter, and speedier ways of justice, and more diligence and labor for the king's rights, duties, and profits to be in you, *than ever I see in times past in any other.*" And he adds a remark, which will seem strange to those who are accustomed to draw their notions of these times from popular histories,—that his absence was not to hunt or hawk, nor yet for quietness of his mind, which is troubled night and day with other men's iniquities more than he dare write; *of which Wolsey told him he had some knowledge when he was bishop of Lincoln.*"[3]

In the same letter Fox urges him to lay aside all business "from six o'clock in the evening forward," thus showing the Cardinal's indefatigable labours. He rose at an early hour of the morning and regularly heard mass; then mounting his mule he proceeded to Westminster Hall;[4] was engaged in

[1] II. 1551.

[2] More, in a letter addressed to Warham, after his resignation, speaks of the difficulty the Archbishop had to encounter in prevailing upon the King to allow him to resign.—II. Appendix, 36.

[3] II. 1814. This passage shows how keenly Shakspeare, under all disadvantages, had penetrated into the under-current of Wolsey's feelings. "If I had served my God with half the zeal I had served my king," was not a temporary regret wrung from him in the moment of disappointment, but a thought and something more that had flashed ever and anon across his mind through his long and arduous administration.—See also Cavendish, by Singer, p. 105.

[4] Cavendish speaks of his being attended on his way to Westminster

court until eleven, and when business required it passed from the court of Chancery to the Star Chamber. Every Sunday whilst the court was at Greenwich, which generally happened during the winter months, he visited the King. What remained of the day after these duties were over, was spent in drawing despatches, giving audience to ambassadors, attending to the political news and correspondence of the times, introducing a more regular and economical system into the different branches of the administration—of finance and customs especially. Before his time the accounts had been kept very irregularly: long arrears of debts were allowed to accumulate; large sums had been advanced by the Crown to noblemen and parasites with no expectation of repayment; its rights and sources of revenue had been clogged and straitened in various ways;—all these it was Wolsey's province to bring into a state of efficiency.[1] As might be expected, these reforms drew down great odium upon him, and the charge of penuriousness. To one naturally profuse like Henry VIII., surrounded by extravagant young men, who wasted large sums of money at play and upon the absurd and fantastic fashions of the times, the Cardinal's conduct in this respect was easily misrepresented. To these temporal duties were added his ecclesiastical, as Cardinal and legate.

Yet his health was by no means strong, nor was the advice of Fox unneeded. Throughout the four years embraced in this volume Wolsey was continually ailing. Four times he was attacked by the sweating sickness.[2] In June, 1517, his life was despaired of; in August his household and himself were again suffering from the popular epidemic.[3] In October,

Hall "with noblemen and gentlemen of his own family;"—an expression intended apparently to apply to the young gentlemen and noblemen in Wolsey's service. Giustinian speaks of two brothers of the Cardinal, one of whom, he says, held a benefice. I have found no notice of either, or of any other member of Wolsey's family, with one exception. There is a petition to him from one John Fayrechild, son of Elizabeth Wulcy, the Cardinal's sister, desiring some small place, as comptroller of the works of Tournay (II. 1368). But the applicant's name does not occur again in connection with any office. His family received no benefit from his high offices; even Wynter, his reputed son, now about fourteen years old, was kept in straitened circumstances.—See Byrchinshaw's letter to Wolsey, II. 4692. Of the gentlemen in his service, Jerningham writes:

"I had obtained a taboret for your grace, who plays reasonably well, but is oftentimes overseen with drink, which me seemed was not meet for your grace, nor to be in the company of so *many young gentlemen as your grace hath in your service.*"—Jerningham to Wolsey, II. 3202.

[1] Of the enormous number of debtors to the Crown, and the sums invested, the reader may gain some notion from the list of loans and recognizances in II. pp. 1481–1490.

[2] II. 3372.

[3] II. 3638.

1518, he was too unwell to receive the visits of the foreign ambassadors.[1] Yet no interruption took place in the business of the nation. Despatches passed and repassed with their usual punctuality. Scotland, ready to throw the borders into disorder and insurrection, was restrained; Spain and the Netherlands kept on the best terms; and France, tired of war, and anxious for an alliance with England, was entertained and certainly outwitted in its negociations for Tournay.

That he was peremptory, unceremonious, and sometimes lost his temper, must be admitted,—will probably have been expected by those who consider his excessive labours. The extreme difficulties of his position, the impatience of a man of great genius and penetration at the interruptions, follies, and contradictions to which he was exposed by conceited mediocrity or pertinacious self-interest, were a sore trial to a man incessantly employed and fully alive to the value of minutes. The prudence and apprehensions of modern times have divided the great offices once centred in Wolsey, and in him only. His position and power were exceptional, and must be judged accordingly. He was responsible to no one except his Sovereign; and the King, occupied with fears of the plague or amusements at court, or well satisfied with his minister, had little reason to interfere and less to condemn. Suitors complained that Wolsey was hard of access, that he displayed his resentments too openly, that he adopted too imperious a style for a subject, that he identified himself too much with his own political measures, and proportioned his anger and gratitude accordingly. In one instance he proceeded to lay hands on the papal nuncio, utterly regardless of his sacred character, or his immunity as ambassador, declaring that if the nuncio would not confess the nature of his communications with France, he should be put on the rack.[2] The report was probably exaggerated. Still, for a prime minister and a Cardinal to be so far transported beyond himself was, even in that rough age, regarded with astonishment. On another occasion, he sent for Sebastian's secretary, and rated him soundly: "I charge your ambassador and you not to write anything out of this kingdom *without my consent*,

[1] II. 4510, 4529. It was probably after these repeated attacks, and to prevent their recurrence, that the Cardinal was in the habit, as Cavendish relates, of carrying "in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs."

[2] Dec. 7, 1516.

under pain of the King's indignation and the heaviest penalties;" and these words he repeated, growing more and more irritated every instant, and gnawing a cane which he held in his hand.[1] But such excessive fits of irritation were not usual, and were to be traced in these instances to one and the same cause, in which a curious point of his history is involved.

In May, 1517, two Cardinals, De Sauli and Sienna, were committed to the castle of St. Angelo, for attempting to poison Leo X. by means of a surgeon.[2] Cardinal St. George, papal chamberlain, once a favourite of Julius II., and Cardinal Hadrian, formerly papal collector in England, and Bishop of Bath and Wells, were implicated in the conspiracy; St. George, for hearing the intemperate threats of Sienna without revealing them to the Pope; Hadrian, because Sienna had said in his presence, pointing to the surgeon, "That fellow will get the college out of trouble."[3] The accusation might have been treated as a calumny, had not Hadrian, with tears in his eyes, fallen at the Pope's feet, and besought his mercy.[4] Against Hadrian, Leo entertained a grudge of ancient standing. He had contrived, under the pretence of befriending Hadrian, to exasperate the King of England against him, and obtain the dismissal of Hadrian and his deputy, Polydore Vergil, from the collectorship. Possibly, in his resentment at the Pope's duplicity, Hadrian would have been by no means unwilling had the conspiracy succeeded, even if he declined to take any active part in it himself. Sienna was put to death secretly.[5] St. George purchased peace and pardon by a large sum of money. Hadrian fled to Venice, from which place he wrote to Wolsey (19th of July),[6] begging his favourable intercession with the King and the Pope. This is probably the last of his letters that has been preserved. His subsequent fate is hidden in impenetrable mystery. Great efforts were made by the Venetians, through Sebastian, their ambassador in England, to obtain Hadrian's restoration. The Venetian had the audacity to abstract from Wolsey's packet a letter addressed by the signory in favour of Hadrian, and present it

[1] II. 3581.
[2] II. 3277.
[3] II. 3356.
[4] II. 3352. Tunstal, speaking of his communication with Fra Nicolas, the papal commissioner, who was perfectly well informed on this subject, states that this friar informed him that Cardinal St. George confessed he was an accomplice, *without the torture being applied* (No. 3373). The notion of putting a cardinal on the rack did not seem strange to Tunstal or his correspondent.
[5] II. 3406.
[6] II. 3493.

to the King, unknown to Wolsey.[1] This was the secret of Wolsey's wrath. Sebastian, who would not otherwise have been admitted, in consequence of the sweating sickness, pretended urgent business;—was introduced, presented the letter, and met the rebuff he deserved. The King told him that he was perfectly well acquainted with the whole affair, and had received intelligence from the Pope that Hadrian had confessed, and was to be degraded. When Sebastian attempted to excuse the Cardinal, he was cut short by the curt remark, "I understand this matter better than you Venetians!" Sebastian attributed the King's displeasure to the suggestions of Wolsey, who had obtained the see of Bath *in commendam* by Hadrian's disgrace. The offence was in reality of much earlier standing.

Hadrian's factor in England was Polydore Vergil,[2] the historian. His imprisonment and loss of employment are notorious. It has been broadly stated by most English historians that his imprisonment was owing to Wolsey's resentment, who, on failing to receive the assistance he expected from Hadrian, in his efforts to obtain the cardinalate, seized his deputy collector, and committed him to the Tower. This tale, with its various embellishments, rests, like many others in which historians indulge without examination, on mere conjecture, and is not very probable. The true cause of Polydore's and his patron's disgrace are laid open in State papers. A wit—and, like wits, not always very careful or scrupulous—Polydore was in the habit of writing letters from England to Hadrian, reflecting on the King, Wolsey, and others. It happened, unfortunately for the writer, that one of these letters fell into the hands of his rival Ammonius; or, more probably, was intercepted, and sent to Ammonius from Rome. It is not hard to conjecture that Worcester was the agent. The intercepted letter,[3] was shown to Wolsey with certain comments expressing the Pope's indignation. In terms neither decent nor discreet Vergil had thrown out imputations against the Pope and the King. He had called the latter a mere boy; said he was ruled by others, and signed papers without being acquainted with their contents. The Pope stated that he would be glad to have an opportunity of chastising Hadrian, and begged that his and Polydore's letters

[1] II. 3558.

[2] Vergil was not an assumed name. He had a brother Jerome Vergil, a merchant in London. II. 215, 2130.

[3] II. 215.

might be intercepted. The letter of Polydore was ambiguously worded, yet not so completely as to veil its true meaning from those into whose hands it fell. It professed to give a circumstantial account of the intrigues set on foot to deprive himself and Hadrian of the collectorship. Ammonius was libelled under the name of *Harenarius* (sandy);[1] and De Giglis, the Bishop of Worcester, who had been implicated in the poisoning of Cardinal Bainbridge, under the nick-name of *talpa* (mole) significant of his underhand proceedings. He accused the Pope of intriguing with the King, and inducing the latter to write a letter to his Holiness indicating his wish that Hadrian should resign; though Polydore believed that the King entertained no such desire. A third person is introduced under the monosyllables *le. mi.*, and there can be no doubt that Wolsey is intended. Polydore says he has offered *le. mi.* 100*l.* annually;—that *le. mi.* is hateful to heaven and earth;—that he is so tyrannical, his influence cannot last;—all England abuses him;—and, as if that were not enough, "he is now for money's sake treating of peace with the French, without reverence for man or God." Polydore and Hadrian were imperialists; and the presence of Suffolk at the court of Francis I. gave an air of probability to the rumour.

It will surprise no one who knows the temper of those times, to learn that Polydore found himself, a few days after, an inmate of the Tower, and his deputy collectorship irrecoverably forfeited.[2] He languished in prison until the end of the year, though repeated applications in his favour came from the Pope—instigated apparently by his fears of Hadrian. In his captivity, Polydore addressed the most abject letters to Wolsey for mercy.[3] He told Wolsey he had heard with rapture of his elevation to the Cardinal's throne; and whenever Wolsey would allow him an opportunity to present himself, he would gaze and bow in adoration, and his spirit should rejoice in him "*as in God my Saviour.*" He prayed that his punishment might be wholly remitted, and Wolsey's gifts perfected in him, *even as he himself was perfect.* It will surprise no one to learn, after this letter, that Polydore went

[1] The word *arenarius*, besides being Latin for Ammonius, means also a prize-fighter, and Polydore might intend this play upon the word, and I think did;—the prize for which Ammonius was fighting being the deputy collectorship. The true name of Ammonius seems to be *de Arena* (see I. 4963), which he Græcized in conformity with the pedantic taste of that age.

[2] II. 272.

[3] II. 970.

home in the spring of 1516, and took immortal revenge when he was fairly out of the Cardinal's reach. He sneered at the Cardinal's birth, sneered at his ingratitude, sneered at his buildings, sneered at his administration of justice, sneered at his cardinal's hat. He painted Wolsey, in his history, as an ambitious priest,[1] successful only because he was unscrupulous; distinguished mainly for his underhanded intrigues in banishing Fox and Warham from the council table. He called him a foolish architect, for building the palace of Bridewell on the muddy banks of the Thames;[2] a blusterer in chancery, whose administration of justice was a shadow without reality, and doomed to vanish like a shadow; a vulgar upstart, intoxicated with dignities undeserved; a *parvenu* whose brain was turned by his gilded chair, the gold fringes of his cushion and table-cloth—(to which, Polydore forgot to tell his hearers, he had offered to bow down in adoration),—and his cardinal's hat, which was carried before him like an idol, whenever he walked abroad to take the air, by some tall fellow in his livery, and placed conspicuously on the altar in the chapel royal when mass was sung. Our only surprise is, that every historian in succession should have accepted this as a true picture, each adding a little to the original caricature;—Hall took it from Vergil, Foxe from Hall, Burnet and Strype from Foxe, Hume from Burnet, and so on to the end of the series.

Wolsey was raised to the cardinalate, on the 10th of September, 1515, by the name of St. Cecilia trans Tiberim.

[1] "Divinis litteris non indoctus," is the tame compliment paid him by Polydore. That is, he was fit to read his mass-book and thumb his breviary; —a Thomist, not a Ciceronian;—neither a scholar nor a gentleman, but a respectable sort of hedge-priest.

[2] Various sums are entered in the King's Book of Payments for buildings at Blackfriars, under the superintendence of Thomas Larke. In Aug., 1515, 1,000*l.*; in April, 1516, 1,000*l.*; in Feb., 1517, the same sum; and the same sum in June following. It is almost needless to say that Polydore's sarcasm must not be accepted as literally true. The north side of the Thames was studded with palaces and noblemen's seats, from Bridewell to Westminster; and there could be no more pleasant sight in the world than the prospect from these houses, when the southern side was unoccupied, and the Surrey hills stretched away in endless prospect of green fields and hawthorns, and the river was crowded with painted barges flashing along with watermen in bright liveries and the gayest of company. None but the veriest tradesmen and apprentices bearing their clogs and lanterns, dreamed of threading the fetid mud and mantling ditches of London; or exposing their fine clothes and persons to the filthy birds and gaunt dogs, more quarrelsome than apprentices, that snarled and wrangled over the garbage cast into the streets by thrifty citizens. Bridewell, however, was never a favourite resort of Henry VIII.; and after the trial of Katharine, Polydore's flurt at its deserted chambers was probably well founded.

The choice of the title was a matter of some difficulty. The Bishop of Worcester wrote[1] to say that he could think of no other appellation than St. Cecilia, "which was lucky, as many popes had proceeded from it." Wolsey always signed himself *T. Car*^{lis} *Ebor.*, was generally so addressed; and in England not one man in ten thousand was aware of the existence of any other title. The first mention we have of his intended dignity occurs in a letter of Polydore Vergil, from Rome, May 21, 1514,[2] some months before the murder of Cardinal Bainbridge. Polydore had broken the subject to Hadrian, then on good terms with Wolsey, desiring him to use his interest with the Pope in obtaining the cardinalate for Wolsey. Four months after, Henry himself wrote to the Pope, urging the same request in behalf of his great minister, "whose merits were such that the king esteemed him above his dearest friends, and could do nothing of the least importance without him."[3] In his reply to this letter, dated from Rome, 24th of September, 1514,[4] the Pope tells the King that the promotion demanded by his Majesty for Wolsey was surrounded with difficulties; it was greatly desired as the highest dignity in the Church; and he attempted to avoid compliance by a sort of general promise that he would accede to the King's wishes at a suitable opportunity. From this period these negociations at Rome seem to have dropped from the hands of Vergil and Hadrian, and been transferred to Worcester's. Then followed the death of Bainbridge and the negociations for the marriage of Mary with Lewis XII. Worcester was implicated in that murder, and both out of rivalry to Hadrian, whom he hated, and to secure the favour of Wolsey and the King, in his distress he urged Wolsey's promotion with all the assiduity and skill of which he was master. As Lewis professed great friendship, in consequence of the part taken by Wolsey in the French match, it was expected that he would have employed his influence with Leo in the same direction. So, probably, Hadrian and Vergil, who were imperialists, intrigued against it. But Leo was in no hurry to comply; precipitancy was not one of his failings. Dilatory and irresolute—fearful of giving offence, yet too cowardly to refuse outright—he offered a compromise.[5] He would not create Wolsey a cardinal, but would give him a

[1] II. 967.
[2] I. 5110.
[3] I. 5318.
[4] I. 5445.
[5] I. 5464.

bull for his promotion on condition he should not publicly display the insignia. Wolsey wrote to Worcester that the King was as much interested as he was in this promotion, and this appears to have been true: "If by your politic handling the Pope can be induced shortly to make me a Cardinal, ye shall singularly content and please the king; for I cannot express how desirous the king is to have me advanced to the said honor, to the intent that not only men might perceive how much the Pope favoreth the king and such as he entirely loveth, but also that thereby I shall be the more able to do his Grace service."[1] Leo prevaricated:—he had "a particular regard for Wolsey," but could not break his oath:—delay was necessary; his promotion could not take place at present without causing the greatest scandal;[2] he was very sorry, but Francis I. and Maximilian had insisted on the creation of their own Cardinals first, and the Pope could not venture to offend them. Wolsey was indifferent to the promotion, so far as he was personally concerned—at least so he ordered Worcester to tell the Pope;—but "his sense of duty," and desire to see the King "a fast friend to his Holiness," compelled him to urge it. The King had always been a firm ally of the Pope, and his wishes ought not to be lightly rejected.[3] The next letter conveyed a much more significant hint, and was calculated to throw the Pope into an agony. Francis was on his road to Milan. The eldest son of the Church intended to lay himself with his battalions of veterans at the feet of his Holy Father. To decline the visit was impossible; to prevent it, not feasible. "The king's grace marvelleth," writes Wolsey to the Bishop of Worcester,[4] "that the Pope delayeth so long the sending of the red hat to me, seeing how tenderly, instantly, and often his grace hath written to his Holiness for the same." The King, he adds, calls daily for it; and though he will not distrust the Pope's promise, the sooner it is fulfilled the better will he be pleased. Then comes the significant hint:—if the King forsake the Pope, "he will be in greater danger on this day two years than ever was Pope Julius."

This letter had the desired effect: Leo consented, at the instigation of Worcester, to create Wolsey "Cardinal sole."[5]

[1] I. 5465.
[2] II. 312, 366, 374.
[3] II. 648.
[4] II. 763.
[5] II. 780. One of these letters from the King, preserved in the Vatican, has been published by Martene in his *Monumenta*, with other letters of Wolsey, strangely overlooked by English historians. The king urges

At the same time the King consented to enter the league secretly formed by the Pope, ostensibly for defence of the Church, really for resisting the encroachments of France, on condition of the red hat being sent at once;—Wolsey adds, "no man earthly helping thereto," which I see no reason to disbelieve. He expressed a wish that the legatine authority should be combined with the cardinalate as most agreeable to the King; but if the Pope proved refractory Worcester was to content himself with obtaining a faculty for the Cardinal to visit the exempt monasteries. That request was not destined to be gratified at present. On the 7th of September,[1] Worcester wrote to him from Rome to say that the Pope was highly delighted with his letters from England, and was now so bent on his promotion that he would insist upon it in spite of all the Cardinals, and complete it within eight days. The election took place on the 10th.[2]

It was not in any man's nature to be insensible on such an occasion; certainly not in Wolsey's. He loved the dignity of the cardinalate, partly no doubt for its authority, probably as much for its splendour. Since the days of Archbishop Morton no Cardinal had been seen in England, for Bainbridge lived abroad; and Wolsey was resolved to invest his new dignity with all that splendour and magnificence which no man understood better or appreciated more highly than he. Even in that age of gorgeous ceremonial, before Puritan sentimentalism had insisted on the righteousness of lawn-sleeves;—when the sense aches with interminable recitals of cloth of gold, silks, and tapestries,—even then, amidst jewelled mitres and copes, a Cardinal in his scarlet robes formed a conspicuous object. Not that Wolsey was the slave of a vulgar vanity. Magnificent in all his notions and all his doings,—in plate, dress, tapestry, pictures, buildings, the furniture of a chapel or of a palace, the setting of a ring or the arrangements for a congress,—there was the same regal taste at work,—the same

Wolsey's advancement in the most emphatic terms;—begs the Pope will pay the same attention to whatever Wolsey says as if it had proceeded from his own lips;—expresses his extreme anxiety and fervent desire for the day when he shall see Wolsey advanced to the cardinalate; a dignity he fully deserved, for his genius, learning, and many admirable qualities. See II. App. 12. So strong were the fears and such the reluctance of Leo, that, but for this emphatic interposition of Henry VIII., it is questionable whether he would ever have given the cardinalate to Wolsey; certainly not so soon as he did. But the part taken by the King in this affair was forgotten, ignored, or unknown at Wolsey's fall; and his accusers, for obvious reasons, represented it as the sole act of Wolsey himself.

[1] II. 887.

[2] II. 892-893.

powerful grasp of little things and great. A soul as capacious as the sea, and minute as the sands upon its shores, when minuteness was required, he could do nothing meanly.[1] The last great builder this nation ever had, the few remains which have survived him show the vastness of his mind and the universality of his genius. He could build a kitchen, or plan a college, or raise a tower, as no man since then has been able to build them. It was the same in music. There were no quire boys could sing like his. "My Lord," writes Pace, "if it were not for the personal love that the king's Highness doth bear unto your Grace, surely he would have out of your chapel not children only but also men. For his Grace hath plainly shown unto Cornish (the King's choir-master) that your Grace's chapel is better than his; for if a new song should be brought unto both to be sung *ex improviso*, then the said song should be better and more surely handled by your chapel than by his Grace's."[2] If Quentin Matsys had a picture on the easel Wolsey was ready to purchase it.[3] If there was a curious clock it was secured for him.[4] Various notices occur in this volume of his love of tapestry. "One has to traverse eight rooms," says Giustinian, "before you reach his audience chamber; and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week." As Cardinal, all his gentlemen appeared in livery of crimson velvet with gold chains, his meaner officers in coats of scarlet bordered with black velvet, a hand broad. "His own dress was fine scarlet or crimson

[1] The expenses of his household were something over 30,000*l.* a year, modern reckoning; but this sum included the entertainment of numerous gentlemen of good family, a very considerable retinue, and all the expenses of the Chancery. In 1516, they amounted to 2,485*l.* 16*s.* 4½*d.*; in 1517, to 2,616*l.* 5*s.* 2¾*d.*; in 1518, to 2,897*l.* 15*s.* 5½*d.* See II. 4623. His household has been variously estimated; at 180 persons in one manuscript of Cavendish, at 500 in another, at 800 in a third, which of course, as being the most extravagant, was followed by Hume and others. There is a subsidy roll in the Record Office (bundle 204), drawn up by Thomas Stanley, in which the whole household is assessed, in conformity with the act 14 & 15 Hen. VIII., at 429 persons; and another dated 10th of January, 16 Hen. VIII. (1525), which makes the total not more than 250. I cannot account for this discrepancy, except that it be in this year he gave Hampton Court to the king, and with it no doubt his entire establishment there. It is worth noticing that in the latter account John Cromwell is assessed at 40*s.*, and a Robert Cromwell at 4*d.* But of Thomas Cromwell there is no notice until the third roll, 20th of March, 18 Hen. VIII. (1527), where he is assessed on his goods at 50*s.* This points out the date of his entry in the Cardinal's service.

[2] See also II. 4044.

[3] I think this must be the artist to whom Spinelly refers in a letter to Wolsey (II. 1013), when he sends him from Antwerp "a table (picture) for an altar, which was made *by the best master of all this land.*" I have no doubt that many of the pictures went into the royal collection at the confiscation of Wolsey's property.

[4] II. 2332.

satin, taffety or damask, and over all a tippet of fine sable," says Cavendish.[1] Some curious indications have been preserved of his punctiliousness in these matters. He writes to Worcester: "Considering that the Parliament beginneth *in crastino Animarum*[2] (November 3), it shall be necessary that I have the habit and hat of a Cardinal; and whereas there be none here that can make the said habit, [please] send to me two or three hoods of such pattern and colour as Cardinals be wont to wear there (at Rome), and also one paper of caps larger and shallower than those were which your Lordship lately sent to me; with two great pieces of silk used by Cardinals there for making the kirtles and other like garments."

But if Wolsey was delighted with his new dignity, the King was scarcely less pleased. He wrote to the Pope to say—and the letter is still preserved in the Vatican[3]—"that nothing in all his life had given him greater pleasure than the papal brief announcing Wolsey's election to the College of Cardinals; he regarded the distinction, thus bestowed on a subject for whom he entertained the strongest affection, as a favour bestowed upon himself, so great were Wolsey's gifts and so eminent his services." In fact, though this has often been overlooked or denied, no doubt can exist that the King was at the time fully as much interested in Wolsey's advancement as was Wolsey himself.

Great preparations were now made for his installation. On the 7th of October, the Bishop of Worcester's secretary was despatched to England[4] with the hat and a ring of more than usual value from the Pope, and plenary indulgence for all those who should take part in the ceremony.[5] He arrived at Calais on the 7th of November.[6] On the 15th he entered London; at Blackheath he was met by the Earl of Essex and the Bishop of Lincoln, and at the city gates by the mayor, aldermen, and the different crafts with their banners lining

[1] Cavendish knew Wolsey only in his latter years, and the earlier part of his narrative must not be too implicitly trusted. He describes Wolsey as he saw him. Scarlet was properly the papal colour; was permitted to be worn by Legates *de latere*, but was not the *usual* colour of cardinals, whose ordinary dress was an ample cape over a violet-coloured rochet; sometimes scarlet, but not generally. *See Liber Cærim.* f. 135.

[2] II. 894. In this document some of the words are obscure and mutilated. See also 3045.

[3] II. 960.

[4] II. 994.

[5] It was not usual to send the hat out of Rome. The ceremonies observed on this occasion were in exact conformity with the *Liber Sacrarum Cæremoniarum* put forth by Leo X. in 1516.

[6] II. 1117.

the streets. At Westminster Abbey the hat was received by the Abbot and eight others, and so carried in state to the high altar.[1] On Sunday the Cardinal proceeded from his house at Westminster to the abbey, where mass was sung by Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by Fox, Ruthal, and other Bishops. The sermon was preached by the celebrated Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's. During benedictions and prayers the Cardinal lay grovelling at the foot of the high altar; then the Archbishop placed the hat upon his head, and the service ended with *Te Deum*. The new-made Cardinal was conducted, on his return, to the western door of the abbey by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, thence to his place at Charing Cross, followed by the great nobility, bannerets, knights, and gentlemen, the Archbishop and Bishops bringing up the rear. The whole was concluded with a magnificent banquet, graced by the King, Queen Katharine, and Queen Mary, all the nobility and clergy, the Barons of the Exchequer, the judges and serjeants-at-law.

To Polydore Vergil, then languishing in the Tower, the salvos of artillery, the pealing of bells, the acclamations and roar of the populace, thronging to the splendid pageant, must have been far from agreeable sounds. This *Le. mi.*, whom everybody hated, and whose downfall he had predicted as at hand, had not fallen; was not likely to fall, at present. Modern philosophy despises lord mayors' coaches and cardinals' hats; but the philosophy of that age was different. Men delighted in such shows without stopping to reason about them. Now and then some Puritan would start up and inveigh against the immorality of poleaxes and the profaneness of scarlet cloth, as the livery "of the whore of Babylon." "How think ye?" said Wolsey to one of this sect; "were it better for me, being in the honour and dignity that I am, to coin my pillars and poleaxes, and give the money to five or six beggars? Do you not reckon the commonwealth better than five or six beggars?" "To this I did answer," says Dr. Barnes, who tells the story himself, "that I reckoned it more to the honour of God and to the salvation of his soul, and also to the comfort of his poor brethren, that they were coined and given in alms; and as for the commonwealth, it did not hang on them, for, as his Grace knew, the commonwealth was afore his Grace, and must be when his Grace is gone; and the pillars and poleaxes came with him, and should also go away

[1] II. 1153.

with him." And if giving alms to beggars were the final end of man's creation, Dr. Barnes said well.[1] But reasoning such as this had not yet grown popular; beggars, like housebreakers, were not objects of much sympathy: contrariwise, the former were whipped, and the others hanged—often unmercifully, always unsentimentally. The intense conservative and aristocratical principle pervading all classes in England in those days and strictly insisting on the due subordination of ranks, would have repudiated with scorn and contempt the equalizing appeal to their common humanity from the unfortunate and the vagabond, and probably have condemned the appellant to the stocks. The day had not yet come, though it was fast approaching, when the fervid eloquence of Puritanism was to proclaim the communistic doctrines of Christianity, and represent all men as equal in that wisdom which alone was to be deemed wisdom,—reading and expounding the Scripture. The old sacramental mysteries of the earlier ages, not to be profaned by vulgar eyes were destined to pass away. Impenetrable barriers which had hitherto severed the ecclesiastic from the layman, the knight and nobleman from the burgess, were doomed to fall, and the time was not far distant when a beggar in grace[2] should take the wall of a gentleman without it, and every unwashed artificer prove a match for the bench of bishops. But that time had not yet come; was not to come so long as Wolsey lived. Now and then the rising spirit of equality wept with Hall over the wrongs done to crimson jackets and fine shirts—but no more. "As soon as Wolsey was Chanceller, he directed commissions into all shires for to put the Statute of Apparel and the Statute of Labourers[3] in execution. And he himself one day called a gentleman named Simon Fitz-Richard, and took from him an old jacket of crimson

[1] "I dare be bold to warrant that I can find of those who most may spend, which were they sure that it should in this matter do any good would be well content to withdraw from all their other countenance [external pomp and appearance] the chief part of their movables, and of their yearly livelihood too, and out of hand bestow the one, and with their own hand yearly bestow the other openly among the poor. And I must again be bold to warrant that if they did, even the selfsame folk that now grudge and call them proud for their countenance, would then find as great a grudge and call them hypocrites for their alms, and say that they spent upon naughty beggars the good that was wont to keep good yeomen, and that thereby they both enfeeble and also dishonor the realm."—Sir Thomas More's Apology, p. 892.

[2] The old Lollard text, "that dominion is founded in grace," often revived, never utterly extinguished.

[3] This is another proof, if further proof were needed, of what I have stated before:—that the Statute of Labourers was made for the employer, not the employed.

velvet and divers brooches, which extreme doing caused him greatly to be hated; and by his example many cruel officers for malice evil entreated divers of the King's subjects, inasmuch that one Shynnynge, mayor of Rochester, set a young man on the pillory for wearing of a riven shirt."[1]

I have stated that Wolsey was anxious to obtain the legatine authority,[2] and requested Worcester to urge his suit. But the Pope demurred. He had given enough; he had no inclination to bestow more. As Archbishop of York, Wolsey was but *legatus natus*, an empty title; as legate *de latere*, he would be enabled to take ecclesiastical precedence, and use the insignia of his ecclesiastical authority in both provinces. But what the Pope would not grant spontaneously was wrested from him by the force of circumstances. He had long been anxious to set on foot an expedition against the Turks;—as early as the summer of 1515 he had used all his influence with Wolsey and Warham to levy a 10th or at least a 20th from the clergy of England for that purpose. The case was apparently urgent. The Turks had possessed themselves of Syria and Egypt; they were daily threatening Rhodes, and the Knights of the island had called home all members of their order, and were making great exertions to prepare for the impending struggle.[3] Turkish corsairs swarmed in the Mediterranean, and swept the coast from Terracina to Pisa.[4] On one occasion they plundered the church of Loretto; on another they sailed up the Tiber, and nearly made a prisoner of the Pope whilst he was hunting at Pali.[5] Hungary was on the verge of dissolution, whilst its nobles, with suicidal folly, quarrelled and fought among themselves. On the death of Ladislaus VI. the confusion increased. Without immediate aid, as the Bishop of Vesprim wrote to the Pope,[6] the kingdom must fall into the hands of the Turks. The young King of Hungary, only twelve years of age, was utterly incompetent to cope with the dangers of his position.[7] But Christendom had

[1] Hall's Chronicle, p. 583.

[2] II. 968.

[3] See the letters of the Master of Rhodes in the Calendar, Vol. II., under the name of *Fabricius de Careto*. They are extremely interesting, and have never been used.

[4] II. 1874.

[5] II. 2017.

[6] II. 1709.

[7] "The young king of Bohemia [who afterwards fell at Mohatz], son to the king of Hungary, is but ten years of age; howbeit of stature and bigness he might well be twelve; and is brown of nature. The young queen [Ann] his sister is but twelve years; nevertheless of growing she seemeth to be fourteen, and of beauty is the fairest I have seen, and hath the fairest hair."—(Wingfield to Henry VIII., July 31, 1515.) This was the beautiful princess Ann, married to Ferdinand Archduke of Austria in

so often been alarmed with the cry of "The Turk is coming," that when the Turk came at last no one believed it. So the English clergy turned a deaf ear to the voice of the Papal charmers, and refused a disme and even half a disme.[1] They declared they would not open a window to so perilous an example as the Pope required, lest when they wished to shut it they should not be able. Already they had paid six-tenths to defend the patrimony of St. Peter, and no real danger was to be apprehended. Leo was bitterly disappointed; not without reason. He had reckoned on Wolsey's gratitude and influence in carrying this measure as a reward for the cardinalate. Wolsey had readily promised his aid;[2] but

1516. In another letter announcing the espousals (August 9, 1516), Wingfield says, "I pray God send them joy and long life for that the one is as near akin to my lady Princess your daughter (Mary), as goodly may be, and that the other by her mother's side is of your subject's blood, lineally descended from the head house of the Wingfields, and verily to this day I do esteem her to be one of the fairest ladies on live."

Pace tells a curious story about this young lady: "We have here knowledge for certainty that the Emperor would marry the French King's mother (Louise of Savoy), but she will none of him, fearing a divorce *post solutam pecuniam*. And the late king of Hungary's daughter, whom the Emperor some years past was bound to marry to the king of Castile, *intra annum* (see II. 746), or take her himself, hearing of this treaty of marriage with the French king's mother, is come desperately sick, and saith openly the Emperor shall be her husband and she will none other. Also there be come other divers lords of Hungary with a great complaint of the Emperor that he hath received and expended a very great part of the money of the dowry of the king of Hungary's daughter." (II. 3090.) The young lady could not be more than 14; the Emperor was 59. This would be wholly incredible, did it not appear from a letter of the Imperial Chancellor to Wolsey (July 10, 1517) that the Emperor was then at Augsburg on his way to Inspruck, where he was to marry the daughter of the King of Hungary (3456). It is stated by Palma, *Notitia Rerum Hungaricarum*, that John Zapolya, waiwode of Transylvania, had determined to possess himself by force of the person of this Princess; whereupon, at the instance of Thomas Bakatz, Cardinal of Strigonium, who is frequently mentioned in these pages, a double marriage was determined on by the Emperor Maximilian and the King of Hungary. Lewis was to take Mary the Emperor's granddaughter (afterwards the celebrated Mary of Hungary); and the Princess Ann, either Charles or Ferdinand. On the 22nd of July, 1515, both betrothals took place in the church of St. Stephen at Posen; Maximilian acting as proxy for Ferdinand, who was then in Spain, with this condition—that if Ferdinand refused the lady, the espousal should be valid as between Maximilian and the Princess! (Palma, ii. 518.) Of the ceremonies on the occasion Wingfield gives a wonderfully graphic account (II. 746). Notwithstanding the extraordinary disparity of years, the young lady seems to have been perfectly willing to accept this arrangement. "The Emperor then gave her a rich crown, and set it upon her head, saying, I give this crown unto you in token that here before these witnesses I promise to do my best to make you queen of Castile, and, if that fail, to make you queen of Naples. And, furthermore, if that I shall fortune to fail of both those, I promise you by word of an Emperor that, an God send me life, I shall not fail to make you queen of the Romans and lady of Austria, which may be valued to a royaume"—*i.e.* to marry her himself.

[1] II. 1312.

[2] II. 967–8.

Warham, less courtly, had candidly told the Pope from the first that he could hold out no hopes of any such grant from Convocation.[1] So long as the thoughts of princes were entirely engrossed with a European war, it was useless to urge upon them the obligations of unity and the duty of repelling the common enemy; and to that indifference England mainly contributed. At the meeting of Francis and the Pope at Bologna in December, 1515,[2] the former had consented to lay aside all other considerations and devote himself to the cause. The Pope thanked him, with tears in his eyes, as he told Henry, and begged the King to forget his animosity and listen to the prayers of those who were daily in danger from the Turk.[3] But Henry did not believe his Holiness. He thought it was only a delusion intended to throw him off his guard. So the expedition made no real progress,[4] though it was the constant theme of state papers, and Europe was scandalized accordingly.[5] When hostilities between the great European powers had been extinguished by the treaty of Noyon in the spring of 1517, the Pope thought the opportunity so long desired had arrived. After a solemn mass, the crusade was determined on in the Council of the Lateran on the 16th of March, and the bull drawn up.[6] Various plans were in agitation. It was resolved that an army should be raised, in the first instance, of 60,000 men, to be paid by a tenth levied upon all the estates of Christendom.[7] Every 50th person was to turn soldier, and the other 49 were to contribute to his support and wages; all spiritual persons to pay a tenth, all seculars a twentieth. The army thus raised was to be placed under one captain-general, to be assisted by a Papal legate, and if any one refused their summons to join he should be accounted as a rebel and punished accordingly. The care of the north-east was delegated to France, of the north-west to England, of the south-west to the Pope. To keep the Turk employed it was proposed that the Sophi of Persia should be encouraged to make war upon him, and be persuaded, if possible, to embrace the Christian faith. To counterbalance any aid that might be sent to the Infidels from Egypt or else-

[1] II. 966.
[2] II. 1282.
[3] See the remarkable account of this celebrated meeting, II. 1281, *sq.*
[4] Yet Leo evidently flattered himself with success. The King had given *his* consent, and his Holiness went so far as to hint that the King might, in anticipation of the grant, advance the money from his own treasury. II. 887.
[5] II. 2761, 3119, 3163.
[6] II. 3040.
[7] II. 3815–6.

where, communications were to be opened, by means of Christian subjects dwelling in the East, with Prester John of the Indies, the King of Nubia and Ethiopia, and the King of the Georgians. So whilst the Soldan was thus employed on the side of Arabia and Ethiopia, it was hoped that Syria and Palestine might fall into the hands of the Christians; and they could easily hold the latter by building fortresses at Joppa, Petra, Dan, and Beersheba on the south, and placing a garrison in Mount Sion. In the summer of 1518 an army was to be sent into Africa to encourage the Kings of Tremesin, Fez, and Morocco, and the Arabs in the Libyan mountains, who had not yet submitted to the Turk. The powers of Hungary and Poland, joined with the Scythians and Tartars, were appointed to occupy the northern settlements. Next year the campaign was to be followed up in Africa. Maximilian and the King of Portugal were to throw themselves on Cairo and Alexandria, to be joined by the Kings of England and Denmark and the Great Master of Prussia, whilst the King of France marched through Dalmatia and Croatia, and seized upon Bosnia; then turning their armies south-east they might take possession of Philippopolis and Adrianople, and garrisoning them with Tartar troops, who could easily support themselves by plundering the neighbourhood, direct their attention to Chalcedon and Negropont, or some equally advantageous seaport.

When Africa had thus been emancipated, the Emperor and the King of Portugal were to cross the year after into Greece, take Constantinople, invade Asia Minor, give half Natolia to the Sophi, and retain the rest of Asia and Africa, especially Palestine and Jerusalem, exclusively for the Christians. After these successes it might be feasible to carry Christianity into Persia and Africa:—as for the Turks, they were to disappear altogether. All these wondrous results might be obtained in two or three years, at the cost of 12,000,000 of ducats. A paltry sum for a universal millennium!

To give practical efficiency to this grand vision it was needful that Leo should send Legates to all the leading Sovereigns of Christendom. Cardinal St. Giles (Ægidius of Viterbo) was despatched to Spain, Cardinal Flisco to Germany, Bibiena (S. Maria in Portico) to France, and Campeggio was destined for England. In France the Legate was received in a great hall erected for the purpose.[1] Francis enlarged upon

[1] Dec. 6, 1517. II. 3823. 3830.

his ardent desire to join in this holy expedition. As eldest son of the Church he offered to serve in person, and put himself and his kingdom entirely at the disposal of the Pope. But all were not equally enthusiastic; there wanted not some who still regarded the crusade as an attempt to raise money; —as a ridiculous chimera.[1] Erasmus in his scoffing humour writes to More, and turns into jest the grave devices employed to give an air of solemnity to the design, in which no one, he asserts, had any real faith. "The Pope has put out a prohibition that wives, in the absence of their husbands at the war, shall not indulge themselves; they are to abstain from fine dresses and silks, from gold and jewels; use no paint, drink no wine, and fast every other day." "But as for your wife," he continues in his bantering style, "she is so serious and devout, she will find no difficulty in complying with the Pope's injunctions." When the King heard of it, and Maximilian's offer to act as generalissimo, "his Grace did right well laugh," says Pace in a letter to Wolsey,[2] "at the device of the Emperor enempst the expedition to be made the first year against the Turk, by him, with other men's money, considering that this should be only an expedition of money." When Pace showed his Majesty the letters in which Campeggio's mission was mentioned, the King at once remarked that "it was not the rule of this realm to admit Legates *de latere*." But he did not insist on the prohibition; for a fortnight after Wolsey wrote to the Bishop of Worcester[3] that he regretted much to hear of the increasing power of the Turk, which could not be repressed except by a union of Christian princes. He had informed the King of the Pope's intention to send a Legate into England; but by the municipal law of England, which the King was strictly bound to observe, no foreign Cardinal could be admitted to exercise legatine authority within this realm. The King, however, would waive that objection, provided that all those faculties which were usually conceded to legates *de jure* be suspended, and Wolsey joined in equal authority with Campeggio. The Pope had no alternative except to comply, and the commission was sent to Wolsey as desired.[4] But this was not the end of the humiliation to which the Pope and his Legate were to be subjected. Cardinal Hadrian, the patron of Polydore Vergil, had signalized himself by his opposition to Wolsey on all occasions.

[1] II. 3991–2.
[2] II. 4023.
[3] April 11, 1518. II. 4073.
[4] May 17. II. 4170.

He was now in disgrace:—had fled to Venice; was moving heaven and earth to be pardoned and restored. Maximilian and the Venetians had incurred Wolsey's displeasure for interposing in his favour. The Pope vacillated, was inclined to relent, and delayed passing sentence of deprivation. Wolsey urged, and even threatened; and Leo replied with a variety of excuses. On Hadrian's disgrace, the bishopric of Bath and Wells had been conferred upon Wolsey;[1] but the Pope, by declining to degrade Hadrian, might keep the right of that see an open question, and involve its new possessor in endless litigation and expense.

Campeggio reached Calais in June, in the full bloom of his legatine authority, intending at once to cross to England. If he thought to snuff out the pretensions of his English associate, who had never been at Rome, knew nothing of legates or legatine usages—had not a hat or a cope fit for a procession,—that was no more than any native Italian would have felt towards a tramontane ecclesiastic, whatever his dignity or pretensions. On reaching Calais he found a letter waiting for him from England, stating that the King was greatly displeased with the backwardness of the Pope in depriving Cardinal Hadrian, and the Legate must remain at Calais until the King had perfect satisfaction on that head.[2] In vain Campeggio protested that he had written three times to the Pope on the subject, and felt no doubt of his compliance. May passed, June passed, and it was not until the 22nd of July that his quarantine was withdrawn, and he was permitted to land on English shores. Now, however pleasant Calais might be for a summer holiday in the warm months of May, June, and July, and however courtly the attentions of its deputy, Sir Richard Wingfield, it is hard to conceive any delay more galling or annoying to the dignity of a papal Legate like Campeggio, than this cooling his heels, like an ordinary layman, for many weeks in a rude garrison town;—with the mortifying consciousness, besides, that his detention depended entirely on the will of the man whom he had purposed to eclipse. Hall tells a story, greedily repeated by Foxe, that the night before Campeggio entered London, Wolsey, to give greater effect to the solemnity, sent him twelve mules with empty coffers trapped with scarlet; and thus the cavalcade, with eight others belonging to the Legate, passed through the streets as if they had carried so much

[1] II. 3504, 3544. [2] II. 4271.

treasure. In Cheapside one of the mules turned restive, and upset the chests, out of which tumbled old hose, broken shoes, bread, meat, and eggs, with "much vile baggage;" at which the boys exclaimed, "See, see my lord Legate's treasure!" The story is more malicious than probable. There might be much vile baggage and broken shoes, however; for the freshness and splendour of the Legate's preparations would be tarnished and injured by his long detention. Accustomed to be received with profuse gratitude and unbounded liberality by the Sovereigns to whom they were sent, these dignitaries were not prepared for any heavy outlay from their own purses. The delay and consequent expense proved a serious annoyance.

News, however, came at last of Hadrian's deprivation, and a knight of the Garter was sent to bring over the Legate.[1] On the 23rd of July he landed at Deal, and was met by the Bishop of Chichester, the Lords Abergavenny, Cobham, and others, and conveyed by them to Sandwich. Next day he reached Canterbury. Here he was received by the clergy and corporation of the town, and conducted to the cathedral gates, where the Archbishop, the Bishop of Rochester, the Abbots of St. Augustine and Faversham, the Priors of Christchurch and St. Gregory's, attended his coming in full pontificals. After prayers and benediction he was led to the shrine of St. Thomas; was censed and sprinkled with holy water; then conducted to his lodgings in St. Augustine's Abbey. Here he stayed the Sunday. On Monday he set out for Sittingbourne in a great storm of thunder and lightning, attended by a cavalcade of 500 horse. There he dined, and supped and slept at Bexley. On Tuesday he was entertained at a magnificent dinner at Rochester; thence to Otford, attended all the way by the Archbishop, with a thousand horsemen, in armour and gold chains. On Thursday, at Lewisham; and after dinner, about one o'clock, he arrived at Blackheath. At this place a more splendid company awaited him, consisting of the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishops of Durham and Ely, the Earl of Surrey, the Lords Darcy and Abergavenny. In a meadow "two miles from London," a tent of cloth of gold had been erected for his reception. The procession was now arranged. The nobility rode in advance; then came the Legate in full pontificals, with his cross, his pillars, and pole-axes; next his servants in red livery; after them the Archbishop's (Wolsey's ?) in one livery, with red hats, except

[1] II. 4348.

the chaplains, to the number of 200 horse. As it neared the city gates the whole procession extended upwards of two miles. From St. George's Church to London Bridge the way was lined on both sides by friars, monks, and clergy singing hymns, dressed in their habits, with copes of cloth of gold, gold and silver crosses and banners; and as the Legate passed along they threw up clouds of incense in the air, and sprinkled him with holy water. At the foot of the bridge he was received by two Bishops, who presented him with the relics of the saints to kiss, whilst salvos of artillery from the Tower and the river forts rent the air,[1] and hundreds of bells pealed from every abbey, priory, and parish church, to the deeper bass of old St. Paul's. In "Gracious Street" the London city companies joined the procession; at Cheapside he was welcomed by the mayor and aldermen; and here the celebrated Sir Thomas More delivered a Latin oration. At St. Paul's the Bishops of Lincoln and London, with the whole cathedral clergy, received him, and led him after another oration to the high altar. This done, the Legate mounted his mule, and was conveyed to his lodgings in Bath Place.

The reception was magnificent beyond description; there had been nothing like it seen in England, at least within the memory of living man. It had been prepared and arranged, and the whole expense of it was defrayed, by Wolsey.[2] But there was one face wanting to complete the magnificence of the ceremony: that was his own. Archbishops and dukes and all the great nobility were there; but Wolsey and the King were absent. Sebastian said they were afraid of the sweating sickness.[3]

Campeggio's audience took place five days after at Greenwich, on Tuesday the 3rd of August.[4] The King entered,

[1] "Salvoes of artillery rent the air as if the very heavens would fall," is Wolsey's own expressive description addressed to the Bishop of Worcester. II. 4348.

[2] II. 4348.

[3] II. 4361.

[4] "On Sunday [a blunder for Tuesday] these two Cardinals or Legates took their barges and came to Greenwich. Each of them had besides their crosses, two pillars of silver, two little axes gilt, and two cloak bags embroidered [what were these?], and the Cardinals' hats borne before them. And when they came to the king's hall, the Cardinal of York went on the right hand; and then the king, royally apparelled and accompanied, met them even as though both had come from Rome, and so brought them both up into his chamber of presence [a mistake]. And there was a solemn oration made by an Italian, declaring the cause of the legacy to be in two articles, one for aid against God's enemies, and the second for reformation of the clergy [the latter is Hall's invention]. And when mass was done [another invention], they were had to a chamber, and served with lords and knights [a mistake] with much solemnity; and after dinner, they took their leave of

attended by the lords spiritual and temporal, and advanced to the middle of the hall. The Legates "saluted him with great marks of respect."[1] The King returned their salutations by taking off his bonnet, and then proceeded towards the upper end of the hall, with Wolsey as the chief Legate on his right, and Campeggio on the left; their pillars, crosses, and hats borne before them. The Earl of Surrey carried the sword, walking between the Legates. On the right of the throne stood the two primates and the bishops; on the left, the dukes and lords. Fronting the throne, and a little to the right, were placed two chairs covered with cloth of gold; in the larger chair sate Wolsey, and a little behind him Campeggio.[2] Then Wolsey rising, cap in hand, delivered a Latin oration, the King standing whilst it was delivered. "To this his Majesty replied, also in Latin, most elegantly and with all gravity." This done, they seated themselves, and the Legate's brother commenced his oration, dilating on the objects of this solemn mission,—the desire of the Pope for peace and unity in Christendom,—the importance of a crusade against its common enemy the Turk. He was answered by Dr. Taylor on the King's behalf, stating that his Majesty needed not to be reminded of his duty as a Christian. Then the King and the Legates retired to a private chamber. Campeggio's importance expired with this delivery of his mission. He was invited to the usual court entertainments, was present at the solemnity of Mary's espousals with the Dauphin; but, says Sebastian, "little respect was shown to the see Apostolic."[3] A remark which requires no comment.

So the wheel had revolved once more, and all things had apparently returned to the point from which they had started. England and France were again intimately allied, and the alliance cemented by marriage: Charles and Maximilian remained subordinate in the great European confederacy, as they had been four years before. As then, so now, Wolsey stood master of the game, but with far higher advantages. Then he was only Archbishop of York; now he was Legate, Cardinal, and Lord-Chancellor. Then he was only rising into favour with his Sovereign; now that favour was confirmed;—his supremacy was contested then by others not less powerful than himself; now, even his enemies admitted his superiority,

the king, and came to London, and rode through the city together in great pomp and glory to their lodgings."—Hall's Chron., p. 593.

[1] II. 4362, 4366.

[2] See the plate opposite.

[3] II. 4371.

The cloth of State.
Chair.
The King's Chamberlain. Vice-chamberlain.
△ Chief Legate.
△ Legate.
He that answereth the proposition.
Ambassador of Arragon.
He that maketh the proposition.
The Ambassador of Venice.
Barons that sit not with other temporal of the King's Council.
Lords temporal; that is to say, Dukes, Marquises, and Earls.
Lords spiritual; that is to say, Archbishops and Bishops.
All the Legates' gentlemen and other noblemen appointed to come in.
The Legate's brother, with the spiritual men of the King's Council, Knights, and other gentlemen of the King's privy chamber.

and, if they did not crouch to it, dared not contest it. Then his influence was little felt or acknowledged beyond his own country; now kings and emperors sought his favour. It rested with him to determine whether Europe should have peace or war; whether a crusade should be or should not be; who should dictate to the titular Pope, whether a Frenchman, a German, or a Fleming; and who should overshadow the papal tiara. And all this he had accomplished without moving from his chair, without a blow, with a peace expenditure, and a rigid economy. There had never been such a minister in England. Francis and Charles were now straining every nerve for the Imperial crown:—bribes, favours, alliances, were showered by both; the most unblushing venality found as unblushing and prodigal a purchaser. The holy Roman Empire, like a rare bauble—and no better than a bauble—was set up to the highest bidder. It remained with Wolsey to decide to which of the two parties it should be knocked down.

CHAPTER X.

TWO BOOKS OF THE PERIOD.

Our review of this period would be incomplete without some notice of the two important works which then made their appearance. I refer to the *Greek Testament* of Erasmus, and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. Though printed at Basle, the Greek Testament of Erasmus was strictly the work of his residence in England. In the collation and examination of manuscripts required for the task, he had the assistance of Englishmen; Englishmen supplied the funds, and English friends and patrons lent him that support and encouragement without which it is very doubtful whether Erasmus would have ever completed the work. He was not always liberal in acknowledging his obligations; yet in his New Testament, hidden away in a page where no one would have expected to find it, he bursts into a sudden fit of enthusiasm and celebrates the praises of Warham in language such as none but Erasmus could command.[1] After discanting upon the Archbishop's modesty, labours, genius, administration of justice (for he was still Chancellor), his patronage of letters and learned men, Erasmus thus pursues the subject:

"Had it been my good fortune to have fallen in with such a Mæcenas in my earlier years, I might, perhaps, have done something for literature. Now, born as I was in an unhappy age, when barbarism reigned supreme, especially among my own people, by whom the least inclination for literature was then looked upon as little better than a crime, what could I do with my small modicum of talent? Death carried off Henry de Berghes, bishop of Cambray, my first patron; my second, William lord Mountjoy, an English peer, was separated from me by his employments at court and the tumults of war. By his means it was my good fortune, then advanced in life and close upon my fortieth year, to be introduced to archbishop Wareham. Encouraged and cheered by his bounty, I revived; I gained new youth and strength in the cause of literature. What nature and my country denied me, his bounty supplied."

These expressions of gratitude were no more than the Archbishop deserved; in addition to an annual pension he

[1] In Epist. ad Thessalon. i. cap. 2.

sent various sums of money to Erasmus, generally through More. Nor were Warham and Mountjoy his only friends. Tunstal and Lupset assisted him in his collations; Fisher, Fox, More, Colet, Urswick, and Ammonius made him continual presents, and pushed his interest at court. Wolsey, apparently indifferent to literary praise, offered him only a prebend at Tournay—δῶρον ἄδωρον as Erasmus calls it, who could never be persuaded to speak well of Wolsey afterwards.[1] When the New Testament appeared, it was applauded by those whom we have been told to regard as the most superstitious and benighted upholders of the old religion. "Lately in a large concourse of people," writes More,[2] "the Bishop of Winchester (Fox) affirmed that your version of the New Testament was worth more to him than ten commentaries. The bishops were loud in its praises,[3] Warham in particular. Fisher had always been one of its earliest promoters. Tunstal, as I have remarked already, had assisted with his scholarship and his bounty.

The experiment was a bold one—the boldest that had been conceived in this century or for many centuries before it. We are accustomed to the freest expression of opinion in Biblical criticism, and any attempt to supersede our English version, to treat its inaccuracies with scorn, to represent it as far below the science and scholarship of the age, or as a barbarous unlettered production, made from inaccurate manuscripts, and imperfectly executed by men who did not understand the language of the original, would excite little apprehension or alarm.[4] To explain the text of Scripture exclusively by the rules of human wisdom, guided by the same principles as are freely applied to classical authors,—to discriminate the spurious from the genuine, and decide that this was canonical, and that was not—might, perhaps, be regarded as audacious. Yet all this, and not less than this, did Erasmus propose to himself in his edition and translation of the New Testament. He meant to subvert the authority of the Vulgate, and to show that much of the popular theology of the day, its errors and misconceptions, were founded entirely on a misapprehension of the original meaning, and inextricably entangled with the old Latin version. It was his avowed object to bring up the translation of the sacred books, and all criticism connected

[1] See II. 889, 890, 1552, 2066.
[2] II. 2831.
[3] II. 2074, 2196.
[4] This, it may be observed, was written in the year 1864, before the project of a Revised Version had assumed anything like definite shape —ED.

with them, to the level of that scholarship in his days which had been successfully applied to the illustration of ancient authors; to set aside all rules of interpretation resting merely on faith and authority, and replace them by the philological and historical. And it was precisely for this reason that Luther disliked the work.[1] In this respect the New Testament of Erasmus must be regarded as the foundation of that new school of teaching on which Anglican theology professes exclusively to rest; as such it is not only the type of its class, but the most direct enunciation of that Protestant principle which, from that time until this, has found its expression in various forms: "The Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." Whatever can be read therein or proved thereby is binding upon all men; what cannot, is not to be required of any man as an article of his faith, either by societies or individuals. Who sees not that the authority of the Church was displaced, and the sufficiency of all men individually to read and interpret for themselves was thus asserted by the New Testament of Erasmus?

The work found readers where readers were least to be expected; not merely in universities and among bishops, but with friars and monks and other religious orders. It was talked over in the common rooms of Oxford and Cambridge; criticized in the refectory of the friars, or the nun's parlours; preached at from the pulpit and the lecture room; the topic of conversation at court; declaimed against before lord mayors and corporations. Violet and scarlet hoods fluttered with emotion at its daring innovations; black woollen gowns and white enlarged, in corners, to anxious, upturned faces, on the new version which had re-written the Epistles of St. Paul, and put unauthorized phrases into the *Magnificat* and the *Pater noster*. I have already stated that the age was not that sink of corruption which modern historians delights to paint it. And the universal interest taken in this work of Erasmus shows equally that the age was not so illiterate as it is often assumed to be. Popular stories of the Bible being unknown, of the total indifference of the friars to learning, rest like most popular stories on vulgar credulity. Here is a passage from More's *Utopia*, written in 1516, which conveys a very different impression:—

[1] See his letters 22 and 29. To the last, Luther retained the use of the Vulgate in his commentary on the Galatians, the profoundest of all his works.

"Men's tastes differ much; some are so morose, so sour in disposition, and their judgments so perverse, that people of cheerful and lively temper, who indulge their humors, seem much more happy than those who torment themselves by writing books, or attempting to please or profit the ungrateful and fastidious. Many know nothing of learning and others despise it. To the lover of barbarisms all is rough and distasteful that is not barbarous. The sciolist despises as common place whatever abounds not in antiquated expressions. Some love antiquity only; the greater part, novelty. This man is of "so vinegar an aspect" that he can allow no jokes; another so dull he cannot endure wit. This man's face is so flat he is as much afraid of a nose as the devil of holy water. Some again are so changeable, that their thoughts alter as rapidly as their postures. These sit in taverns, and take upon them to criticise works of genius over their cups. They cannot endure the least ridicule, and condemn in authoritative tones, *ad libitum*, with no less advantage than a bald man plucks his neighbour's hair; for they are so smooth and shorn—these good fellows—they present not a single hair for others to lay hold on. Some are so unthankful that even when they are well pleased with a book they love not the author the more, and are like those rude guests, who, after they have been well entertained, go away with a belly-full, without so much as thanking their host."

And this brings me, in conclusion, to some remarks on the *Utopia* itself. A modern French author, with that sprightliness and lively declamation for which he is justly remarkable, characterizes the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More as "an insipid romance in which the author has taken great pains to discover truths already realized by the mystic communists of the middle ages in a more original manner. The design of the work is common-place, its matter ordinary; it has little imagination, and less sense of reality." [1] There is not the least reason for supposing that More was ever acquainted with the communistic doctrines of the middle ages, or ever wished to establish them. For common tables and community of goods in the institutions of Utopia, More was indebted to Plato and the laws of Lycurgus; for More was much more familiar with the classical than the middle ages;—and these were introduced for a different purpose than that which M. Michelet surmises. We readily concede that there is not to be found in the *Utopia* the wonderful invention, the inexhaustible wit, the profound learning, the broad farce, the abundant physical coarseness, the sarcasm and unextinguishable laughter, the tenderest and profoundest sentiments masquerading in grotesque and ludicrous shapes, the healthy vigorous humanity, overflowing at one time with clear and beautiful truths, and then anon stranded in pools of mud and filth, that are to be found in *Rabelais*. But the objects of the two men were as different as their natures. The wit and humour of More is that of the

[1] La forme est plate, le fonds commun. Michelet, *Reforme*, p. 414.

thoughtful observant Englishman, not breaking out into peals of laughter, but so quiet, sedate, and serious as to demand on the part of the reader something of the same habit of quiet thought and observation, to be fully perceived and enjoyed. More hovers so perpetually on the confines of jest and earnest, passes so naturally from one to the other, that the reader is in constant suspense whether his jest be serious, or his seriousness a jest. The book is wonderfully Englishlike; wonderfully like that balancing habit of mind which trembles on the verge of right and wrong, sometimes struggling on in happier times to clearer vision, sometimes, like More, shutting its eyes and relapsing into older impressions unable to endure suspense any longer.

In More's own day the *Utopia* was regarded as a mirror of the political and social evils of the times.[1] "A burgomaster at Antwerp," writes Erasmus, "is so pleased with it, he knows it all by heart." Its popularity is attested by numerous editions[2] and translations. The scene of it is laid in the then scarce-known regions of the West, where Christianity had not yet penetrated. It describes the social and political perfection to which the people of Utopia had arrived by the mere efforts of natural goodness, as compared with the corrupt institutions and manners of Christendom. The Utopians are not entirely free from usages which seem incompatible with a model republic, and this is part of the author's design. They attempt to prevent war by assassination, and bribe the subjects of their enemy to commit treason. But he must be dull indeed, who does not perceive that Utopia when following out these principles, is removed but a few miles from the English Channel, and that a practice which seems the more odious in these upright and wise Utopians was tenfold more unjustifiable in those who, professing the doctrines of Christ never scrupled to employ the same means against their own enemies. Were the intrigues of Henry VIII. and his minister Dacre against Scotland more moral than these? Were not their attempts to sow treason and disaffection among the Scotch lords an exact exemplification of this Utopian policy? Letter after letter in this volume betrays a similar design for decoying or cutting off *The White Rose,* De la Pole,[3] thus illustrating More's words

[1] II. 2962, 2996.

[2] The first was at Louvain in 1516, the next at Basle in 1518, and another, a few months after, at Paris.

[3] It is worth noticing that this correspondence passed through Tunstal's hands when minister in the Netherlands. And it is greatly to his credit that he always discouraged these speculators in private assassina-

to the letter: "By this means it has often fallen out that many of them, even the Prince himself has been betrayed by those, in whom they trusted most; for the rewards the Utopians offer are so immeasurably great that there is no sort of crime to which men cannot be drawn by them."

But Utopia is nowhere, and was never intended to be, set up as a model to be literally followed. Could More seriously advocate a community of goods, even if as a sound lawyer he could expect to see the Utopian prohibition verified, that the nations of Europe should have fewer laws and no lawyers?[1] Could he gravely recommend a purely elective monarchy, even if, with his religious views, he might have justified the marriage of priests, to which he has never given any sanction in his writings? But though the *Utopia* was not to be literally followed—was no more than an abstraction at which no one would have laughed more heartily than More himself, if interpreted too strictly—Utopia might serve to show to a corrupt Christendom what good could be effected by the natural instincts of men when following the dictates of natural prudence and justice. If kings could never be elective in Europe, Utopia might show the advantage to a nation where kings were responsible to some other will than their own. If property could never be common, Utopia might teach men how great was the benefit to society when the state regarded itself as created for the well-being of all, and not of a class or a favoured few. Literally property could never be common, except in Utopia; but it might be so in effect in Christian communities when capital and property were more widely diffused,—when the enormous disproportion between the poor and the rich, the noble and the serf, was modified by social improvements,—when laws were simplified, and the statute

tion, and gave no credence to the numerous spies and vagabonds who now, and much more in after times, were employed by Henry to carry out this Utopian policy. Strange that what then was considered too scandalous to be done openly should now find defenders on the plea of State necessity!

[1] "They have but few laws, and such is their constitution that they need not many. They do very much condemn other nations whose laws, together with the commentaries upon them, swell to so many volumes; for they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige men to obey a body of laws that are both of such a bulk and so dark that they cannot be read or understood by every one of their subjects.

"They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters as well as to arrest laws; and therefore they think it is much better that every man should plead his own cause and trust it to the judge, as in other places the client does to his councillor. By this means they both cut off many delays and find out truth more certainly." A bold stroke against trial by jury.

book disencumbered of obsolete and unintelligible Acts, too often put in force to catch the unwary, and made an instrument of oppression by the crown lawyers.

It might, perhaps, be thought that More attributed too much to nature,—that in the misery and confusion of his times, in the deadlock of all social, political, and religious reforms, in his dissatisfaction at Christianity, as exhibited in the lives of his contemporaries, he gladly turned away to an ideal as little like the reality as possible, and pleased himself, as some did at the French Revolution, with a pure social abstraction removed from all those debasing influences under which men groaned. We might be tempted to think for a moment that he wavered in his allegiance to Christianity, and that the beautiful visions of Platonic republics and ancient patriots, fostered by his classical studies, had for a time overmastered his imagination, as was the case with many others. Christianity, in his days at least, could present no such heroical virtue, no such grace or beauty, as Paganism had done, and was then doing, with an intensity of attraction to the newly-awakened longings of men, of which we can form no conception. Were monks and friars comparable to the ancient philosopher and his supper of herbs? Were Christian kings of the sixteenth century, imperious, headstrong, passionate, and arbitrary, immersed in the games of war and ambition, absorbed by the tournament, or the chase, impatient of contradiction, deaf to good advice—comparable to the Catos, the Reguli, the Spartan or Sabine rulers of the old republics? Had not the advancement of the faith been made a pretext for spoliation and aggrandizement? Had not its teachers taken part rather with the oppressors than the oppressed? Were not half the wars of Christendom traceable to this one cause?—ignoble wars that only fostered the evils under which society laboured, strengthening the oppressor and trampling on the weak? Had More's faith staggered at the trial, it could have occasioned little surprise; but apparently it did not. For Christianity is introduced among the Utopians; it is readily received by them from its secret sympathy with their own opinions and institutions in its purer form.

But a very brief sketch of the Utopian political and social regulations will point out more clearly the prevalent evils of More's days. I wish I might ask my reader to carry in his memory the leading topics of the preceding chapters;—the

endless wars, the faithless leagues, the military expenditure, the money and time wasted upon instruments and means of offence to the neglect of all social improvements, unsettled habits, trains of idle serving-men re-enacting in the streets the interminable brawls of the Montagues and Capulets, broken and disabled soldiers turning to theft, and filling Alsatia for lack of employment, labour disarranged, husbandry broken up, villages and hamlets depopulated to feed sheep, agricultural labourers turned adrift, but forbidden to stray, and driven home from tithing to tithing by the lash, to starve; no poor-houses, no hospitals, though the sweating sickness raged through the land, but the poor left to perish as paupers by the side of the ditches, filling the air with fever and pestilence, houses never swept or ventilated, choked with rotten thatch above and unchanged rushes within, streets reeking with offal and filthy puddles, no adequate supply of water for cleanliness or health, penal laws stringently enforced, more stringently as the evils grew greater, crime and its punishment struggling for the upper hand, justice proud of its executions, and wondering that theft multiplied faster than the gibbet. Then again, and unquestionably the greatest blot upon the reign of Henry VIII.—was the sudden revival of obsolete statutes; as in the punishment of the London apprentices and the *præmunire* in 1530. More's language[1] looks prophetical, as if he pierced into futurity, and saw beneath the popular and fascinating exterior of Henry VIII. the monarch who should one day use the law, not for the protection, but the oppression of his subjects. "One set of ministers," says the supposed traveller in Utopia, "will bring forward some old musty laws that have been antiquated by a long disuse, and which, as they have been forgotten by all the king's subjects, so they have also been broken by them; and will urge that the levying of the penalties of these laws, as it will bring in a vast treasure, so also fails not of a very good pretence, *since it would look like the executing of the law and the doing of justice.*"[2] "Another proposes that the judges should be made sure of, that in all causes affecting the king they may always give sentence in his favour, and be sent for to the palace and invited to discuss the matter before the king, that there may

[1] The face of More is remarkable for its peering anxious look, as of a man endeavouring to penetrate into and yet dreading the future.

[2] As in Wolsey's attainder for procuring bulls from Rome, in which, as has been already shown (pp. 267, 268), the King was as much implicated as his minister.

be no cause of his, however obviously unjust, in which some among them, either through love of contradiction, or pride of singularity, or desire to win favour, will not find out some pretence or another for giving sentence in the king's behalf. . . . And there never will be wanting some pretext for declaring in the king's favor;—as, that equity is on his side, or the strict letter of the law, or some forced interpretation of it; or if none of these, that the royal prerogative ought with conscientious judges to outweigh all other considerations. And these notions are fostered by the maxims, that the king can do no wrong, however much he may wish to do it; that not only the property, but the persons of his subjects, are his;—that a man has a right to no more than the king's goodness think fit not to take from him."

Extravagant as such doctrines may appear to us in these days, they represent the feelings of the people, and the position of the Sovereign in the days of the Tudors. Absolute in theory, clergy, judges, people strove to render the prerogative more absolute, both in theory and practice. So long as Wolsey lived the Church formed some barrier; afterwards, as it stood for a time without any such control, before the House of Commons or public opinion had yet risen to take the place of the Church, Government was absolutely identified with the will of the Sovereign; his word was law for the consciences as well as the conduct of his subjects. And the remembrance of the civil commotions of the fifteenth century springing solely from a disputed succession—the rooted conviction that society must relapse once more into confusion under a similar evil—that it was disintegrated, that all social order was bound up in the King, as its only certain and immovable centre—nurtured in the minds of Englishmen the extravagant doctrines thus denounced by More. Any wrong, any injustice, any royal violation of the law, however flagrant, was a more tolerable evil than disobedience, or opposition to the will of the prince, however just or sacred the cause. For that, in the temper of the times, people had no sympathy; the will of the prince, however expressed, as Romanist or Protestant, in passing the Six Articles or beheading More, in divorcing Queen Katharine or marrying Anne Boleyn, was to be respected. Innocence itself was to plead "guilty," and suffer as guilt, if the King required it. How far Cromwell took advantage of this feeling it is not my present purpose to inquire.

Such evils as these could have no place among the Utopians. Their monarchy was elective, their government strictly representative:—"The prince is for life, but he is removable on suspicion of a design to enslave his people." Strange doctrine this in the reign of Henry VIII.! Due provision was made for the health, education, employment, recreation of the people—subjects quite below the consideration of monarchs and ministers in Christian Europe. Every street was twenty feet broad;[1] every house was built of stone, with its garden behind it for health and recreation; a striking contrast to the mean hovels, mud walls, thatched roofs, straggling with overhanging gables, and shutting out both air and light in the metropolis of England. Labour alternated from town to country and from country to town; learning followed work, and work learning. Public lectures were given every morning before daybreak; after supper diversion; summer in their gardens, winter in their public halls, with music and discourse. No games except chess were allowed, or an allegorical tournament between vices and virtues. All, whatever their condition, male or female, noble or ignoble, were set to learn some trade. Six hours for labour, the others for rest; but that rest must be reasonably employed in reading, exercise, or gardening. Labour common, and property common; common halls in every district, "where they all meet and eat;" hospitals without the walls, "so large that they may pass for little towns; by this means, if they had ever such a number of sick, they could lodge them conveniently, and at sufficient distances to prevent contagion." No slaughter-houses permitted within the walls, no offal, no pestilential manufactures. In the country these restrictions were relaxed.

Fathers and grandfathers, sons and daughters-in-law, made one family, and lived under the same roof, like More's own family at Chelsea. In this respect no philosopher ever exemplified his own precepts more perfectly than More. And if we may accept the repeated and uniform assurances of his contemporaries—if the respect and affection of all his household, which accompanied him even to the scaffold, be any test—his own practice must have been the noblest proof of the sound wisdom of his theory. Englishmen and strangers admitted to his acquaintance testify to the peace, purity, love,

[1] What, then, must the streets of London have been? Perhaps some 10 or 12 fee.

courtesy, and refinement that reigned supreme in his family; —far more Utopian, when compared with what is known of the private lives of his contemporaries, than any household in Utopia itself.

No wonder, then, that cheerfulness, regard to the welfare and happiness of others, gentleness and good nature, formed a very prominent part in the philosophy of the Utopians, and these not merely as private but public virtues;—that on the same principle gambling, hunting, and field sports were disallowed, as pleasures purchased by the pain of inferior animals, and degenerating into brutality by frequent indulgence.[1] Closely connected with these feelings was the attention paid by the Utopians to the condition of the labouring classes, and their regulations to prevent the workman, skilled or unskilled, from being ground down to that hopeless wretchedness, which at last burst out into open rebellion here and on the continent.

"What justice is this," says Raphael, the imaginary traveller, "that a nobleman, a goldsmith, or a banker, or any other man that does nothing at all, should live in great luxury and splendor, and a carter, a smith, or a ploughman that works harder than the beasts themselves, and is employed in labors of such a nature that no commonwealth could exist for a year without them, should be able to earn so poor a livelihood, and lead so miserable a life, that the condition of the beasts is much better than his? For as the beasts do not work so constantly, feed almost as well and more pleasantly, have no anxiety for the future, these men, on the contrary, are crushed by a barren and profitless employment, and tormented with apprehensions of want in their old age. What they obtain by their daily labor serves only for their daily maintenance;—is consumed as fast as it comes in;—and no surplus is left them to lay up for old age. Is not that government unjust that takes no care of the meaner sort, and when they can no longer serve it, and are oppressed with age, sickness, and want, all the labors and good they have done are forgotten, and their only reward is to die in great misery? Add to this, all the richer sort are often endeavouring to bring the hire of laborers lower, not only by fraudulent practices, but by the laws which they procure to be made to that effect for regulating labor."[2]

Nor is More less severe against the foreign policy of the governments of Europe; their utter carelessness in breaking treaties however solemnly ratified; their employment of mercenaries; the absence of all controlling power on the part of the popes, who rather imitated than denounced the per-

[1] It must be remembered that in More's time no game-seasons were observed by country gentlemen. Their whole life was occupied with field sports. Cromwell shot partridges all the year round; but then he had been born and bred a citizen.

[2] A hard hit against the Statute of Laborers;—strangely enough quoted of late as an institution of the Tudors to protect the employed against the employer.

nicious practices of the secular rulers. "The Utopians," he says, "make no leagues as other nations do. What is the use of leagues? say they; do you think that a man will care for words whom natural affection fails to reconcile to his fellow-man?" Then adds More, with grave irony: "In Europe, and especially the parts about us where Christianity is received, the majesty of treaties is everywhere regarded as holy and inviolable, partly from the justice and goodness of kings, partly from the fear and reverence they feel for the sovereign Pontiffs; for as the latter never take engagements upon them which they do not religiously observe, so they enjoin upon all princes to abide by their promises at all hazards, and if they equivocate, subject them to ecclesiastical censures! For they justly consider it a most indecent thing, for them who claim the title of *the faithful* to show *no faith* in their treaties." Again, in illustration of this topic, More observes: if in their wars against their enemies other means fail, "they sow the seeds of dissension among them, and set up the king's brother or some nobleman to aspire to the crown;" a remark which receives ample illustration from the State Papers.—"Or," he continues, "if domestic factions languish, they stir up against them the neighbouring nations; and rummaging out some old claims which are never wanting to princes, supply them abundantly with money for the war, but not with their own troops." Then follows a passage aimed so directly against the policy of England that I wonder More had the courage to insert it, only that as France pursued the same methods, unreflecting readers might not at once perceive how the arrow glanced from one nation to the other:—

"They hire soldiers from all places, but chiefly from the Zapoletæ (the Swiss); a hardy race, patient of heat, cold and labor; strangers to all delights, indifferent to agriculture, careless of their houses and their clothes, studious of nothing but their cattle. They live by hunting and plunder; born only for war, which they watch all opportunities of engaging in, they embrace it eagerly when offered, and are ready to serve any prince that will hire them, in great numbers. They know none of the arts of life, except how to take it away. They serve their employers actively and faithfully; but will bind themselves to no certain terms, and only agree on condition that next day they shall go over to the enemy if he promises larger pay, and veer back again the day after at a higher bidding. As war rarely arises in which a greater part of them is not enlisted on both sides, it often happens that kinsmen and most intimate friends, hired from the same cantons, find themselves opposed, engage and kill one another, regardless of these ties, for no other consideration than that they have been hired to do so for a miserable pay, by princes of opposite interests; and they are so nice in demanding it that they will change sides for the advance of a halfpenny. And yet their wages are of

no use to them, for they spend them immediately in low dissipation. They serve the Utopians against all the world, for they are the best paymasters. And as the Utopians look out for good men for their own use at home, they employ the greatest scoundrels abroad ; and they think they do a great service to mankind by thus ridding the world of the entire scum of such a foul and nefarious population."

But it is time for me to bring these remarks to a close. If any one wishes to see the real condition of Europe at this period—the arbitrary rule of its monarchs bent on their own aggrandisement, and careless of the improvement of their people—the disputes among their councillors, agreed in one point only, to flatter and mislead their sovereigns—the wide separation between the luxury of the rich and the hopeless misery of the poor—the prevalence of crime—the severe execution of justice, earnest for punishment, but regardless of prevention—the frequency of capital punishment—the depopulation of villages—the engrossing by a few hands of corn and wool—the scarcity of meat—the numbers of idle gentlemen without employment—of idle serving-men and retainers turned adrift on a life of vagabondism :—in short, whoever wishes to see society full of the elements of confusion, requiring only a small spark to fan them into a flame, may read with advantage the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More.

CHAPTER XI.

THE IMPERIAL ELECTION.

THE Emperor Maximilian died on the 12th of January, 1519. The latter days of his life had been employed in endeavouring to secure for his grandson the reversion of the imperial crown. He prosecuted this object with greater consistency and firmness than he did most of his schemes, forged by a brain unusually fertile in expedients, and as rapidly abandoned by his easy and fickle temperament. Through dint of bribery, entreaty, perseverance, and boundless promises, he had succeeded in obtaining assurances of support from four out of the seven electors. The patriotism or avarice of the Elector of Cologne was propitiated by the promise of 20,000 florins in ready money, and a pension of 6,000 florins. Thirty thousand florins and the hand of the infanta Katharine, a lady whose "great beauty and virtue" were enhanced by a dowry of 70,000 florins, payable on the day of the election, secured the Marquis of Brandenburg. His brother the Archbishop of Mayence was contented with 52,000 florins, a handsome credence, a service of silver to be selected by himself, and the most exquisite tapestry from the looms of Flanders. The better to confirm him in his allegiance, a pension of 8,000 florins was promised to each of his two brothers. As for the King of Bohemia, a boy of fifteen, Maximilian had no cause of solicitude; his vote was determined already by his marriage with Mary, sister of the King of Castile. Three other members of the electoral College remained undecided; the Count Palatines, the Archbishop of Treves, and the Elector of Saxony. The last two were inflexible. The enemies of the House of Hapsburg had chosen to congratulate themselves that the last sparks of virtue and patriotism were not extinguished in the breasts of the noblest,—in the chiefs of their people. Some few were yet to be found in the hierarchy of German feudality, to whom national independence and the

sanctity of an oath, were something more than empty names. "I swear on these gospels here open before me"—such was the oath repeated after the Archbishop of Mayence by every one of the electors—that "my voice, vote, and my suffrage shall be given unbiassed by any pact, price, pledge or engagement under any pretence whatsoever. So help me God, and all His holy saints and angels!"

Yet the Archbishop of Treves could not behold with complacency the dangerous neighbourhood and restless aggrandizement of the House of Hapsburg. The Elector of Saxony had reasons of his own for disliking Maximilian. The Prince Palatine kept aloof, but from different motives. His brother, Count Frederick, had formed a secret attachment to Charles's sister Eleanor, afterwards Queen of Portugal. For this unwarrantable presumption the Count had been coldly and haughtily dismissed—to employ his influence, as might naturally have been expected, with his brother the Elector, in advancing the pretensions of Francis I. But affection for the sister outweighed the insult received from the brother. The Count readily complied with the summons of Maximilian. He even undertook, for a pension of 20,000 florins, to bring over his brother to the Emperor's views. The negociation was costly; the Palatine demanded no less than 100,000 florins as the price of his vote, and certain other concessions, not needful here to be insisted on. At the cost of half a million of gold florins, in the shape of presents, and 70,000 or something more, by way of annuities, Maximilian had contrived to secure or corrupt the highest nobility in Germany. He had fixed, as he thought, the imperial crown in the House of Hapsburg for ever. The price of the Holy Roman Empire, everything considered, was not so exorbitant after all.

My readers who have pursued with me, in previous chapters, the fortunes of "the penniless Emperor," will naturally inquire how Maximilian could obtain the funds required for so costly a purchase. Of his own, he had nothing to bestow; he could only pledge his grandson's credit; and German electors were too well acquainted with the value of royal and imperial engagements to barter their votes for empty promises. More than once the imperial broker had to urge upon his grandson his need of remittances; more than once was the empire in danger of falling into the hands of Francis I., who, more wealthy and less scrupulous than his rival, squandered his treasures without present or after

thought of the consequences. Cautious and penurious, even where great advantages were to be gained, Charles doled out his gold in proportions more suited to a village than an empire. Already at the age of nineteen, unlike his contemporaries, he possessed the virtue of prudence in perfection. He insisted that his agents should incur no expenses in the election, unless they were certain of success; that no elector should receive for his vote more than 4,000 florins. With bitter pangs and ill-concealed reluctance he placed to the credit of Maximilian first 100,000 and then 200,000 ducats,[1] obtained from the bankers of Genoa and Augsburg. From personal experience, better versed in the ways of the world, more alive than most of his contemporaries to the influence of bribery, Maximilian remonstrated. "If," said he, "you wish to gain mankind, you must play at a high stake. Either then follow my counsel and adopt my suggestions, or abandon the chance of bringing this affair to a termination satisfactory to our wishes, and creditable to our fame. It would be lamentable if, after so much pain and labor to aggrandize and exalt our house and our posterity, we should now lose all through some pitiful omission or penurious neglect."

In the midst of all this happiness and bustle, scheming, intriguing, and corrupting, Maximilian died suddenly at Welz in Upper Austria, "vanquished with sickness, which was first a catarrh, and sithence a flux and a fever continual."[2]

The new world, under younger masters, with new notions and untrained energies, was now rapidly drifting away from the old. The grasp of the old, destined to fade away, became every day feebler. Time, the greatest of innovators, had altered the relative positions of the three rulers of Christendom. At the death of Maximilian, Henry VIII. was in his 28th year, Francis I. in his 25th, Charles in his 19th. All were equally ambitious, all nearly equally powerful, and all equally, though in different ways, greedy of personal distinction. Yet to command the applause of the age it

[1] See III. 27. Spinelly is more precise: "Armestorff is gone to the Emperor with bills of exchange to the value of 250,000 ducats, payable 1st April next. The merchants have promised that the Fuggers, the Hochstetters, or Welzers, shall answer the same in February next, that the electors may be sure of their money, and make no difficulty of coming to Frankfort. The king is also bound to make good to the electors a pension of 70,000 florins of gold during their lives. The town of Antwerp is to answer for the same," etc. Jan. 20, 1519 (III. 36).

[2] Knight, Jan. 14, 1519; III. 25.

was still indispensable that they should be, or seem to be, the champions of the Church. Francis I. was its dearest and its eldest son. Who more ready than he to draw the sword in its defence? Was it to pursue the heretic and the infidel to the furthest verge of Ind,—was it to sluice out his blood and treasure at the bidding of his Holiness,—none more prompt than he, even when he was invading the patrimony of the Church, or turning a wistful eye to an alliance with the Turk. As for Charles, it had always been the special glory of the kings of Castile to maintain the honour and orthodoxy of the Church, with a devotion that knew no doubts, and a zeal which overlooked all difficulties. The maintenance of the Faith was as essentially associated in the minds of all men with the imperial dignity, as the iron crown of the Lombards or the coronation robe of Charlemagne. Yet, when his interests required it, the Catholic King was unable to distinguish heretics from Catholics, though they sprang up like tares among the wheat, in every corner of his Flemish dominions. More zealous and devout than either, with something of English earnestness and sincerity, and something perhaps of the narrow and impetuous energy of English prejudice, Henry signalized his attachment to the Faith by drawing his pen in its defence. If his arguments were mean, his Latin was kinglike. It was so far above the level of royal Latinity that people gave out (I shall have to consider with what degree of justice) that whilst the King furnished the arguments, Fisher and Pace supplied or furbished up the Latin. Whatever honours, as conquerors or crusaders, the Kings of England might have achieved, they had never attained the proud eminence of being styled "Most Christian" or "Most Catholic." They had never yet attained the standard of zeal and ability in defence of the Faith, when popes and cardinals could acknowledge their services, and reward them with corresponding distinction and gratitude. That achievement was reserved for Henry VIII. Of his own spontaneous and mere motion, unsolicited by popes or nuncios, he overwhelmed the new Titan of heresy; buried him under a mountain of royal theology and invective, never to rise again;—so at least popes and bishops assured him, and he was willing to believe. The joy of Leo was unbounded; for he was at that time in hope (vain hope!) of recruiting an exhausted exchequer by a new loan from England. Latin dictionaries, Ciceronian vocabularies, styles and titles, were diligently examined; various

epithets proposed and rejected. After months spent in deliberation, Henry, the new candidate for spiritual honours, was admitted into the narrow and exclusive orbit of the Church's patrons. "Defender of the Faith" was nearly as superlative, if not quite, as "Catholic" and "Most Christian," and was regarded with jealousy by the monopolists and admirers of the earlier distinctions.

To an inexperienced eye, judging by the extent of his dominions, Charles would have appeared the most powerful and the most considerable monarch in Christendom. At the death of Maximilian he held the Low Countries, Burgundy, Naples, Sardinia, and the archduchy of Austria. By the discoveries of Columbus and of others, the New World was pouring into his lap, as King of Spain, its unsunned and exhaustless treasures. One sister was married to the King of Hungary, another to the King of Portugal, and a third to the King of Denmark. To his enormous possessions he was soon to annex the Crown of the Empire. But overgrown empires, like overgrown men, more for show than for use, are not easily moved; and by a kindly law of nature the mischief they are most capable of doing is counteracted by their habitual inertness, not to say insensibility. The cataracts and earthquakes of the world are not half so dangerous as the dripping water, the narrow crevice, or the sightless Lilliputian of the coral reef. So, with all his diffluent, sinewless, and ill-jointed dominions, Charles was more formidable in appearance than reality. National jealousies prevented unity of action. Favours shown to Flanders were resented by Spain; residence in one part of his dominions was a signal for mutiny and discontent in another. Had he attempted in his youth to have made all the clocks of the sixteenth century strike in unison he would not have found it a more difficult task than to insure harmonious co-operation between Spaniard, German, Fleming, and Italian. So the restless activity of Francis I., backed by his compact dominions, was always a match for Charles; would have been more than a match, had Francis not despised his sallow, gouty, and phlegmatic rival—slow as fate, but like fate pertinacious. With territory less extensive, the King of England possessed more available treasures than either of his rivals. For years the precious metals had flowed into our shores in a steady current, which had never ebbed. As no plate or coin was permitted to pass the English ports, as the industry and frugality of the people had always been

unintermittent, as they had for centuries escaped the storm of foreign invasion, money and money's worth were abundant. Then, as now, foreigners regarded with envy and amazement the well-stored goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops in the city of London; then, as now, if foreign states wanted a loan, their eyes were turned towards England. Lance-knights, men-at-arms, Swiss volunteers, Flemish and German artillerymen, the most experienced freebooters and captain adventurers, rose to the sight of English gold. "Only *promise* to pay," said the Italian or Almain banker to the English agent; and his promise was better than the bond of an Emperor.

When Maximilian died, and open competition for the imperial crown was no longer restrained by affectation of reserve, "the attention of all Europe," in the words of a modern historian, was fixed upon the contest. In the grand indefiniteness of the phrase we are apt to lose sight of the special significance of the fact. All Europe proceeded not merely to fix its attention, but if possible to fill its pockets and reap its advantage from the coming struggle. Happily, by the late alliance between France and England, no war was then on foot to gratify the cupidity of those roving adventurers, who, in their thirst for plunder, sold their blood for drachmas, and hacked out a precarious subsistence by the sword. Swiss and lance-knight, hunger-starved for some new scene of action, turned their eyes and their footsteps to Germany. For these soldiers of fortune the imperial election was a Camacho's wedding, where money and provisions abounded, and claims for service were not too narrowly scrutinized. Thither flocked the maimed, the halt, and the blind—in character, conduct, and principles. Itinerant chieftains like Sickingen, commanding a handful of resolute and not over-scrupulous followers, undaunted negociators not too delicate or too squeamish, thriftless patriots eager for the freedom and independence of election, there found what they never would have found in purer and more peaceable times, corruption and employment. Impartial in their favours, the electors took bribes from both candidates, made the same promises to both, and broke them to both with magnanimous indifference. To secure them the unbiassed exercise of their important functions, Charles had raised a considerable body of Swabians. He had contrived to detach Sickingen from the service of his rival by a pension of 3,000 florins. With six hundred cavaliers in the pay of the King Catholic, this daring adventurer advanced towards

Wurtemberg, and, uniting his forces with the League, was ready at any moment, if need were, to secure the impartiality of the distressed Electors by falling sword in hand on the partizans of the French monarch. The approaches leading to Frankfort were crowded with expectant couriers, anxious canvassers, disinterested soldiers. Troops of rival negociators, followed by brilliant escorts, hurried to and fro; trains of sumpter mules, laden with coin stuffed in their pack-saddles, plunged and struggled along the dusty roads. Supple agents, with obsequious looks, haunted the chambers, mounted the barges, and watched the countenances of the Electors. Retailers of small gossip found a ready welcome, and reaped a rich harvest from the idle credulity of their listeners. Charles and Francis were alike determined to obtain possession of the imperial crown; both had resolved to spare no cost in securing their object. Never had there been so much animation in Germany.

As a consequence of this obstinate competition, the cost of the imperial crown rose in the market. The Archbishop of Mayence, formerly content with 52,000 florins and a few trifles in addition, now demanded 120,000. The Elector of Brandenburg, "the father of all greediness," as the Austrians called him, would accept nothing less than 100,000 gold crowns, with the hand of the infanta Katharine, 30,000 crowns for his vote, "and a good round sum besides."[1] The Archbishop of Cologne and the Count Palatine followed in the steps of the Archbishop of Mayence. The projects of Maximilian were scattered to the winds. The stipulations he had exacted were disregarded. The Electors pretended that they were absolved from their promises by the death of the Emperor. It was requisite to commence *de novo*.

Francis I., as I have said, determined to spare no efforts to win over the Electors. He told Sir Thomas Boleyn, the English ambassador, that his realm was worth six millions yearly, "and he would spend three millions of gold but he would be Emperor."[2] More prudent and old-fashioned than his master, the President Guillart appealed to that chivalrous sense of magnanimity which, notwithstanding his numerous failings, still lurked in the breast of the French monarch. It would be his glory and honour, he told the King, to abstain from force or bribery in gaining the empire: it was more

[1] De Berghes to Margaret, Feb. 16, in Le Glay.
[2] Feb. 28: III. 100.

noble to rely on the brilliant attractions of his power and the merits of his person. "If," replied Francis, "I had to deal only with the virtuous, or with those who even pretended to a shadow of virtue, your advice would be expedient and honest; but in times like the present, whatever a man sets his heart upon, be it the papacy, be it the empire, or anything else, he has no means of obtaining his object, except by force or corruption. The men with whom I have to deal don't mince mouths in this matter. Long since, had Maximilian been alive, the money demanded for the bargain would have been ready for delivery at all the banks of Germany."[1]

Fully alive to the sentiments of their master, and armed with plenary authority, the agents of Francis spared no expense, no promises, no labour, in accomplishing his wishes. The Electors were to be gained at any cost. Four of the number listened readily to his flattering proposals, offering to abandon their previous engagements, and pledge their votes and interests to France. The hand of the Princess Renée, a dowry of 200,000 crowns, and an annuity of 12,000 florins secured the Elector of Brandenburg. More moderate than his brother, the Archbishop of Mayence was content with 120,000 florins, payable in two moieties the same year, the erection of a church at Halle, a perpetual legateship, and the effectual support of the future Emperor in all his claims and privileges. Soft and irresolute, the Elector of Cologne was open to terms, but would make no promises. The Count Palatine avowedly reserved himself for the highest bidder. Francis was not so far from the attainment of his hopes as his opponents wished to have it believed.

The agents of Charles began to despair. The Spaniards were as slow as the French were energetic. Would it not be better, they said, for the King Catholic to end the dispute by waiving his claim in favour of his brother Ferdinand? Charles never hesitated for a moment: his pride was touched by this allusion to his brother; no stronger incentive, perhaps, could have been suggested for rousing him to unusual energy. He replied with dignity, and with some animation, that such a course would be ruinous to his brother's interests and his own. It would, he said, dismember the countries and seignories of Austria, sow disunion between them, sever into its component elements the mighty trunk of that power which

[1] Quoted by Mignet from the original despatch, Feb. 7, Revue des Deux Mondes, Jan., 1854, p. 234.

both of them had derived from their ancestors. Their union, like arrows in the quiver, was their strength; disunited, the shafts would be broken, and their combined authority destroyed.

Fortunately for Charles, he possessed two active and subtle negociators, whom no difficulties could daunt, no repulses dismay,—De Berghes and Armestorff. "If," said the former to Lady Margaret, "I and Renner had served God as we have served the King, we might have hoped for a good place in Paradise." De Berghes was indefatigable;—nothing escaped him, no disappointments soured him. He saw it was not the time to be scrupulous, letting I dare not wait upon I would. "If something be not done, and done speedily," he writes on one occasion to Lady Margaret, "this Bastard of Savoy—(an agent for Francis)—will come down upon us with a full purse and a pompous train, and, preaching up the faith of Antichrist, will turn away many from the orthodox to the French creed. The plague of avarice is as dominant here as elsewhere." A week after he hints to her that if a thousand horse were sent to the League, it would prove a great security to the Electors on the Rhine, who were desirous of knowing what aid they should have if they were attacked by Francis. The danger was little else than imaginary; not so the effect of such a demonstration on the minds of the Electors. "If," he adds, "the King of France should resort to violence, Charles could make use of the League to further his election, *bon gré mal gré*, as has been done on other occasions." With keen perception of the decorous conventionalities to be observed in these delicate negociations, and as bold a determination to violate them if necessary, De Berghes informed her: "Those who are sent to the electors, especially to the churchmen, must on no account insist on the bonds and promises given by them to the late Emperor. These birds are not to be caught in that fashion; for the election is free. On the contrary they must say that they trust that messieurs the Electors will bear in mind the arrangements made at the last diet by the Emperor and continue their good wishes to the King Catholic, who will in no wise fail to keep his word."—"But on no account must any attempt be made to obtain written pledges from the Electors; for they wish to have it publicly believed that they are wholly unfettered in their choice." It may be doubted whether four centuries of hard practice in electioneering have much improved on the principles or procedure of De

Berghes in this respect. "Money," he says, "must be had from the Welzers" (the Rothschilds of the Middle Ages); "hard cash in gold at the diet." "In this affair of the empire we must not haggle at any fixed sums. Fresh disbursements of money will constantly be required, as these devils of Frenchmen scatter gold in all directions."[1]

On the other side, Armestorff was not less dexterous and assiduous than De Berghes. The hinge of the negociation evidently turned on the Archbishop of Mayence;—if he could be secured, the Elector of Cologne would offer no obstacle. "If we can get these three," wrote Armestorff to Charles, "(Mayence, Cologne, and Palatine,) in good trim, the fourth (the Marquis of Brandenburg) will not abandon them, for fear of forfeiting his share of the spoils." So night and day he set all his faculties to work to gain the Archbishop of Mayence; as if, to use his own expression, "the salvation of his soul depended upon it." On the 27th of February he arrived at Mayence.

But the Archbishop—Luther's primate, it will be remembered—was not easily gained. He knew his own value; he knew also that he could dictate his own terms to France, however exorbitant. It was in vain that Armestorff besought him to renew his ancient engagements made with Maximilian; the Elector replied that, as the requisite stipulations had not been observed by Maximilian, these obligations had ceased to be binding. To every offer from Armestorff he turned a deaf ear; he undervalued the power and popularity of Charles. His efforts to obtain the imperial crown, he asserted, would be fruitless.

Undaunted by this frigid reception, and the ill success of his mission, Armestorff begged permission to speak unreservedly.[2] "I see," he said to the Archbishop, "that our opponents have made you more advantageous offers than we have done, and for that reason you wish to break your engagements. Such a course will entail infamy on you and your brother, and inflict irreparable injury on the empire and the whole Germanic nation." The Archbishop coldly admitted

[1] We learn from the same agent that the Duke of Saxony was resolved to oppose Francis to the utmost, because he had promised in case of success to make the Marquis of Brandenburg his lieutenant, and the two Electors were opposed to each other. "No one," says De Berghes, "will have Joachim King of the Romans; for he is an intemperate man, with whom no one likes to have any dealings."

[2] Mignet, *ut supra*, p. 241.

that he had received much more tempting offers from the other side, and made no scruple of avowing his intention to be sure of his bargain before he gave his vote. The choice of the Emperor rested, he said, exclusively with himself; for his colleagues would adopt his counsels, and follow his example. If Charles wished to succeed, he must add 100,000 florins to those already promised,[1] or take the consequences if he refused.

Armestorff started with astonishment at the enormity of this new demand. In a fit of resentment, real or affected, he flung himself out of the chamber. The Elector and his brother, he exclaimed, were binding a rod for their own backs, and the vengeance of Heaven would overtake them. His remonstrance was not without effect. Though fond of money, like most of his German contemporaries, and unwilling to let so excellent an opportunity escape him, the Archbishop considered that a smaller sum, with Charles for his sovereign, was a safer and more eligible investment than a larger sum from Francis, coupled with the indignation of his countrymen. Next morning, sending his valet de chambre to Armestorff, he offered to abate his demand, first to 80,000, and, when that was refused, to 60,000, and finally to 50,000 florins. Armestorff replied, he had no power to accept the offer, but he would write to his master for further instructions. The Archbishop, however, declined to wait; the rest of the electors, he said, as well as himself, were determined to come at once to a final decision, and he did not intend to fall between two stools. Driven to bay, Armestorff ventured to exceed his authority; he promised the Archbishop an augmentation of the original bargain, provided that he would keep the negociation secret, and induce the other electors to adhere to their original arrangements. After an obstinate debate of three days this additional douceur was settled at 20,000 florins.

The Archbishop had, probably from the first, contemplated a great reduction in his original demand. For whatever might have been his personal wishes, or however for the sake of his own interests he might intrigue with France, he must have been convinced that the people of Germany would never consent to accept Francis for their Emperor. "It was declared here" (that is, by the Spaniards at Cologne), says Pace,[2] "that as far as the sun doth exceed all other stars in glory, so far their King (Charles) doth excel all other princes; and for that cause he was meet to be Emperor." To which,

[1] That is, 152,000 florins of gold in all.

[2] III. 274.

"answer was made here, that the sun was not always above the earth, but below it." "The electors," he adds, "are in great perplexity; for this nation will have no French Emperor." In fact, had the election been declared in favour of the French monarch, it is probable that the Swiss, the Swabian League, and a large portion of the population would have been prepared to decide the question by arms, in a manner more agreeable to their own views and wishes.[1]

When the Archbishop had thus eased his breast, he was not merely as good as his word; he was far better. He unlocked his cabinet; he showed Armestorff all the letters he had received from the opposite party, and the advantageous offers contained in them. In the excess of his candour, he discovered to the imperial agent the practices of Francis with the other Electors, of which he was the prime confidant and depository. As if this exhibition of good will had not been sufficient, with the zeal and ardour of a new convert he employed his most urgent endeavours to bring over the Elector of Brandenburg to his own views. He besought him to consider the danger and disgrace they should both incur if they suffered the imperial crown to fall into the hands of an alien. He pretended the most disinterested motives for his late conversion, resolved that no other Elector should reap the same benefit as himself of a private arrangement. But, in his efforts to convert the Marquis of Brandenburg, he was in danger of being reconverted himself to the cause he had so recently abandoned. The Marquis refused to entertain the Archbishop's notions of devotion to German interests; he had pledged himself, he said, to Francis, and could not in honour recede. When Armestorff returned to Mayence at the end of March, for a final ratification of their arrangement, he found the fickle Archbishop half-inclined to abandon it.[2] Once again he had the same difficulties to surmount, the same demands

[1] See III. 213, 258. Fleuranges, who had been sent by Francis to manage the election, attributes his ill success to the failure of Francis I. in securing the Swabian League. He states that the band, consisting of 20,000 foot and 4,000 horse, was posted only three or four leagues distant from Frankfort at the time of the election; and its proximity had such an effect on the Count Palatine that, contrary to his promise and intention, he gave his vote to Charles (Ch. 66). All who know anything of the resolute and daring recklessness of Francis of Sickingen, who commanded the band, will not think this statement likely to be overcharged.

On the 27th of March, Julius Card. de Medici writes to Card. Bibiena, that Francesco Secchino (Sickingen) had made an offer to the Emperor "to do whatever his Majesty should command him in Germany."—Lett. di Principi, i. 66.

[2] See Le Glay, ii. 376.

to combat. In the end the Archbishop was a considerable gainer. "I have no faith in that Archbishop of Mayence," said Louise of Savoy to Boleyn, the English ambassador; and most men will agree in her estimate of his consistency.

In the midst of these intrigues a new competitor appeared upon the stage in the person of Henry VIII. But for the evidence furnished by the letters and instructions of Pace, who was employed on this occasion, it would have seemed incredible that Henry VIII. could have ever seriously entertained a design so chimerical and so impolitic; still less that all his actions in relation to it should have been characterized with unusual feebleness, delay, and vacillation. The news of Maximilian's death was known in England a month after. As early as the 9th of February,[1] Boleyn, then in France, wrote to the King of the intention of Francis to become a competitor for the imperial crown. "He bade me," says Boleyn, "lean out at the window with him, and he would tell me what he had done in it, and his whole mind." Francis then proceeded to inform the ambassador that he had received invitations from several Electors; had been promised the votes of four of them, and was overjoyed at the aid offered him by England, especially as his brother, the King of England was not inclined to enter the lists. Again, in that month, and in the next, Charles had earnestly requested the King's interposition with the Pope, who was supposed to encourage the interests of the French King. Yet it was not until the second week in May, when the election was already virtually decided, that Pace was dispatched into Germany to advance the pretensions of his royal master. Was it from hesitation, divided counsels, or ill advice that Henry adopted a line of conduct so foreign to his character, so unlike the resolution of his great minister?

It will be remembered that, on various occasions mentioned in previous chapters,[2] Maximilian had offered to secure the imperial crown for the King of England. Keen observers like Tunstal, regarding his offer at its true worth, denounced it as chimerical; even supposing that Maximilian had influence sufficient to fulfil his promise, they insisted on its impolicy and imprudence. In this, as in most other political questions, Tunstal echoed the sentiments of Wolsey. But to the King the project did not appear so wild or so undesirable as their cooler heads would have wished or imagined. Nor is it

[1] III. 70. [2] See pp. 135, 136, 169.

surprising that Henry, in the vigour of his youth and the pride of his power, should have been fired with the ambition of attaining "the monarchy of Christendom." The Papacy excepted, the empire was the highest honour to which any potentate could aspire. Though little better than an empty title, though scarcely more than the shadow of a great name, destined speedily to become more visionary than ever, its ancient traditions made a deep impression on the romantic heart of the middle ages.[1] Its half sacred, half secular dignity, shrouded by a mysterious and unsubstantial grandeur; its position as the military headship and supremacy of Christendom; its imperial Bishops and regal princes; its sacred knights and Teutonic brotherhoods; its haunted forests and weird mountains; had all combined to captivate the imaginations of men.[2] Hoary with the frost of ages, it towered in gigantic proportions above all the monarchies of the world, and its head was lost among the clouds of heaven. Nor can it be doubted that Pace himself, who had frequently visited Italy and Germany, and knew both countries well, had fostered these feelings in the mind of the King, with whom he had now grown a favourite. Wolsey, suffering from dysentery, was often absent. Pace, the King's secretary, always at court, a pleasant and versatile companion, a wit, a scholar, a traveller of no small observation and experience, was acquainted with all the distinguished men and potentates of the time, and had visited every scene of the drama on which the attention of the world was just then fixed. By the brilliancy and charms of his conversation—qualities reflected in his correspondence—he had made his society agreeable to More and Erasmus. He was, besides, a man "of the new learning;" not so strict or so rigid as the grey-headed ecclesiastics whose rank or office held them about the court. Was it surprising that he should have risen rapidly into favour, that he should have been suspected, though unjustly, of treading too closely on the heels of the great minister?

If it were so, it was not the only time in which Pace appears to have countenanced the King's wishes, in opposition

[1] See Macchievelli's keen remarks. De Repub. ii. 19.

[2] Thus even Chaucer makes his knight ride for his lord's wars into Lithuania and Prussia:—

"Full ofte tyme he had the board begun
Aboven alle nations in Prusse.
In Lettowe had he reyced and in Ruce,
No Christen man so oft of his degree."

Prol. to Cant. Tales.

to the judgment of Wolsey. But, whatever that judgment might be, the King's wishes must be obeyed. At that time Campeggio the Legate, supposed to be intimately acquainted with the Pope's sentiments, was residing in England. To discover the Pope's sentiments, to secure if possible his co-operation, was indispensable to success. He was supposed to be unfavourable to the pretensions of Charles, had even instructed his nuncio in Germany to oppose his election as illegal and uncanonical.[1] He might be secretly inclined to Francis, but he had been heard to declare that it was not desirable for the good of Christendom that either of these princes should succeed.[2]

A letter addressed by Wolsey to the Bishop of Worcester, the King's ambassador in Rome, preserved in the Vatican, and published by Martene,[3] throws some light on this obscure transaction. It appears that already some secret communication of the King's wishes in regard to the imperial election had been made to the Pope by Cardinal Campeggio. What was the exact nature of that communication, or how it came to the ears of Worcester, we are left to guess. As it did not suit Wolsey's purpose to assume that his correspondent was wholly unacquainted with what had passed, or reveal too much, his expressions are studiously ambiguous. He tells Worcester that, in consequence of the new alliance between France and England, neither he nor the King thought it safe to communicate their wishes to his Holiness until they had first clearly ascertained his inclinations. It had been given out that Leo favoured the French; and the rumour had been amply confirmed by the conduct of the Papal nuncio in Germany. "Until we had discovered," continues Wolsey, "to which of the two candidates his Holiness inclined, we could trust no letter and no messenger; for if it so happened that the Pope favoured the king of the French, our designs would have been betrayed, and occasion might have arisen for impairing the present peace between the two kingdoms, to the grievous injury of Christendom." Now, he adds, as the Pope and the King are of one mind touching this election, they can open their minds more freely, and the negociation will be carried on in the usual channel.[4]

[1] See III. 187, 192, 195, 255. When he found opposition useless, Leo altered his sentiments.

[2] Charles to Henry, April 20, 1519.

[3] III. 137, compare 149.

[4] The language of Wolsey is noticeable. Of the imperial dignity he says: "Imperii dignitas, cujus comparatione aliæ omnes sunt prope modum nullæ." But he was speaking apparently the King's sentiments throughout the letter.

He then proceeds to point out to Worcester the dangers that would arise if Francis should succeed in his pretensions. Not content with his own dominions, he would, argues Wolsey, aspire to the monarchy of the world, and trample the Papacy under foot. The danger would scarcely be less if Charles became Emperor, for his vast powers and overgrown possessions would occasion many troubles in Christendom. Therefore he advises the Pope to keep an even hand between the two competitors; and if, as probably would be the case, either demanded of him letters in their favour, which could not be refused, he should have recourse to dissimulation, and let it be known among all people that his recommendations were merely formal, Charles being out of the way. If the King of France could be persuaded to desist from his pretensions, England and the Pope might then combine and fix upon some third person equally agreeable to all parties. In making these suggestions Worcester was instructed to watch narrowly the Pope's countenance, to weigh his answers, and discover, if possible, his real inclinations.

Up to this point, Wolsey had breathed no hint of this third unexceptionable candidate. It was dangerous ground, and demanded careful and cautious handling. Then, as if the suggestion had proceeded from another, and not from himself, he continues: "My most reverend lord Campeggio has submitted to me, that possibly our most serene lord the King might not be disinclined to see some regard had to his own elevation (*honoris*). He thinks some means might be devised, by which both the king of the French and his Catholic Majesty might be prevented from obtaining the election. I can draw only one meaning from these words of his. I suppose the Legate thinks that the election might possibly be secured in favour of our King. If, then, you wish to do a service agreeable to his most serene Majesty and to me, you will take occasion to broach this matter to his Holiness, but in such a way as if you were entirely ignorant of our wishes. When you have more clearly discovered the intentions of his Holiness, if you find any firm foundation to go upon, it will not be inappropriate in you to remark, that you think it would be highly conducive to the interests of Christendom and of the Holy See, if his Majesty could be prevailed upon to undertake so responsible a dignity, for all the King's endeavours would be concentrated on universal tranquillity and the good of mankind. But you must say, it is much to be feared that his

foresaid Majesty will in no wise be prevailed upon to meddle in this affair, seeing that he absolutely refused the imperial crown when it was formerly offered him by Maximilian. You may then suggest, that possibly, if his Holiness would write to me (Wolsey) very earnestly about the matter, I might, without any great labor, exhort and encourage the King to consent to his election, purely out of his desire to promote the welfare of others. In handling this matter, marvellous dexterity and skill will be required. Therefore, I beg your reverend Lordship will give your best attention to what I have said, and send me an explicit answer to every point."

The latter is dated the 25th of March. Before any answer could arrive, a communication had been received from Worcester, dated some days after, stating that Francis was straining every nerve to secure the election; that the Pope found it difficult to decide between both candidates, but was strongly urged to support the French King. He adds in a postscript, that letters had just come from Campeggio, long after date, signifying the King's wish that Francis should not be elected, but the Pope thought it too perilous to interfere openly.[1]

March ended, April passed away, and no answer from the Papal Court. At last about the middle of May, a communication was received from Worcester. If he ever followed Wolsey's instructions, the Pope held out no expectations that he would, openly or otherwise, further the project so cautiously suggested by the Cardinal. He affected not to see it, but made a merit of supporting the interest of Charles, as if in so doing he had sacrificed his own inclinations out of deference to the King and Wolsey.[2]

Meanwhile, the King and Wolsey had determined to send Pace into Germany, furnished with letters and instructions suitable to the occasion. He was ordered, in the first instance, to discover the temper of the Electors, and their various inclinations. Whenever "he speaketh with the favorers of the French King," so run his instructions,[3] "he may use

[1] III. 149. So much, however, is certain that Leo would have preferred any other candidate than Francis or Charles. What he might openly profess to the ambassadors of either party or their adherents, like the Venetians, must not be taken for his real sentiment. It was for his interest to aggrandize neither Francis nor Charles. If a third power wore the imperial crown it would tend to neutralize their influence, and preserve an equilibrium between the great states of Europe; and by this policy alone could the Papal court hope to preserve its independence.

[2] III. 277.

[3] III. 241.

words to show the King's inclination to that party; . . . and in semblable manner he is to use himself to such of the Electors as incline to the King of Castile's party; so that the King's highness be not noted to favor or advance the one party more than the other." But on these and on all other occasions he is to insinuate objections to the prejudice of both, and find means "by provident and circumspect drifts" to drive the Electors to choose Henry, "which is of the Germany tongue," or, failing that, one of themselves, "and not to translate the empire, which has been in Germany seven hundred years, to a strange nation; for if it were eftsoons so translated, it should never return to them again." That the English envoy should be instructed to enlarge on the manifold gifts "of grace, fortune, and nature which be in the King," and his fitness for so great a dignity, is no more than we should be prepared to expect; but the other articles of his commission betray either a penuriousness in money matters little to be expected, or a most extraordinary ignorance of the true state of the imperial negociations. Though his instructions are unfortunately mutilated, enough remains to make it clear that he was forbidden to pledge the King's credit without adequate security. Provided the Electors would do the King's grace so much pleasure as to prefer him above all other competitors, they should be "rewarded and recompensed for their gratitude," so it exceed not the sum of . . . "But it is the King's pleasure that no communication, writing or instrument whatever shall pass his said ambassador but only conditionally; that is to say, should the King's highness be elected to that dignity, and really attain thereto, then to pay such a sum as shall be agreed betwixt them."[1]

Had Pace started on his mission three months earlier, had persuasion "sweeter than honey" sate upon his lips, what hopes could he have entertained of gaining over the Electors on such conditions? What arguments could counterbalance the solid coin of France or Spain, the plate and tapestry, the golden ducats and substantial advantages with which the two continental monarchs had for many weeks dazed the eyes and enslaved the wills of these guardians of the imperial crown? "The English angels," says Fleuranges, in mockery of Pace's embassy, "could not work greater miracles than the crowns of the sun." But the golden angels to which he refers never imped their wings, or displayed a feather of

[1] III. 240.

their lustrous plumage. So Pace's mission fared exactly as might have been expected. He was courteously but coldly received. The Electors were evidently indifferent to the cause of his master, especially as that cause came recommended with empty hands. Pace flattered the King with hopes of success. He relied on the contradictory rumours sedulously disseminated by interested parties. "No manner of certainty can be gathered out of them after my judgment," he remarks to Wolsey;[1] "but he that shall come last, after the great practices passed, shall be in as good and peradventure better case than they that came long afore." He built his strongest hope on the great delay which some Fleming had assured him must take place before the election was concluded, and was disappointed in both his expectations.

On the 1st of June he obtained an audience with the Archbishop of Cologne,[2] just before the Elector was starting for Frankfort. Between the 1st and 9th he had an interview, at Mayence, with the Cardinal and his brother the Marquis of Brandenburg, "ready to go in the morning to Frankfort;" on the 9th, with the Archbishop of Treves, who told him that Henry was not excluded from the election, and that the late Emperor had gone about to promote him. This remark gave Pace an opportunity of enlarging upon the King's qualities, as expressed in his instructions. "Though he is reputed all French," says Pace,[3] he behaved himself "like a wise and noble man." The interview finished, in conformity with the ancient rule, Pace, with all other strangers, was ordered to withdraw from Frankfort. Five of the Electors had arrived already. The Duke of Saxony was expected hourly. He had declined the empire, which he might have had if he would, says Pace; so great was the reputation of "his virtuous and godly living, as of his singular wisdom." Next day, Pace wrote again, insisting on the great dissension among the Electors: the indignation of the commonalty against the French was incredible; they would spend life and goods, he said, against that King if he were elected. They would have preferred Don Ferdinand to his brother, had their wishes been consulted, because they felt assured of his residing

[1] III. 255.

[2] It is amusing to find that when Pace presented the King's letter to the Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, the Archbishop handed it over to his brother to read, plainly confessing "that he had not greatly exercised the Latin tongue." III. 283.

[3] III. 297.

among them. But, less careful of men's opinions, if not more scrupulous, than his rival, Charles had provided against contingencies. An army of 40,000 foot and 6000 horse by his own and the late Emperor's adherents, in the Rhine Provinces, was ready to march and coerce the refractory Electors.[1] Pace confirms this statement on the 14th, adding that Charles's deputies openly gave out that if they could not gain the election by fair means, they would have it by the sword. The Electors protested against this apparent coercion of their freedom, and the army was moved into the duchy of Wurtemberg.[2] The election approached its termination; the utmost excitement prevailed; the wildest rumours were afloat. Francis promised double as much as any other Christian prince would give for the empire. The agents of Charles, not to be outdone, increased their biddings; hundreds, thousands, of florins yearly to each of the electors, in addition to the pensions already granted, on security of the Spanish ecclesiastics and nobility. "Here is," says Pace, "the most dearest merchandise that ever was sold; and after mine opinion, it shall be the worst that ever was bought, to him that shall obtain it."[3]

Yet, in spite of the opinion thus sensibly recorded, even Pace could not resist the general infection. If he had but come some fifteen days sooner! If, like the King of Castile, he had brought 420,000 gold florins to Frankfort, or sufficient security, Wolsey by this time, he says, "might have sung a *Te Deum laudamus* for the election of King Henry VIII. *in imperatorem omnium Christianorum!*"[4] The King, he goes on to say, will certainly be proposed at the election;[5] and the question had been asked him, whether he had authority to accept the empire *eo nomine*. He must have betrayed his excitement, and left himself open to this caustic joke. It is needless to say, that no such intention was ever once entertained by any one of the Electors.

The atmosphere was impregnated with trickery, deceit, and corruption; and the most veteran craftsmen in these arts were incessantly employed in pursuing their ignoble vocation. Application had been made by Henry to the Pope to interpose and delay the election. It appears from one of Pace's

[1] Pace, June 12.
[2] Pace, June 22.
[3] Besides his other engagements, Charles, according to Pace, spent 1,500,000 fl. on the election. III. 351.
[4] Pace, June 20.
[5] Pace, June 14.

letters, written in June, but of which the precise date is uncertain, that his Holiness had consented to the King's request,[1] and commanded his nuncio, Carracciolo, to act accordingly. But the nuncio, better informed of the Pope's wishes, turned a deaf ear to Pace's entreaties;[2]—worse than all, the Pope, a few days after, commanded his agent to desist from all further opposition, set on foot a secret negociation for a good understanding with the Catholic King,[3] and, instead of interposing delay, as he had promised, hurried on the election.[4] The Electors entered the consistory on the 18th of June. It soon became manifest that the choice would fall on the King of Castile. Sickingen, the most powerful and unscrupulous of his partizans, established himself with his army at Höchst, a few miles distant from Frankfort, ready to commence operations at the earliest notice. "There," writes Pace on the 24th, "they cry open war against the French king, and say they will have no emperor but king Charles of Spain." The Count of Nassau, one of their number, armed with the King's great seal, distributed places and offices broadcast to all whose influence could in any way, direct or indirect, conduce to success. These measures were seconded by threats of personal violence. Bonnivet, the most skilful and active of the French King's agents, was warned to desist from canvassing any longer for his master, on pain of his life.[5] "The nation is up in arms," says Pace, "and furious to fight for the King Catholic." The day before the Count of Nassau had told him he had so much money, and so many men, that no Frenchman could enter the country "but upon spearis and swerdis poyntes."

As the Electors had long since made up their minds, delay was useless. The impatience of Charles's partizans, the dread of the plague,[6] now beginning to make its appearance at Frankfort, personal considerations of various kinds, induced the Electors gladly to lay hold of the pretext furnished them by the Pope, and resolve on an immediate decision. To preserve the forms, though the essentials had disappeared, the two sovereigns were solemnly put in nomination. Their respective claims were urged with all the eloquence of their respective representatives; those of Charles by the Archbishop

[1] III. 308, 353.
[2] Pace, June 20.
[3] III. 308.
[4] See Pace, 10th of June and 24th of June; and the Pope's excuses for his conduct, III. 393.
[5] See Mignet, *ut supra*, p. 260.
[6] III. 351.

of Mayence, those of Francis by the Archbishop of Treves. To create a diversion in the ranks of the imperialists, Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, was put forward. He may have declined the honour from patriotic feelings, but any man of ordinary sense and virtue would have hesitated to accept a position he could not hope to maintain without drawing down upon himself the hostility of the three greatest powers of Christendom. The Duke rose to decline the honour. He proffered his vote in favour of Charles, and the great event was over.

However Pace or even Wolsey might have flattered himself that their recent negociations in Germany had been veiled in impenetrable secrecy, they had not escaped the keen and vigilant eye of Francis I. It is evident, from the hints dropped by that King and his mother, that both were perfectly well acquainted with the intrigues set on foot at the English court to impede his election.[1] Had Francis succeeded, he would undoubtedly have shown his resentment. But the friendship of England had now become more indispensable to him than ever. His reckless extravagance had rendered him very unpopular. The expenses incurred in his late canvass had exhausted his treasury. He was compelled to resort to unusual imposts. On that head the evidence of the Venetian ambassador, Giustinian, who was just then returning from his mission to England, is unimpeachable. He states that the French King and his mother Louise were more unpopular

[1] Of course, Francis had been kept perfectly well informed of all that was going on by the admiral Bonnivet; and Bonnivet himself had come to the knowledge of Pace's most secret communications with the Electors by an act of treachery common enough in electioneering proceedings. At Pace's interview with the Marquis of Brandenburg in the town of Mayence, of which an account is given in III. 296, Bonnivet was secreted behind the arras. Months after, when the two nations were linked ostensibly in the most friendly ties, Bonnivet told Sir Thomas Boleyn, with affected concern, "that when Master Pace went ambassador to Almayn, he (Bonnivet) was with the marquis of Brandenburg in the town of Mayence, in the said Marquis's lodgings, against the great church of our Lady, where he was behind the tapestry; and there, he saith, he heard Master Pace, in his oration that he made unto the said Marquis, observe that none might be accepted to the dignity imperial, that was not of the nation or tongue Germanic, but rather to be preferred one of their own princes of Almayn. And, finally, he heard him speak for the advancement of the King Catholic, which he thought strange; and further said that, forasmuch as he made this request, which he heard, to the marquis of Brandenburg, he is sure that he made semblable to all other of the electors." Such conduct was marked with more than usual ill faith; as not only had La Batye been told that England had promised to aid the cause of Francis, but Sir Thos. Boleyn had been instructed to assure the King that his master had laboured to procure his election until his cause was hopeless! See III. 416 and 530.

all over France than words could express;[1] that whilst his subjects were suffering under these oppressions, Louise was accused of hoarding money to aid her son on any sudden emergency. Stern punishment followed, though it could not stifle the murmurs of discontent, or the accents of fear goaded into frenzy. The people, says a French correspondent,[2] are much enraged at the King's exactions; of those who remonstrated he has whipped one, and put to death two. The royal demesnes were heavily mortgaged, the church plate pillaged, the nobility and gentry crushed by loans and benevolences. From the success of Charles, Francis had reason to anticipate that all the disputes in Italy, Navarre, and elsewhere would be settled in favour of the Emperor; the Pope would side with the strongest; except for the friendship of England, the whole of Europe would be confederated against him.

To the Venetian, Giustinian, he did not scruple to betray his real feelings towards Henry and his minister. Inquiring one day of the ambassador "what sort of a statesman king Henry made, Giustinian endeavored to evade the question; for (he says), *to bestow praise on that score is impossible*, whilst to censure appeared to him unbecoming. After a while, his Majesty still pressing him repeatedly on the subject, he replied that king Henry devoted himself to pleasure and solace, and left the cares of state to the Cardinal. 'By my faith,' rejoined Francis, 'the Cardinal must bear him little good will; for it is not the office of a good servant to filch his master's honor.'"[3]

But to Boleyn, the English ambassador at his court, his language, dictated by policy or suggested by his necessities, wore a different aspect. If Wolsey would aspire to the popedom, Francis would secure it for him on the first opportunity. He commanded, he said, the voices of fourteen cardinals, and of the whole Orsini faction at Rome. Let but the King of England and himself remain at one, and they would make popes and emperors at their pleasure.[4] His ministers re-echoed the same sentiments. It had never been seen or heard "that one man, being a cardinal, had so great esteem, trust, and reputation" with both kings, of France and England, as fell to the fortune of Wolsey.[5] And though, after the untoward event of the election, these flattering expressions

[1] See III. p. 144, note.
[2] III. 404.
[3] Giustinian's Despatches, ii. p. 318.
[4] III. 122.
[5] III. 131.

of regard were not quite so numerous or so cordial as before, Francis continued from time to time to assure the Cardinal of his undiminished confidence, and the sense he entertained of Wolsey's services.[1]

Nor, on the other hand, could England very well afford, at this delicate conjuncture, to neglect an ally with whom it was so recently connected by the strictest ties of amity. The marriage contract between Mary and the Dauphin still continued intact. As an earnest of their indissoluble union, Henry, in the person of Boleyn, had stood sponsor to the second son of Francis I., called after his royal godfather.[2] From the spring of the year to its close, a succession of proposals and negociations for a personal interview had passed on both sides; as early as the month of March, a list of persons appointed to attend the King of England at the interview had been submitted to the King of France.[3] When the season was so far advanced that it became necessary to defer the arrangements for the present, Boleyn informed Francis that his master had resolved to wear his beard until their meeting, as a proof of his unabated desire for the interview. "And I," said Francis, laying his hand upon his beard, in recognition of this token of affection, "protest I will never put off mine until I have seen the king of England."[4] After such repeated demonstrations of unalterable attachment, any sudden rupture was out of the question. In the opinion of Christendom, it would have brought down on the head of its author indelible disgrace; an opinion not to be hastily or harmlessly defied. It would have

[1] III. 535, 545, 397, 452, 666.

[2] June 5, 1519. See III. 289, 306.

[3] See III. 118, 122, 131, 416, 488, 514, 530.

[4] III. 476. Beards were apparently portentous. But in matters of the beard, Henry, alas! was as faithless as he had been in the more important matter of the election; and his faithlessness was again betrayed. When Montpesat, one of the French hostages for Tournay, was allowed to return from England to his own country, he seems, among other disjointed chat, to have informed Louise, the queen mother, that Henry had infringed his vow. Louise deemed it of so much importance as to communicate the fact to Boleyn. She told me, says Boleyn, that Montpesat had informed her "how the King my master had put off his beard, and axed me if I knew not of it. I said that Montpesat had been with me at my lodging, and told me likewise; and [I] further said that, as I supposed, it hath been by the Queen's desire; for I told my Lady, that I have here-afore time known, when the King's grace hath worn long his beard, that the Queen hath daily made him great instance, and desired him to put it off for her sake." Whether Katharine's Spanish gravity was affected by the beard, I know not. The apology was creditable to Boleyn's powers of invention. The excuse was satisfactory, or passed for such; as, on further assuring Louise that Henry "had greater affection for her son than for any king living, she was well appeased, observing that their love was not in their beards, but in their hearts." III. 514.

softened the mutual antagonism of Francis and the Emperor, and defeated the objects of Wolsey's policy.

For, notwithstanding the rivalry between the two continental monarchs, it was by no means certain that they might not consent to arrange their differences, and coalesce for their mutual interests. Of the real disposition of Charles little was known at that time in England, and that little did not warrant Wolsey in supposing that he would set any great value on an English alliance. Influenced wholly by his Flemish minister, Chièvres, who was by extraction a Frenchman, and warmly devoted to French interests, what reason could there be for anticipating that a prince so cold and taciturn would break through the traditional policy he had hitherto consistently maintained? In passing from one of his dominions to another by sea, Charles might occasionally find it advantageous to enter an English harbour; beyond this—an advantage not needed if he were on friendly terms with France—it was hard to discover what temptation the friendship of England could offer him.

So the two powers continued to maintain outwardly the most friendly relations, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt their cordiality. Henry, at least if Wolsey may be considered as an adequate exponent of the King's sentiments, still professed to feel the deepest interest in the welfare of his French ally; he volunteered the most disinterested advice, not always indifferent whether Francis followed or refused it. On the other side, Francis and his ministers, with the most candid desire of removing all causes of suspicion and misunderstanding between the two crowns, did not fail to call the attention of Wolsey and his master to every instance of bad faith, real or supposed, into which their double policy was sometimes liable to betray them. To make his own king the mediator of Europe—more than Emperor in reality, as himself was more than Pope; to continue friends with the two great rival powers without offending either; to keep both asunder by filling their heads with mutual suspicions;—this was the chief object of Wolsey's policy. It required considerable dexterity, to give it no worse name. How it was pursued, and how it succeeded, I have now to consider.[1]

[1] It is worth observing how little regard was paid to the Pope by any of the three powers during these negociations, which affected the whole of Christendom. Though one of the great contracting powers whose consent was indispensable, his Holiness was treated with little ceremony, ex-

Negociations for a personal interview between the Kings of France and England, so often proposed, discussed, postponed in 1519,[1] were resumed in 1520 with more apparent earnestness than before. The state of Queen Claude's health, who was expecting her delivery at the end of July, made it desirable that the meeting should take place as early as April or May.[2] Alarmed also at the news of the growing intimacy between Henry and the new Emperor, who was now seeking the friendship of England, Francis was anxious to hurry on the interview.

As both kings had consented to appoint Wolsey for their proctor, the arrangements were pushed forward with his usual vigour. Precedents of chivalry were diligently scanned, lists determined, names put in and out,—all the interminable minutiæ incidental to such an occasion duly sifted, discussed, arranged and rearranged. Christendom on both sides of the Channel was plunged up to the ears in the entrancing study of pageants and ceremonials. The orthodox arrangement of shields and banners, the places of the combatants, their entry and their exit from the lists, the arming and barbing of their horses, the dimensions and weight of their swords, lances, and battle-axes vexed the brains and contracted the brows of grey-haired veterans. Ancient knights, who had fought and flourished in the brilliant days of Edward IV., deeply read in Mallory's translation of the Gests of Arthur, or the pages of Froissart, resumed their former importance. The greatness of the event appeared to demand new agents. Sir Richard Wingfield was appointed to succeed Sir Thomas Boleyn at the court of Francis, with instructions to make himself agreeable to all parties. Sir Thomas was uncourtly, plodding, business-like, and niggardly; Sir Richard, free, open, and liberal. Though not so chivalrous or enthusiastic as his brother Sir Robert, he was a Wingfield, and his name was a passport to favour.

The instructions carried by the new envoy[3] were marked by a warmth and cordiality of expression singularly at variance with the lukewarmness hitherto shown by the English monarch in all his negociations with his royal brother. Sir Richard

cept when it suited the purposes of any of the three to delay proceedings by professing more than usual anxiety for the advice and sanction of the head of the Church. Leo X. made frequent complaints of this treatment, but without avail. See III. p. 230 and No. 720.

[1] See particularly III. 118, 122, 131, 170, 246, 397, 415, 416.

[2] III. 549.

[3] III. 629.

was to express, in the first instance, the extreme desire felt by his master "to hear continually" of the prosperity of his ally. Sensible as the King of England was of the services rendered him by Sir Thomas Boleyn, yet—so Wingfield was instructed to say—in consideration of their ancient amity, his love could not be satisfied without sending "one of his trusty and near familiars, to the intent that by renovelling of ambassadors new testimonies might be found, as well of the perseverance of fraternal love on both parts, as also by such means to further the augmentation thereof from time to time." This, duly delivered with all the grace and emphasis of which Wingfield was master, "with other pleasaunt devices (conversation) of the King's grace, my lady Princess," and my lord Legate by no means forgotten, with "semblable amiable communications," as he presented their letters, was to "suffice for the first audience." He was to follow up on some future occasion the correspondence thus auspiciously commenced, by arguments of a higher strain, levelled at those frank and romantic sentiments which still lingered in the breast of the French King, who, in spite of his many failings, retained some sparks of that chivalrous spirit which contemporary monarchs neither valued nor possessed. It was not the verbal obligations of a nuptial alliance, the vulgar security of hostages, or the stipulations of treaties—so Wingfield was to urge—which formed the strongest ties of friendship, and "knit the assured knot of perseverant amity betwixt them," but the love they bore to each other in their hearts. "For remembering the noble and excellent gifts, as well of nature, touching their goodly statures and activeness; and of grace, concerning their wondrous wisdoms and other princely virtues; as also of fortune, depending upon their substances and puissaunce, given unto them by Almighty God, and *wherein more conformity is betwixt them than in or amongst all other Christian princes*, it is not to be marvelled though (if) this agreeable consonance of semblable properties and affections do vehemently excite and stir them both, not only to love and tenderly favor each other, but also personally to visit, see and speak together, whereby that thing, which as yet standing upon reports is covered with a shadow, shall be brought to the light, face to face, if it proceed; and finally make such impression of entire love in their hearts that the same shall be always permanent and never be dissolved, to the pleasure of God, their both comforts, and the weal of all Christendom." To grace his

negociations, Wingfield carried a new sword as a present to the French King; the secret handling of which it was reserved to the English monarch to divulge.[1]

Let not my readers curl their lips in scorn at such extravagant protestations, or denounce them with fierce, uncomplimentary epithets, proud of their greater simplicity of speech and clearness of vision. Let them not be mistaken. If we except the flattering allusion to Henry VIII.—evidently intended for his own eye—the style of Wingfield's instructions is wholly unlike the general staidness and sobriety of those times. It had its purpose—one that was not to be too plainly expressed, or approached too rudely. It required to be smothered under a multiplicity of details, and hidden in those half-lights in which the diplomatists of those days sometimes delighted to indulge. The real purport of this rhetoric oozes out in a subsequent letter written by Wingfield some days after.[2] In some moment of unguarded gaiety or confidence, Wingfield was to extort a promise from Francis not to condescend to any other meeting,—prevent him, in other words, from playing off upon England the same manœuvre that England was then putting into operation against himself. The task was not easy; it must have seemed almost impossible.

To understand this more clearly, it will be necessary to turn back to the negociations then going on between the English court and the new Emperor, Charles V. Like most other rulers of his times, Charles was alternately swayed by a French and an English party. The influence of Chièvres, who supported the former, was now apparently on the decline; —had been so since the meeting at Montpellier in 1519;—and the Bishop of Elna, the consistent advocate of the opposite policy,[3] was now appointed to manage the negociations in England. In the month of August after his election, the Emperor, with a condescension as unusual as it was unexpected, sent his favourite, John de la Sauch, into England, instructing him to join with the Bishop in expressing the Emperor's gratitude to the King for the services rendered him by Pace in obtaining the imperial crown.[4] As the English court had signified a wish that the alliance between the two sovereigns should be preserved and increased, the imperial ambassadors

[1] III. 685.
[2] March 8, No. 666.
[3] See his letter to Cardinal Ximenes, March 8, 1516, in Bergenroth's Calendar.
[4] III. 419.

were directed to assure the King that Charles reciprocated the wish, and intended to oblige his Majesty in all things. They were to add that the Emperor was gratified with the King's invitation, and would take the earliest opportunity of visiting England on his way to Spain. Among other ambiguous expressions, there is one which especially deserves attention:—if, Charles said, Henry proposes "to do any feat" he must make sure of the Swiss, and take care that they are not employed against him; for that (said the Emperor) "is the secret of secrets." What could this hint mean? Had the King of England already entertained some secret intention of invading France, at the very time when negociations for the interview were going on; or was it the suggestion of the tempter? What was the feat here alluded to? By whom were the Swiss to be employed?

The proposal for a more intimate alliance thus candidly proposed and accepted by Charles had ulterior objects of the most secret nature, which it was not deemed safe should be committed to writing. On the arrival of the ambassadors in London,[1] Hesdin, the Flemish resident, wrote to the Cardinal, requesting an immediate audience with the King. To enforce his application, he told Wolsey that the ambassadors brought with them "agreeable proposals;" and that De la Sauch had communications to make touching "the marriage, of which the Cardinal knew." "The matter," he added, "will be easily colored;" and he concluded by saying that Francis was making every effort to induce Charles to pass through France, and had offered his queen and his children as hostages;—an assertion which, true or false, would not be without its effect on the King and the Cardinal.

As this letter was written in September, 1519, negociations for transferring the hand of the Princess Mary to the Emperor —for that was the marriage thus obscurely alluded to—must have been under consideration at least as early as the summer of that year. Yet, no longer back than the winter of 1518, Mary had been solemnly betrothed to the Dauphin. What was the reason for this change? Who was the author of it? Hesdin seems to attribute it to Wolsey. But he may have paid the Cardinal this compliment only in the hope of securing his attention. Was, then, that union of a princess of England with the Emperor, on whose dominions the sun never set, more tempting and dazzling than the hand of the Dauphin?

[1] Sept. 11. See III. 449.

Was it simply the ambition of a more magnificent alliance which induced Henry to break faith so easily, or some offence on the part of Francis? If what in private life would be termed duplicity were not in diplomacy coloured with the name of political dexterity, it would be hard to justify the conduct of the Cardinal or his master in this intricate affair.

For reasons not adequately explained—perhaps out of some displeasure at the terms proposed, or suspicion of Wolsey's sincerity, or dissatisfaction, not improbably, at the ostensible amity between this country and France, of which he was doubtless kept well informed by French agents—this auspicious commencement was not followed up by corresponding ardour. Charles's subsequent instructions to his ambassadors were cold and distant.[1] He approved of Wolsey's proposal for a personal interview between himself and the King of England, but he would not undertake to visit England for that purpose exclusively. He contradicted the rumour that he had been treating secretly for a marriage with Renée, the sister of the French King, unknown to the King and the Cardinal; but he cautiously avoided committing himself to the proposed union with Mary. With great appearance of communicativeness, he communicated nothing of the least importance. It required no great penetration to discover that the new Emperor, young as he was, fully understood his own interests, and was not to be cajoled or intimidated. Free from every tinge of romance, of sentiment, or of enthusiasm, unlike his French rival, he kept his feelings under absolute control. Appeals to his generosity, his honour, or his candour were idle; cold, bland, clear-headed, and imperturbable, he estimated such appeals at their full worth. His was an old, very old, head on very young shoulders.

Yet he could not afford to neglect this opportunity of a closer alliance with England. He could not regard without some degree of uneasiness the growing intimacy of the French and English monarchs, now ostentatiously paraded before the world. He knew—no one better—as Francis had said more than once, that if France and England were brothers in arms they would become absolute, and dictate the law to Christendom. As they led, the Pope would follow. His possessions in Italy would be rent irrecoverably from Charles, and all his claims disputed. D'Albret would recover Navarre; a focus of disaffection, growing hotter and more dangerous every day by

[1] See Dec. 12, III. 551.

the accession of his discontented Spanish subjects, would be established on the very skirts of his dominions. Symptoms of disaffection, not to be disregarded, had shown themselves already. A union of France and England was tantamount to the dismemberment of half his imperial dominions.

Therefore, although he assumed an air of indifference, in the hope of securing more favourable terms, especially when the interview between Henry and the French King had been abandoned in 1519, Charles had no real intention of rejecting the proposals of England. In the spring of 1520, when the French interview was resumed with greater activity and earnestness than before, he thought it wiser to adopt a more conciliatory tone. As if his last instructions had been too cold and off-handed, he directed his ambassadors [1] to say that he had never meant in his previous instructions to retract his engagements, or violate his promise of a personal interview. Though time was pressing, and affairs were urgent, he was most anxious to enjoy the society of the King and Queen of England. He offered to land at some convenient English port, and gave ample powers to his ambassadors to arrange the preliminaries. They were to insist, if possible, on having the interview in the Isle of Wight. If that was refused, and the King preferred Southampton, as more convenient for the usual festivities, they were to say that the presence of the King and Queen was a greater feast to the Emperor than any that could be offered him. If the King insisted on having his own way, they were to consent.

These concessions were ample; more ample than we should be apt at first sight to consider. The punctiliousness of that age demanded that the King should meet the Emperor on his own territory—the inferior attend on his superior. Had the Pope descended from his throne to visit an ordinary bishop *in partibus infidelium*, such an unusual act of condescension might have been attributed to pious motives not unbecoming his spiritual functions. But for the Emperor to go out of his way and visit England was regarded as an act of extraordinary condescension, little short indeed of degradation. The world saw with astonishment the greatest monarch of the earth vailing his bonnet to a King who was scarcely considered as a member of the great triumvirate of Christendom. Even the Pope could not conceal his indignation and surprise. Had the Emperor sustained a defeat on the field

[1] Feb. 26, III. 637.

of battle, had he experienced a more real but less ostensible diminution of his power and authority, the event would have been regarded with less astonishment. But the necessities of Charles were urgent. He consented not only to waive his own wishes as to the place of meeting, but he engaged also to hold no interview with any other power. He conceded freely more than Wingfield had ever ventured to propose to the French King, and what now he had no occasion for proposing. Short of any substantial advantages, there was, in fact, no concession which Charles was not prepared to make to secure the friendship of Henry.

As the Emperor was too far away at Burgos, it was left to his aunt, the Lady Margaret, regent of the Netherlands, to settle the arrangements for the interview. Her instructions to De la Sauch testify her own and her nephew's anxiety to comply with the conditions offered them by England. Rather than risk any failure, she consented on her own responsibility to waive all dispute as to the place of meeting.[1] To hide the necessity they were under of securing this alliance, to make England believe that Francis was at that time soliciting their friendship, she had recourse to the unusual precaution of garbling the Emperor's own letters, and suppressing such parts of them as seemed to her too candid or too imprudent.

As quick and decisive in her movements as the Emperor's Spanish ministers were slow, formal, and deliberate, the arrangements in her hands advanced rapidly towards a successful termination. Her wishes on this occasion found a warm partizan in Queen Katharine. Long as she had been in England, Katharine still retained her Spanish predilections. News from the Spanish court were as welcome to her as tidings of friends and relations to the solitary in distant worlds. A knowledge of the Spanish tongue was an unfailing recommendation to her favour. It was not often that she took an active part in the amusements or politics of the times; and when she consented to share in either, it was chiefly against her own inclination, and to please the more buoyant temper of her husband. I do not find that in all the intrigues for the imperial election she ever interfered or ever employed the little influence she possessed in promoting the interests of her nephew. But on this occasion she took not merely an active, but, for her, an obtrusive part. The political was merged in the personal aspect of the question—the queen

[1] III. 672.

in the aunt. An officiousness that would have scarcely been allowed, or, if allowed, been distasteful to herself, seemed fully justified in the affectionate solicitude of a woman anxious to welcome her youthful and illustrious relative.

Arrangements proceeded rapidly. More lively, more cordial than her nephew, better versed in matters of this nature, Margaret, with the ready tact of her sex, broke at once through the icy formality with which the ministers of Charles had contrived to invest them. Her interposition was agreeable to all parties, to the English court especially, where, deservedly or not, she was certainly a favourite. She humoured the great Cardinal; she agreed to accept Southampton, or any other place, even Sandwich, if he required it, for the place of meeting. This Sandwich, the ambassadors were careful to inform the Emperor, "is two leagues from Dover, in the English Downs, as you go towards Zealand." Great vessels, they add, cannot come alongside, but can anchor two leagues off at the turn of the Downs without danger from tempest. Small or middle-sized ships can be moored to the very walls of the town, which is about as large as Vilvorden, only better built.[1]

Wolsey was radiant with good humour. He expressed, with less than his usual reserve, his satisfaction at the turn which events had taken. Sandwich was the best place that could have been fixed upon, considering the state of the arrangements between France and England. He was willing that this auspicious result should be attributed to nothing less than the inspiration of St. Thomas, his patron saint, and the providential interference of the Almighty. His exultation was pardonable. By the sheer force of his genius the two greatest monarchs of the West had become his humble servants; the one was as anxious to outbid the other for his favour as both had been zealous in their contest for the imperial crown; and now—even as then, the one cordially detested the other. The only conjunction which he had reason to apprehend, or which could have proved a serious obstacle to his policy, had been entirely prevented. The recent determination of Charles had placed once more the key of Christendom in the hands of the great Cardinal. Long since had the keys of St. Peter grown idle and rusty. They had ceased to open anything, or to shut; and the guardian of them, a poor "blind old man"—such was the language of

[1] March 19, III. 689.

Wolsey himself—had no function on earth, except to employ them at the dictation of the stronger. Terrors of the Papacy! With such examples before him, the sorriest and most contemptible wight might have bearded the grim phantom with impunity. It was formidable to those only in whose bosoms there still lingered some sparks of faith and reverence.

In this happy frame of mind, Wolsey was willing to submit to almost any conditions the imperial ambassadors wished to impose. Upon their informing him that they had injunctions from Lady Margaret to adjust various points for their mutual understanding, until the arrival of their colleagues, Wolsey replied gaily, "Come, and you shall be welcome; ask, and you shall have; speak openly and freely, and we shall say *Amen* to whatever you require." On Sunday morning, he carried them to the King at Greenwich.

The ambassadors waited for his Majesty as he came out of his chamber to go to mass, when De la Sauch presented him with Margaret's letters. Service over, they proceeded with the King to the Queen's apartments. Here a long conversation ensued between the King, Katharine, and the Cardinal, about their projected visit to France. Turning to the ambassadors, the King said, "Well, I am very glad that affairs are in such good train, and I think all will go well." Then addressing himself to the Queen, he said, "Madam, the Emperor, my brother and your nephew, will come hither this time. I hope we shall see him before we visit the king of France; but if we do not, it will not be my fault, for I could do no more. To give the Emperor more time, I have written to the king of France to defer the interview; but I have taken good care not to tell him the reason, and therefore I am in hopes of receiving from him a favourable answer. He cannot yet know the state in which matters now stand between me and the Emperor; for if he did, he would never grant my request; therefore, the thing must be kept as secret as possible." On this the Queen, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven, gave laud unto God for the grace she hoped He would do her, that she might behold her nephew,—saying it was her greatest desire in the world. So saying, she thanked the King, and made him a very low curtsey. The King, removing his bonnet, assured her that he would do all on his part that was possible. Then addressing himself to the ambassadors, he said, with a smiling countenance, "As to what the king of France has said to the Emperor, my good brother and

nephew, I make little account of that; for I am very sure he will not venture to violate the treaties. If *you* do not want war, *he* wants it still less. I have also told him frankly, that it will be of no use for us to have an interview, if he is to begin war on the morrow; for I must abide by my engagement, and protect the invaded against the invader. I will do all that I can to smooth the difficulties between the two sovereigns; for it it be not done now, I have very little hope of its being done hereafter. However, I trust that God, who knows my good intentions, will further our wishes. I desire to establish peace in Christendom, and gain some opportunity of doing honor to God, and promoting the Faith by turning our united arms against the Infidel."

Matters had already advanced so far that nothing now was required for completing the negociations, except the arrival of the commissioners with the imperial ratification. The King, the Queen, the omnipotent Cardinal were so well disposed, that De la Sauch wrote to Charles, that if one only of their colleagues had arrived everything might have been settled to their wishes. Speed was of the utmost importance. Aware of what was passing, Francis, in his anxiety to forestall and outdo his rival, had condescended to yield the *pas d'honneur*, and meet the English monarch on his own territory. Whilst he was to be at Arde on the 31st of May, Henry on the same day was to enter Guisnes. Yet, in spite of this concession, so agreeable to their pride, the English more than half repented of the advantage they had gained. In the dazzling prospect of an imperial alliance, they were ready to abandon the French interview. Happily, they were saved from the consequences of such a step by the slow and dilatory proceedings of the Spaniards. Notwithstanding their opportunity, notwithstanding the activity and importunity of the French king, the Spaniards courted failure by their usual formality and tediousness. Never were there worse negociators. Days and weeks slipped away, yet their commissioners came not. It was of the utmost importance to the Emperor, as De la Sauch wrote to Chièvres,[1] to keep Wolsey in good humour, to flatter the King, and by liberal demonstrations of candour and confidence counteract the subtle insinuations of Francis at the ensuing interview. Not less needful was it to keep up appearances, and make the world believe that Henry was wholly devoted to the Emperor; for as England led, the Pope and

[1] April 7, No. 728.

the smaller potentates of Christendom[1] would follow. When the agents of Charles expressed some apprehensions as to the intentions of his Holiness, Wolsey readily undertook to mould the Pope entirely to their wishes. Blind men, he said, needed a guide;[2] and he made no doubt of his ability to lead him. Arrogant as the sarcasm may appear, it was not wholly destitute of foundation. Hating and suspecting the French and German protectorate alike, Leo would have grasped at any method for eluding both. Yet the commissioners came not. With the pride of haughty and exclusive men, locked up in a rigid peninsula, whose introspection never turns itself outwards to watch the motives and meanings of others, then, as always, the Spaniard was behind the occasion. Too much accustomed to flatter his own self-complacency, he would not condescend to the weakness of other men, or advance one foot towards any object, however important, beyond his usual and measured pace. When we have to deal with men of the world, observes La Sauch, in his secret despatch to the prime minister of Charles, we give them fair words and promise wonders, but all is forgotten when our object is attained. The French give and talk, and make liberal promises. "If you think," he continues, "that the English here will labour for us, out of pure love for our smiles and our good looks, and turn a deaf ear to others, certes, Monsieur, you will find yourself very much mistaken." Agree with the master (Wolsey), he adds, and you need not trouble yourself about the men. So he suggests that if any preferment fell vacant before the Emperor's arrival it should be offered to the Cardinal; "but it must not be less than 5,000 or 6,000 ducats a year, or he will not esteem it." In a similar strain, half bantering, half serious, he turns into ridicule the solemn and transparent manœuvres of his antiquated coadjutor, the Spanish Bishop of Elna. The Bishop, in the fulness of his condescension, had made some promise to Wolsey of a gratuity in reversion, when the other numerous obligations of the Emperor had been satisfied, and his engagements fulfilled to the many great personages who had done him services at the late election. "Fancy," says De la Sauch to Chièvres, "what a value the Cardinal set upon such a

[1] Were England to be devoted to France, says De la Sauch to Chièvres, —and there could be no better authority—it would be very awkward for us, as we do not know on what sort of terms we are with the Pope and we should be abandoned by the Swiss and the Venetians. April 7 III. p. 255.

[2] See III. p. 255.

promise! He never uttered a word, any more than if he had been dumb. This is not the way to deal with great men. The Bishop had much better have held his tongue. It only makes them suspect that we take them *pour bêtes*, and expect them to do what we want on the faith of a promise to be kept some ten or twenty years hence. Thank you for nothing! As the old song says, '*Faictes moy ung chandeau quand je suis mort!*'"

Meanwhile the French were busy and buzzing like flies in the shambles. Every advantage was eagerly seized by them, and vaunted to the utmost. Their activity, their tenacity, their lithe insinuations, were strikingly contrasted with the rigid and solemn stateliness of their rivals; mortifying to the quick De la Sauch and his comrades, who were compelled to sit still for want of instructions. The apparent success of the French led them to doubt, but without reason, Wolsey's sincerity. "The people here, to a man," wrote De la Sauch to Chièvres,[1] "detest the French interview; they say they are leaving their old friends for their old enemies; that there is no help for it unless the Emperor come; and in that case they hope the interview may yet be broken off. So you may be sure that you have only Wolsey to gain, which will now be very difficult; for, no doubt, besides the great gifts he has received from the French, they have promised him the Papacy, which we might have done with much better grace. I see quite well he will be very glad if the Emperor do not come; for whenever we venture to question his opinions, he gives us our *congé*, saying, '*Bien! ne le faictes point; allez vous en;*' or words to that effect."

The insinuation that Wolsey received bribes from France appears to me, judging from the whole tenor of the correspondence, to rest on no better foundation than the suspicions of De la Sauch—suspicions to which too much weight must not be attributed, whether they emanate from Spanish, Venetian, or other foreign ambassadors. Beyond the facts which fell under their own immediate cognizance, the evidence of such men is worth no more than that of ordinary mortals; not often so much, for the circuit and means of their intelligence were more limited. Drawn off on a false scent to suit the purposes of the government to which they were accredited, anxious not unfrequently to magnify their services at home, agents and ambassadors were apt to exaggerate or lend too

[1] III. p. 256.

credulous an ear to rumours which coincided with their own views; *fingunt quod sibi volunt.* Frequently they wanted the ability, not seldom the inclination, to take a calm survey of passing events; and as to testing the evidence on which hearsay information rested, that was generally impossible.

To this credulity I attribute the broad assertion of La Sauch, that Wolsey and the nobles of England, corrupted by French bribes, were ready to compromise their own honour and the interests of their country. The Spaniard judged others by himself. It was the readiest way for excusing his own incapacity; the most obvious explanation of his own disappointments. "We must turn their own arts against the French, and not be sparing of our promises," says La Sauch in the letter already referred to, "or Francis will make them drink his *aurum potabile*, and they will tipple *à la bouteille*, while our ambassadors sit looking on with folded arms. Had this been provided for three or four months ago, the French interview would never have taken place, and our own would have been arranged more consistently with our honour." Then, after telling a curious anecdote of Queen Katharine's holding a council to confer about the interview, in which she had harangued the members present, and made such representations against the French meeting "as one would not have supposed she dared to do, or even imagine," he adds, "there is no doubt that the French interview is against the will of the Queen and of all the nobles, though some may have already tasted the bottle."[1]

Quick and lively as he was, this total misconception of Wolsey's intentions and policy is not very creditable to the ambassador's discernment. So far from lending a ready ear to the insinuations of the French, Wolsey was doing his best to delay, if not to hinder, the interview. Nor do these

[1] Katharine was suspected throughout of doing her utmost to hinder the French interview; not without reason. Her strong predilections in favour of her nephew did not escape the penetrating glances of Louise of Savoy. "Is not the Queen's grace of England," she said with the most artless guile to Boleyn, then ambassador in France, "aunt to the King of Spain?" "Madame," said Boleyn, "he is her sister's son; but the King of England has greater affection for your son than for any king living." At another time she demanded of Wingfield, who had succeeded Boleyn, whether he thought the Queen's grace "had any great devotion to this assembly (interview)." "Whereunto," says Wingfield, "I answered, I knew well that there could not be a more virtuous or wise princess anywhere than the Queen my mistress was, having none other joy or comfort in this world but to do and follow all that she may think to stand with the King's pleasure." III. 721. The answers of both left the matter as they found it.

insinuations receive the least countenance from the correspondence of the times. His private letters are numerous; yet no hint of bribery is to be found in them or in the despatches he received from the French court. Such corruption as De la Sauch intimates could scarcely have existed, when not the slightest indication of it is found in the most confidential intercourse on either side.[1]

[1] Mr. Bergenroth thinks otherwise, but produces no other evidence in support of his opinion than what will be found in the Calendar (see III. 1321); that is, the half-yearly pensions paid by France to Norfolk, Suffolk, and others. I am somewhat surprised that Mr. Bergenroth should have overlooked the title of the book from which he derived his information; *sc.* a "*Book of Accounts concerning the Payment of Pensions to the King of England and English Subjects.*" (Bergenroth, Cal. ii. p. 284.) If such pensions were given for treasonable purposes, would the King of England have taken a bribe from France to betray himself? Would such payments, if secret, have been formally registered half-yearly, like any other accounts, without any attempt at concealment?

To explain the real nature of these, I must call my reader's attention to the following facts. In the treaty of London, made between England and France on the 7th of Aug., 1514, on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Mary to Lewis XII., it was stipulated that a million of gold crowns should be paid to Henry VIII., in half-yearly instalments of 50,000 francs (see I. 5280, 5306). At the same time *letters patent* were issued by Lewis, granting certain pensions to Norfolk, Suffolk, Wolsey, and others, in consideration of the services rendered by them on that occasion. Such payments were not uncommon; as presents, at all events, if not in the shape of annuities;—and there was no mystery connected with them. As a proof—if proof be needed—in 1518 Henry gave the French gentlemen 800*l.*, and not long after 1,829*l.* 14*s.* in plate (see II. p. 1479)—a much larger sum than *all* the French pensions added together (see also II. 1475, III. 1536); and in reward to Chièvres, prime minister of the Emperor, 500*l.*, in 1520 (III. 1541). These instances might be easily multiplied. So far Mr. Bergenroth's statement is unfounded, that the ministers of important powers like France and Spain were inaccessible to "corruption money"—for as such he stigmatizes gifts and annuities of this kind—but that the practice was confined to England and inferior states.

The agreements thus entered into by Lewis were confirmed by Francis I. shortly after his accession, on the 5th of April, 1515 (see II. 244, 302), and he agreed to make good the arrears due from his predecessor. On the 1st of May following, 50,000 francs were paid at Calais, to commissioners appointed under Henry's sign manual (*ib.* 381), and undoubtedly at the same time the pensions mentioned by Mr. Bergenroth, for all the receipts are of the same date, and are treated as one affair. They continued to be made in the same manner until the close of 1518, when, in consideration of the surrender of Tournay, the rate of payment was altered, and Wolsey's claim on the bishopric of Tournay was compounded for by an annual pension of 12,000 livres Tournois. About May, 1521, they ceased; Francis making various excuses for delaying these payments, the justice of which he never attempted to deny, or impugn them on the score of dishonesty. War was not declared against France until a year after; and one of the causes alleged was the refusal of the King of France to fulfil these engagements. It was the object of Wolsey, in the interval, to induce the Emperor, as a condition of his alliance with England, to take these responsibilities upon himself, and indemnify England for the pecuniary losses it must incur by a rupture with France. And this, doubtless, was the reason why Mr. Bergenroth found in the Spanish archives copies from the French archives of these payments. There was, I repeat, no secrecy in these matters; there was none in the intentions of Wolsey to obtain, if

But to proceed. The powers so much desired arrived at last. It was arranged that Charles should land at Sandwich in the middle of May. From Sandwich the two Kings were to proceed to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury; and in honour of the event Wolsey had procured from the Pope a plenary indulgence and jubilee.[1] At Canterbury the Emperor was to be met by Queen Katharine. The Spaniards pressed hard to have the term prolonged to the end of May, nominally for the convenience of their master, really in the hope that by further delays they might either get rid of the French interview, or infuse so much jealousy and suspicion into the minds of both parties as should neutralize any dangerous effects to be anticipated from it. But Wolsey remained firm—not influenced by corrupt motives, as the Spaniards imagined, but, as more careful and impartial thinkers will believe, by other considerations. So long as he held the scales between the two monarchs, he controlled the policy of both. Any

possible, indemnity from the Emperor; the whole process of which was submitted to Henry VIII. What foundation there can be in such proceedings for the charge of avarice brought against the King, I am at a loss to see; and equally am I at a loss to understand what evidence they afford that Wolsey wished to retain his pension from France, and yet obtain compensation from the Emperor for losses he had never sustained. These pensions, part of the general arrangement made by Lewis XII. at his marriage, made so publicly that they passed under his letters patent, were confirmed and reconfirmed by Francis at his accession. They were open and obvious to all parties. To twist out of them a general charge of corruption against English statesmen, to represent the King's displeasure at Francis, for violating his engagements, as an exhibition of impotent anger and cupidity, is a strange perversion of the facts. Nor is Mr. Bergenroth's discovery a new one, as he imagines, as my readers will see by referring to a copy of these accounts (III. 1321) taken by M. Teulet from the French archives, and deposited in the Record office many years ago. Yet these half-yearly instalments, and no other, paid by France to England, repeated from time to time in various pages of Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar, as if they were so many independent proofs of bribery, are the sole evidence on which his accusation rests.

Long as this note is, I cannot conclude it without calling my reader's attention to a letter from one of these pensioners, the Marquis of Dorset, to Wolsey on this subject, in which he complains of the omission of his name from the lists of French pensioners, on the ground that his friends both in France and England would consider such omission as dishonourable, and a bad reward for his services to the King. Would any man in his senses write in this style if these pensions were given for corrupt purposes? (See Appendix.)

Equally slender is the evidence on which Mr. Bergenroth asserts that Pace, the Bishop of Durham, and Brian Tuke were in the Emperor's pay. (Pref. p. cxvi.) The document quoted by Mr. Bergenroth in support of this extraordinary statement (see III. 803) is nothing more than a paper of agenda of the Emperor's council at Corunna, in which *it is proposed* to offer Wolsey "a sop in the mouth," and, *if he accept it*, a pension to Pace and others, to be deducted from that offered to Wolsey! Mr. Bergenroth produces no evidence to show that these offers were ever made, still less that they were ever accepted.

[1] See III. 695.

exclusive preference for either would have compelled him to abandon his own position. He would have ceased to be mediator, and have become an ally.

Meanwhile the negociations for the French interview were pushed forward with the greatest rapidity. Resolved to stick at no concessions, provided they involved no real sacrifice, Francis I. was prompt, courteous, and conciliating.[1] Contrary to the express wishes of his council, he consented, at Wolsey's suggestion, to advance beyond his own territories, and receive the King of England on English ground in the English pale.[2] He permitted Wingfield to resort to his chamber at all times, without waiting for his express permission. To all the points on which the Cardinal desired his pleasure he readily assented, —was, in fact, so ready to condescend to all his requirements, that Henry did not hesitate, as we have seen, to take advantage of this facility, and ask for a longer prorogation of the interview, hoping in the interim to bring his communications with the Emperor to a more satisfactory adjustment. But here the courtesy of the French monarch had reached its term. He was not prepared to play his opponent's game, or advance one step further than his own interest dictated. He had so far deferred to the King's wishes already as to put off the interview until the end of May, and the tourney to the 4th of June.[3] It was unreasonable, he said, to demand more. Then came the unanswerable objection, which neither politeness nor policy could overrule;—the Queen was eight months in her pregnancy, and further procrastination must prevent her appearance at the meeting.

To press for delay after such a plea was impossible. The English ambassador could do no less than declare that his master "would not for anything" that the Queen should be absent from the interview, "without the which his highness thought there should lack one great part of the perfection of the feast."[4] The sickness of Wolsey, who appeared to have been attacked by jaundice and colic in April, and the difficulty of completing the necessary preparations within the term prescribed, seemed at first to offer a more reasonable argument for delay. Guisnes and Ardres were equally neglected and ruinous.[5] Neither of them was adapted for a royal residence; least of all for the magnificent entertainments in

[1] III. 645, 666.
[2] III. 643.
[3] III. 681, 697.
[4] Wingfield, March 24.
[5] III. 700.

which each sovereign proposed to outdo the other. To remedy this inconvenience, it had been proposed by Francis that the meeting should be held in the fields; that the Kings, or at least their retinues, should lodge in tents or wooden huts hastily erected for the occasion. But the country supplied no timber; every foot of wood, not merely for the lodgings, but for the lists, the barriers, and the stages, had to be brought from a great distance.[1] Henry's retinue amounted to 3,997 persons and 2,087 horses; the Queen's to 1,175 persons and 778 horses. Besides the ordinary accommodations for housing so large and distinguished a company, state apartments had to be provided capacious enough to satisfy the King's and the Cardinal's requirements. There was to be a great chamber 124 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 30 feet high, "longer and wider than the White Hall;" a dining-room 80 feet long, 34 wide, and 27 high, "larger than the greatest chamber in Bridewell;" a withdrawing-room 60 feet long, 34 wide, and 27 feet high. A chapel—for how could chivalry be divorced from piety?—duly served with deans, chaplains, and singing boys, formed part of the arrangements. "The clerk of the closet was to warn ten chaplains to accompany the King, and provide the closet with the best hangings, traverse, jewels, images, and altar cloths;"[2] whilst the rich copes and vestments given by Henry VII. to the Abbey of Westminster, with all their emblazonments of jewelry and gold embroidery, were to add lustre to the scene, and divide the palm with gilded armour and regal ornaments. Horses and hounds, collars and leashes, horns and baldrics, presents for the French nobility and gentry, tasked the ingenuity and swelled the baggage trains of the royal attendants.

It was an age of pageantry, when even the richest and the noblest found little scope for their inventive faculties except in ceremonials of romance and gallantry. Never had any occasion presented itself better adapted to the prevailing humour of the times. The genius and invention of the age found pleasant occupation in architectural rebuses, and riddles in paint and gilding. Wherever the eye fell, the Tudor badge of the rose stood all ablaze in resplendent colours, "large and stately," tricked out in every form of tortuous device, on canvas, tapestry, and cloth of gold.[3] Posies not less ingenious than intricate, the work of the celebrated "Maistre Barkleye,

[1] III. 825. [2] III. 704. [3] III. 750.

the black monk and poet,"[1] attracted the gaze of the puzzled spectators by their curious garniture and enigmatical flourishes. Brief as was the time allowed for preparation, and far as the work must have fallen short of the glowing conception of its prime architect, the accounts of eye-witnesses leave no room to doubt the extraordinary splendour of the scene.[2] Like similar exhibitions of a later date, and scarcely more restricted in its objects, the pageant was intended to show what England could accomplish in those arts which the age valued above all others. Fired with emulation, both nations sent notices through the world to come and wonder. Even a gigantic glass greenhouse, sprawling over half an acre, would have lifted its livid and shapeless length in hopeless rivalry against this burnished summer palace, put up and pulled down in a month, and packed away in boxes for England when its work was over. For decorative art, even when subservient to these "fierce vanities," had not yet been wholly divorced from religious feeling. Fostered by scholars and ecclesiastics, it had not yet sunk into vulgar obtrusiveness or irretrievable meanness.[3]

Occupied with such designs, Wolsey might fairly have asked for delay, both for "better preparation, and in consequence of his maladies, which, if they did so fervently continue" as at present, would hinder his "travelling, to his great regret and inward pensiveness."[4] He might fairly hold out the tempting prospect that if Queen Claude were delivered on the confines of the two kingdoms, when the King and Queen of England were present, she might expect the honour of their becoming sponsors for the child. Under other circumstances such arguments might have proved successful. But Francis had begun to suspect, not without reason, that these repeated applications for delay were little better than a pretext for evading the interview altogether. However studied the secrecy in which the imperial negociations were involved, he was not ignorant of the projected meeting of the King of England and the Emperor. He taxed the English ambassador with the fact; he desired, through his minister the Admiral, that the visit of Charles should be delayed until after the interview at

[1] Author of "The Ship of Fools." III. 737.

[2] III. p. 309.

[3] Budæus, the great Greek scholar, who was present on the occasion, describes the astonishment which he felt on viewing this spectacle of unparalleled magnificence. See III. 878.

[4] III. 736.

Arde. What, he asked, would Henry have thought, if *he* had arranged on his part for a similar communication with the King of Castile?[1] Reasonable as the appeal might seem, the Cardinal well knew that Francis was in no condition to enforce it. He scarcely deigned to notice this remonstrance. It would be a strange and ungrateful proceeding, he coldly remarked, if a prince should be debarred from receiving the ambassadors of his ancient friends and confederates. "And, to be plain with you, if the king of Castile should offer to descend at Sandwich or about those parts, as he hath done, to see and visit the King and the Queen, his uncle and aunt, the King being in journeying towards the sea and next thereunto, it were too marvellous ingratitude to refuse the same; for by such dealing the King might well judge and think that the King our master neither esteemed, loved, nor favored him."

Such arguments afforded no loop-hole for discussion. Even the logic of diplomacy must yield to the demands of natural piety. As the condition of the French Queen had proved an insurmountable obstacle to deferring the interview, the claims of hospitality and relationship were equally opposed to the ungraciousness of refusing hospitality to the Emperor, should chance or inclination drive him to the English coast. Nothing remained for Francis except to refuse the conditions, or proceed with the arrangements under all these discouragements. To refuse would at once have exposed him to the danger he was most anxious to avert, and have hastened the union between England and the Emperor. And though he must often have felt that he was embarked on a desperate policy, that sooner or later such a conjunction would inevitably take place, he preferred that course which seemed for the present most accordant with his wishes. Possibly by the fascinations of a personal interview, by flattering the vanity of the English monarch, by the blandishments of the handsomest women in France,[2] selected with great care to be present on the occasion, he hoped to thwart the dreaded coalition of his formidable rivals. If he could not absolutely prevent it, he might yet put it off to a distant period when he should be better prepared to meet it.

So, though more than once in peril of shipwreck, the negociations for the interview went speedily forward, with much apparent, but with little real cordiality. Articles for

[1] III. 734. [2] III. 698.

the tourney were arranged; officers were despatched, after the ancient fashion, to Spain, Flanders, and elsewhere,[1] to invite all who professed "the maistrie of arms"[2] to meet and take part in these jousts "for the honor and pastime" of the ladies; proclamations suspended in thoroughfares and public places,[3] commanded all vagabonds and idle persons to evacuate the roads leading to the field within six hours "on pain of hanging;" and enjoined upon gentlemen and officers of every degree to abstain from profane swearing and the use of offensive language.

The numerous and intricate regulations required in order to control the emulation and curb the angry passions engendered by so exciting a pastime, had been duly considered and arranged,[4] when a new difficulty arose, bidding fair to set at nought the labour and expense already incurred. Rumours were industriously circulated that Francis was bringing secretly into the field large bodies of men with a proportionate quantity of ammunition.[5] At the moment when the English monarch was prepared to cross the sea, he was informed that the French King had equipped twelve or fourteen large vessels. Such rumours were easily spread and eagerly believed by partizans on both sides of the Channel, who either looked with dissatisfaction at the proposed interview with an hereditary foe, or grudged Wolsey the power and importance he seemed to acquire from it. As if by magic, the clink of hammers, the hum of preparation, stopped at once, until the Cardinal had received assurance from the French King, under his broad seal, that no vessel should leave any port in Normandy or Brittany until the interview was over.[6]

[1] III. 685, 686.

[2] III. 699.

[3] III. 841.

[4] As many challengers would be "so vainglorious as to wish to run" as long as the day lasted or their horses endured, it was necessary to limit each tilt to six courses. The number of strokes with the sword was to be determined at the pleasure of the ladies, and therefore did not exceed, we may hope, the bounds of charity and discretion. Heavy swords, in which the superior bone and sinew of the English would give them manifest advantage, were excluded, except on special occasions. The two-handed sword, of the old chivalrous age, was objected to as a dangerous weapon, and few gauntlets would resist the stroke of it. In short, the real interest of the meeting consisted in the opportunity it afforded for magnificent display, and perhaps some small trial of skill; but careful provision was duly made against personal hazard;—and that on prudential considerations. In the rivalry of the two nations, and in the tendency, especially of Englishmen, to settle down in right earnest to the work before them, forgetting the limits of mere pastime, without these restrictions the consequences would have been hazardous.

[5] III. 819, 825.

[6] III. 836, 842.

So favourable an opportunity for display of personal skill and daring, of fine clothes, fine horses and fine armour, on such a field and before such a presence, had not occurred within the memory of man. Both nations were full of young blood; both were adventurous and greedy of distinction; both anxious to make proof of their activity and valour, for which no such vasty theatre could be found within their ordinary confines. Without offence to distribute places and employments among so many competitors for fame was no easy task. Who should have the honour of sustaining the reputation of England in the lists, or be delegated to the more quiet but less envied honour of guarding the Queen or waiting on my lord Cardinal, gave occasion for interminable anxiety and jealousy. It was impossible for the coolest head or most conciliating temper to steer clear of heart-burnings and dissensions, and satisfy the claims of all. And though Shakespeare was mistaken in representing the Duke of Buckingham as absent from the interview, he has expressed accurately enough in Buckingham's celebrated speech the bitter disappointment and offended pride of more than one of the nobility, whose employments on this occasion did not correspond with their own estimate of their own merits. "Why the Devil," says Buckingham—

> "Upon this French going out, took he upon him
> (Without the privity of the King) to appoint
> Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
> Of all the gentry; for the most part such
> To whom as great a charge as little honour
> He meant to lay upon: and his own letter—
> The honourable board of council out—
> Must fetch him in he papers."

As proctor for both Kings, the appointment of the lists rested exclusively with Wolsey. The arrangements from the greatest to the smallest, were under his control:—yet not "without the privity of the King," as the Duke asserts in his anger; for Henry was generally consulted, and as generally assented to whatever the Cardinal proposed.

Many such lists are to be found among the State Papers.[1] They are for the most part in the handwriting of Ruthal, then Bishop of Durham and Secretary of State; in other words, they were dictated by the Cardinal; and at his option "the file of all the gentry" was made up. But I find no reason

[1] See also the Rutland Papers, p. 29.

for supposing that Wolsey was influenced by undue partiality or sought to gratify his own caprices in the selection. On the contrary, the names of the nobility and gentry attending the interview are an evidence that they were taken impartially from every shire of England, solely out of consideration to their rank, their wealth, and their importance. Posts and employments were allotted according to the exigencies of the occasion, or the capacities of those who were appointed to fill them. And, so far as the Duke of Buckingham was concerned, there is no warrant for supposing that he was suffering at this time under the displeasure of the Cardinal; rather the reverse.

He had, indeed, not many months before, incurred the King's displeasure. According to Hall,[1] in November the year before, Sir William Bulmer and others had been summoned to the Star Chamber for riots and misdemeanours—offences not uncommon in the young men of that age—Sir William especially, "because he, being the King's servant sworn, refused the King's service, and became servant to the Duke of Buckingham." The King, who presided on this occasion, declared his displeasure in his sternest mood, and with greater passion than such an offence would seem to warrant; saying, "that he would none of his servants should hang on another man's sleeve, and that he was as well able to maintain him as the Duke of Buckingham; and what might be thought by his departing, and what might be supposed by the Duke's retaining [him], he would not then declare. The knight," continues Hall, "kneeled still on his knees, crying the King's mercy, and never a nobleman there durst entreat for him, the King was so highly displeased with him." Yet Sir William was pardoned, and his offence so far forgotten that he was appointed to attend the interview, "in the King's wages," commanding a body of light horse, specially appointed to secure the King's person from surprise.[2] The Duke was also taken into favour. Nor can I find any indication that Wolsey at this time employed his great influence to injure Buckingham, unless the omission of the Duke's name from the lists of those who were appointed to take an active

[1] Chron. p. 599.

[2] See III. p. 239. His name occurs among those of the gentlemen of Yorkshire appointed to attend the King (Ib., pp. 237, 241, 248). Two of the other offenders also mentioned by Hall, Sir Matthew Brown and the Lord Howard, were also at Arde (pp. 236, 238, 241); the former attending on the Queen (p. 245).

part in the tournament be considered as an evidence of the Cardinal's malice.[1]

The King and Queen started for the sea-side on Monday the 21st of May. On Friday the 25th they arrived at Canterbury. On the 26th news came that the Emperor's fleet was in sight. The same evening Charles landed at Dover, and was received by the Cardinal. "In his retinue," says Hall, "were many noble men, and many fair ladies of his blood, as princes and princesses; and one lady as chief to be noted was the Princess Avinion. Great joy made the people of England to see the Emperor, and more to see the benign manner and meekness of so high a prince."

On hearing of the Emperor's arrival, the King rode over to Dover early in the morning. On Whit-Sunday both sovereigns took horse for Canterbury, "the more to solempne the feast of Pentecost. But specially to see the Queen of England, his aunt, was the intent of the Emperor."

On Thursday, the last day of May, the Emperor embarked at Sandwich for Flanders.[2]

What projects occupied the two monarchs in that solitary ride from Dover to Canterbury, we are not likely to know. Too secret to be trusted to the ordinary channels of negociation, they were of too grave a nature to be discussed before witnesses. Even Wolsey himself appears to have taken no part in them. Eye-witnesses and historians of the times have been careful to detail the ceremonies connected with the Emperor's landing; his cloth of estate, his black eagle "splayed in cloth of gold." The moderation, not to say meagreness, of his dress and equipage, disproportioned to his rank, as they thought, and unlike the magnificence to which they had been accustomed in England, have all been duly recorded. His fair complexion, his aquiline nose and blue eyes, his pallid face set off with an under-hanging jaw, detracting much from the general intelligence of his countenance, his mouth disfigured by small and irregular teeth, are subjects of history. But of the secret motives of his visit, of his meeting with Katharine and the Princess Mary—if indeed

[1] Yet this omission may have arisen from the Duke's determination never to run against the King:—on the King's side he appears never to have run at any time, much as he desired it. The historical element in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. was derived from Holinshed; and Holinshed's account is made up from two distinct and contradictory authorities, Hall and Polydore Vergil. To the latter we owe most of the popular calumnies against the Cardinal.

[2] Hall's Chron., p. 604.

she was presented to her proposed husband—no information is afforded. This much, in the absence of more satisfactory data, may be assumed as the true purpose of the Emperor's coming. It is not probable that he would have taken so long a journey, or left Spain then on the eve of a rebellion, merely out of love to the King and Queen of England. If at so momentous a crisis he had resolved on visiting his Flemish dominions, it was not to be present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or honour with his presence the sumptuous preparations of his rival. Unable to prevent that meeting, uncertain of its consequences, by his refusal as the head of Christendom to take any part in it he contrived to condemn it indirectly; by his proximity to the scene, to neutralize all the advantages expected from it by the French King.

Nor was this all. Uncertain how far the fascination and chivalrous frankness of Francis I. and the tact of his mother Louise might influence the King and the Cardinal, by abiding for a time in Flanders the Emperor would be better able to keep them steady to his interests; or at least he would be near at hand to remedy the mischief, if mischief should arise.

So fenced, prepared, and watched, Henry proceeded to his interview with the French King; not in that unguarded, careless humour which some writers have surmised; nor yet bent on pleasure merely, or the display of his personal splendour and accomplishments. The reserve that marked his conduct on more than one occasion, as compared with the freer bearing of his rival, is not to be attributed to haughtiness alone or insular exclusiveness. Nor, on the part of Francis I., was his frank violation of tedious ceremony, or his romantic display of generous confidence, entirely free from interested motives. He had his purpose to serve, no less than Charles; and both regulated their actions accordingly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

On the day of the Emperor's departure, the King sailed from Dover, and arrived at Calais at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, remaining there until Monday, the 4th of June, when he removed to Guisnes. Situated in a flat and uninviting plain —poor and barren, as the uncultivated border-land of the two kingdoms—Guisnes and its castle offered little attraction, and if possible less accommodation, to the gay throng now to be gathered within its walls. Its weedy moat and dismantled battlements, "its keep too ruinous to mend,"[1] defied the efforts of carpenters and bricklayers, as the English commissioners pathetically complained; and could not by any artifice or contrivance be made to assume the appearance of a formidable, or even a respectable, fortress to friend or enemy. But on the castle green, within the limits of a few weeks, and in the face of great difficulties, the English artists of that day contrived a summer palace, more like a vision of romance, the creation of some fairy dream (if the accounts of eye-witnesses of all classes may be trusted), than the dull every-day reality of clay-born bricks and mortar. No "palace of art" in these beclouded climates of the West ever so truly deserved its name. As if the imagination of the age, pent up in wretched alleys and narrow dwelling-houses, had resolved for once to throw off its ordinary trammels, and recompense itself for its long restraint, it prepared to realize those visions of enchanted bowers and ancient pageantry on which it had fed so long in the fictions and romances of the Middle Ages. As it was the last display of this kind which I shall have to notice, as it faded rapidly away before the sterner work in which men soon after found themselves engaged, with or against their wills, I have thought it worth while to notice so much of the details as will enable the reader to form some slight conception for

[1] III. 700.

himself of this scene of enchantment which the genius of the age had contrived for its own amusement.

The palace was an exact square of 328 feet. It was pierced on every side with oriel windows and clerestories curiously glazed, the mullions and posts of which were overlaid with gold. An embattled gate, ornamented on both sides with statues representing men in various attitudes of war, and flanked by an embattled tower, guarded the entrance. From this gate to the entrance of the palace arose in long ascent a sloping daïs or hall-pace, along which were grouped "images of sore and terrible countenances," in armour of argentine or bright metal. At the entrance, under an embowed landing place, facing the great doors, stood "antique" (classical) figures girt with olive branches. The passages, the roofs of the galleries from place to place and from chamber to chamber, were ceiled and covered with white silk, fluted and embowed with silken hanging of divers colours and braided cloths, "which showed like bullions of fine burnished gold." The roofs of the chambers were studded with roses, set in lozenges, and diapered on a ground of fine gold. Panels enriched with antique carving and gilt bosses covered the spaces between the windows; whilst all along the corridors and from every window hung tapestry of silk and gold, embroidered with figures. Chairs covered with cushions of Turkey work, cloths of estate, of various shapes and sizes, overlaid with golden tissue and rich embroidery, ornamented the state apartments. The square on every side was decorated with equal richness, and blazed with the same profusion of glass, gold, and ornamental hangings; and "every quarter of it, even the least, was a habitation fit for a prince," says Fleuranges, who had examined it with the critical eye of a rival and a Frenchman.

To the palace was attached a spacious chapel, still more sumptuously adorned. Its altars were hung with cloth of gold tissue embroidered with pearls; cloth of gold covered the walls and desks. Basins, censers, cruets, and other vessels, of the same precious materials, lent their lustre to its services. On the high altar, shaded by a magnificent canopy of immense proportions, stood enormous candlesticks and other ornaments of gold. Twelve golden images of the Apostles, as large as children of four years old, astonished the eyes of the spectator. The copes and vestments of the officiating clergy were cloth of tissue powdered with red roses, brought from the looms of Florence, and woven in one piece, thickly studded with gold

and jewelry. No less profusion might be seen in the two closets left apart for the King and the Queen. Images and sacred vessels of solid gold, in gold cloth, cumbrous with pearls and precious stones, attested the rank, the magnificence, and devotion of the occupants. The ceilings of these closets were gilded and painted; the hangings were of tapestry embroidered with fretwork of pearls and gems. The chapel was served by thirty-five priests, and a proportionate number of singing boys.

From the palace a secret gallery led into a private apartment in Guisnes Castle, along which the royal visitors could pass and repass at pleasure.

The King was attended by squires of the body, sewers, gentlemen-ushers, grooms and pages of the chamber; for all of whom suitable accommodation had to be provided.[1] The lord Chamberlain, the lord Steward, the lord Treasurer of the Household, the Comptroller, with their numerous staffs, had to be lodged in apartments adapted to their rank and services. As it was one great object of the interview to entertain all comers with masques and banquetings of the most sumptuous kind, the mere rank and file of inferior officers and servants formed a colony of themselves. The bakehouse, pantry, cellar, buttery, kitchen, larder, accatry, were amply provided with ovens, ranges, and culinary requirements; to say nothing of the stables, the troops of grooms, farriers, saddlers, stirrup-makers, furbishers, and footmen. Upwards of two hundred attendants were employed in and about the kitchen alone.[2]

Outside the palace gate, on the green sward, stood a gilt fountain, of antique workmanship, with a statue of Bacchus "birlyng the wine." Three runlets, fed by secret conduits hid beneath the earth, spouted claret, hypocras, and water into as many silver cups, to quench the thirst of all comers. On the opposite side was a pillar wreathed with gold, and supported by four gilt lions; and on the top stood an image of blind Cupid, armed with bow and arrows. The gate itself,

[1] There were no less than 18 grooms of the chamber, 2 knights, 5 squires of the body, 11 gentlemen ushers, with others, in immediate attendance on the King's person; whilst, of the Queen's suite, there were only 3 persons appointed for the chamber, called *chamberers*, and 14 or 15 ladies, called *gentlewomen*, whose duties are not defined.

[2] The provisions consumed in the household in *one* month consisted, among other items, of 340 beeves, 2,200 sheep, 800 calves; 150 tuns of French wines, 4 pipes of hypocras, 560 tuns of beer; spices to the worth of 440*l.*; and for fuel and light, 4,000 lb. of wax and 5,600 qrs. of coal are set down. The cost was 7,633*l.* See III. p. 337.

built in massive style, was pierced with loop-holes. Its windows and recesses were filled with images of Hercules, Alexander, and other ancient worthies, richly gilt and painted. In long array, in the plain beyond, 2,800 tents stretched their white canvas before the eyes of the spectator, gay with the pennons, badges, and devices of the various occupants; whilst miscellaneous followers, in tens of thousands, attracted by profit or the novelty of the scene, camped on the grass and filled the surrounding slopes, in spite of the severity of provost-marshal and reiterated threats of mutilation and chastisement. Multitudes from the French frontiers, or the populous cities of Flanders, indifferent to the political significance of the scene, swarmed from their dingy homes to gaze on kings, queens, knights, and ladies dressed in their utmost splendour. Beggars, itinerant minstrels, vendors of provisions and small luxuries, mixed with waggoners, ploughmen, labourers, and the motley troop of camp followers, crowded round, or stretched themselves beneath the summer's sun on bundles of straw and grass, in drunken idleness. No better lodging awaited many a gay knight and lady who had travelled far to be present at the spectacle, and were obliged to content themselves with such open-air accommodation. Backwards and forwards surged the excited and unwieldy crowd as every hour brought its fresh contingent of curiosity or criticism, in the shape of some new-comer conspicuous for his fantastic bearing, or the quaint fashion of his armour. Each new candidate for the love and honour of the ladies, for popular applause, or less noble objects, was greeted with shouts and acclamations as he succeeded in distinguishing himself from the throng by the strangeness or splendour of his appointments. Christendom had never witnessed such a scene. The fantastic usages of the Courts of Love and Beauty were revived once more. The Mediæval age had gathered up its departing energies for this last display of its favourite pastime—henceforth to be consigned, without regret, to "the mouldered lodges of the past."

At the time that Henry set sail for Calais Francis started from Montreuil for Arde. It was a meagre old town, long since in ruins; the fosses and castle of which had been hastily repaired. He was attended on his route by a vast and motley multitude. No less than 10,000 of this poor vagrant crew were compelled to turn back, by a proclamation ordering that no person, without special permission, should approach within two leagues of the King's train, "on pain of the halter." As

the French had proposed that both parties should lodge in tents erected on the field, they had prepared numerous pavilions, fitted up with halls, galleries, and chambers, ornamented within and without with gold and silver tissue. Amidst golden balls and quaint devices glittering in the sun, rose a gilt figure of St. Michael, conspicuous for his blue mantle powdered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, and crowning a royal pavilion, of vast dimensions, supported by a single mast. In his right hand he held a dart, in his left a shield emblazoned with the arms of France. Inside, the roof of the pavilion represented the canopy of heaven, ornamented with stars and figures of the zodiac.[1] The lodgings of the Queen, of the Duchess d'Alençon, the King's favourite sister, and of other ladies and princes of the blood, were covered with cloth of gold.[2] The rest of the tents, to the number of 300 or 400, emblazoned with the arms of the owners, were pitched on the banks of a small river outside the city walls. A large house in the town, built for the occasion, served as a place of reception for royal visitors.

From the 4th of June, when Henry first entered Guisnes, the festivities continued with unabated splendour for twenty days. They were opened by a visit of Wolsey to the French King, and gave the Cardinal an opportunity for displaying his love of magnificence, not unaptly reckoned by poets and philosophers as the nearest virtue to magnanimity.[3] A hundred archers of the guard, followed by fifty gentlemen of his household, clothed in crimson velvet with chains of gold, bareheaded, bonnet in hand, and mounted on magnificent horses richly caparisoned, led the way. After them came fifty gentlemen ushers, also bareheaded, carrying gold maces with knobs as big as a man's head; next a cross-bearer in scarlet, supporting a crucifix adorned with precious stones. Four lacqueys followed, with gilt bâtons and poleaxes, in paletots of crimson velvet, their bonnets in hand adorned with plumes, their coats ornamented before and behind with the Cardinal's badge in goldsmith's work. Lastly came the Legate himself, mounted on a barded mule trapped in crimson velvet, with gold front-stalls, studs, buckles, and stirrups.

[1] This pavilion was afterwards blown down in a gale of wind, and the mast broken. See III. p. 308.

[2] There can be no doubt that Ann Boleyn was at this interview.

[3] Accounted by Spenser, in his Faerie Queen, as the most royal and complete of all human virtues:—but the Tudor conception of magnificence has since disappeared and died out before the *μικροψυχία* of puritanism.

Over a chimere of figured crimson velvet he wore a fine linen rochet. Bishops and other ecclesiastics succeeded, and the whole procession was brought up by fifty archers of the King's guard, their bows bent, their quivers at their sides, their jackets of red cloth adorned with a gold rose before and behind.[1]

In this state the procession approached the town of Arde. Arrived at the King's lodgings Wolsey dismounted, amidst the roar of artillery, and the sound of drums, trumpets, fifes, and other instruments of music. He was received by the King of France, bonnet in hand, with the greatest demonstrations of affection. The visit was returned next day by the French. These ceremonies were preliminary to the meeting of the two sovereigns on Thursday, the 7th of June. On that day, the King of England, apparelled in cloth of silver damask, thickly ribbed with cloth of gold, and mounted on a charger arrayed in the most dazzling trappings overlaid with fine gold and curiously wrought in mosaic, advanced towards the valley of Arde. No man, from personal inclination or personal qualities, was better calculated to sustain his part in a brilliant ceremonial such as then struck the eyes of the spectators. An admirable horseman, tall and muscular, slightly inclined to corpulence, with a red beard and ruddy countenance, Henry VIII. was at this time, by the admission of his rivals, the most comely and commanding prince of his age.[2] Closely attending on the King was Sir Henry Guildford, the master of the Horse, leading a spare charger, not less splendidly arrayed in trappings of fine gold wrought in ciphers, with headstall, reins, and saddle of the same material. Nine henchmen

[1] The pomp and the splendour of his retinue on this occasion were often urged against Wolsey as a proof of his pride and presumption. It must be remembered, however, that he was acting as procter and representative of two kings. As their accredited representative in the eyes of the most chivalrous and magnificent nation in the world, acknowledged universally, even then, as supreme in all matters of art, dress, decoration, or public pageantry, he might wish to show that his master, the King of France as well as of England, did not fall a whit behind the most splendid monarch of the age. For the time being, Wolsey had by his genius raised his master to the first rank and foremost place among the potentates of Christendom. It was the purpose of this interview to show him to the world, surrounded by all those accessories to which the imagination of nine-tenths of mankind at that time lent itself a willing prisoner. Railway scrip, or a supposed balance at a man's bankers', effects that object now.

[2] "The most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England." Hall, p. 609. So also the French accounts: "Le roy d'Angleterre est moult beau prince, et honneste, hault et droit; sa maniere doulce et benigne: ung peu grasset; et une barbe rousse, assez grande, qui luy advient tres bien."

followed in cloth of tissue, the harness of their horses covered with gold scales. In front rode the old Marquis of Dorset, bearing the sword of estate before the King; behind came the Cardinal, the Dukes of Buckingham and Suffolk, with the Earl of Shrewsbury and others.

A shot fired from the castle of Guisnes, and responded to by a shot from the castle at Arde, gave warning that the two princes were ready to set forward. As Henry advanced towards the valley with all his company in military array, the French King might be descried on the opposite hill with his dazzling company, in dress, deportment, and the splendour of his retinue not less glorious or conspicuous than his rival. Over a short cassock of gold frieze, he wore a mantle of cloth of gold covered with jewels. The front and the sleeves were studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and large loose-hanging pearls; on his head he wore a velvet bonnet adorned with plumes and precious stones. Far in advance rode the provost-marshal with his archers to clear the ground. Then followed the marshals of the army in cloth of gold, their orders about their necks, mounted on horses covered with gold trappings; next the grand master, the princes of the blood, and the King of Navarre. After them came the Swiss guard on foot, in new liveries, with their drums, flutes, trumpets, clarions, and hautbois; then the gentlemen of the household; and immediately preceding the King was the grand constable, Bourbon, bearing the sword naked, and the Grand Ecuyer, with the sword of France, powdered with gold *fleurs-de-lis*.

As the two companies approached each other, there was a momentary pause. The French watched with some jealousy the close array of the English footmen, who, stretched in a long line on the King's left, marched step for step with all the solemn gravity of their nation, as if they were rather preparing for battle than pastime; whilst, on the other side, the superior numbers of the French awakened the national jealousy of the Englishmen. "Sir, ye be my king and sovereign," broke in the Lord Abergavenny in breathless haste; "wherefore, above all I am bound to show you truth, and not to let (stop) for none. I have been in the French party, and they be more in number;—double so many as ye be." Then spoke up the Earl of Shrewsbury, "Sire, whatever my lord of Abergavenny sayeth, I myself have been there, and the Frenchmen be more in fear of you and your subjects than your subjects be of them. Wherefore," said the Earl, "if I were worthy to give counsel.

your grace should march forward." "So we intend, my lord," replied the King. "On afore, my masters," shouted the officers of arms; and the whole company halted, face foremost, close by the valley of Arde.

A minute's pause—a breathless silence, followed by a slight stir on both sides. Then from the dense array of cloth of gold, silver, and jewelry, of white plumes and waving pennons, amidst the acclamations of myriads of spectators on the surrounding hills, and the shrill burst of pipes, trumpets and clarions, two horsemen were seen to emerge, and, in the sight of both nations, slowly descend into the valley from opposite sides. These were the two sovereigns. As they approached nearer they spurred their horses to a gallop; then uncovering, embraced each other on horseback, and after dismounting embraced again. Whilst the two sovereigns proceeded arm in arm to a rich pavilion—which no one else was allowed to enter, except Wolsey on one side and the Admiral of France on the other—the officers on both sides, intermingling their ranks, made good cheer, and toasted each other in broken French and English: "Bons amys, French and English!"[1]

Friday and Saturday were occupied in preparing the field for the tournament. The lists, 900 feet in length and 320 feet broad, were pitched on a rising ground in the territory of Guisnes, about halfway between Guisnes and Arde. Galleries hung with tapestry surrounded the inclosure, and, on the right side in the place of honour, were two glazed chambers for the two Queens. A deep foss served to keep off the crowd. The entrances were guarded by twelve French and twelve English archers; and at the foot of the lists, under a triumphal arch, stood the *perron*, or tree of nobility, from which the shields of the two Kings were suspended on a higher line than those of the other challengers and answerers. The perron for Henry VIII. was formed of a hawthorn; and for Francis I., of a raspberry (*framboisier*), in supposed allusion to his name. Cloth of gold served for the trunk and dried leaves; the foliage was of green silk; the flowers and fruits of silver and Venetian gold. Under the tree, which measured in compass not less than 129 feet, the heralds took their stand on an artificial mound, surrounded by railings of green damask.

On Sunday, whilst the French King dined at Guisnes with the Queen of England, the English King dined with the

[1] "Disoient ces parolles: *Bons amys, Francoys et Angloys*, en les repetant plusieurs foys en beuvant lung a laultre de bon couraige."

French Queen and the Duchess of Alençon at Arde. On arriving at the Queen's lodgings, Henry was received by Louise of Savoy, and a bevy of ladies magnificently dressed. Passing slowly through their ranks, in leisurely admiration of their charms,[1] he reached the apartment where the Queen attended his coming. As he made his reverence to the Queen, she rose from her chair of state to meet him. Kneeling with one knee on the ground, his bonnet in his hand, he first kissed the Queen, next Madame, then the Duchess of Alençon, and finally all the princesses and ladies of the company. This done, dinner was announced. At the third service, Mountjoy herald entered with a great golden goblet, crying, in the name of the King of England, "Largess to the most high, mighty, and excellent prince, Henry King of England, &c. Largess, largess!" The banquet ended at five in the evening, when the King took his leave. To display his skill before the ladies, he set spurs to his horse, making it bound and curvet "as valiantly as any man could do."

The jousts commenced on Monday the 11th. The rules adopted to secure fair play and guard against accidents may be read by those curious in such matters in the original black-letter "Ordonnance," printed at the time.[2]

On the first day the Kings of England and France, with their aids, held the lists against all comers; and, with the exception of Wednesday, when the wind was too high, the jousts continued without interruption throughout the week. On Sunday the two Kings exchanged hospitality as before. On this occasion Francis, dropping all reserve, visited the King of England before eight in the morning, attended by four companions only, and, entering his apartment without ceremony, embraced him as he was seated at breakfast.[3] The jousts were concluded in the following week, with a solemn mass sung by the Cardinal in a chapel erected on the field. The arrangements observed on this occasion, not less elaborate than those by which the feats of arms were regulated, may be read in the same volume as the "Ordonnance."[4] Here, as in the ceremonial of the lists, the spirit of chivalry reigned triumphant. When the Cardinal of Bourbon, according to the usages of the time, presented the Gospel to the French

[1] "Tout á son aise pour les veoir à son plaisir."

[2] Of which an epitome will be found in the Calendar, III. 870.

[3] This story has been repeated with various embellishments.

[4] See Calendar, III. p. 311.

King to kiss, Francis, declining, commanded it to be offered to the King of England, who was too well bred to accept the honour. When the *Pax* was presented at the *Agnus Dei*, the two sovereigns repeated the same mannerly breeding. The two Queens were equally ceremonious. After a polite altercation of some minutes, when neither would decide who should be the first to kiss the *Pax*, womanlike they kissed each other instead. A sermon in Latin, enlarging on the blessings of peace, was delivered by Pace at the close of the service; and an artificial firework, four fathoms long, in the shape of a salamander, was sent up in the air in the direction of Guisnes, to the astonishment and terror of the beholders. The whole was concluded with a banquet, at which the royal ladies, too polite to eat, spent their time in conversation; but the legates, cardinals, and prelates dined, drank, and ate *sans fiction*, in another room by themselves.

On Sunday, the 24th of June, the Kings met in the lists to interchange gifts and bid each other farewell. Henry and his court left for Calais; Francis returned to Abbeville.

The two Kings parted, on the best of terms, as the world thought, and with mutual feelings of regret. Yet Henry had already arranged to meet the Emperor at Gravelines, there to settle the terms of a new convention, to the disadvantage of the French King.[1] The imperial envoy, the Marquis d'Arschot, arrived at Calais on the 4th of July, and was received by the Duke of Buckingham. On the 5th the King visited Gravelines, and returned with the Emperor to Calais three days after. The interview, graced by the presence of Charles, his brother Ferdinand, Herman, the Archbishop of Cologne, and the Lord Chièvres, though less splendid, was more cordial than the interview with the French King, and was meant for business.

Frugal and reserved, the Emperor contrived, by his simple and unostentatious habits, to render himself more agreeable to his English guests than even Francis had been able to do with all his profuse and expensive civilities. Not, as some may condemn us, in consequence of our national fickleness; nor, as others may excuse us, because Englishmen preferred the plainer manners of the German or the Fleming; but because in the interview with France, in spite of appearances, there was no real cordiality. A tournament, in fact, was the least eligible method of promoting friendly feeling; it was

[1] See III. 914, *seq.*

more likely to engender unpleasant disputes and jealousies. To enforce the rules laid down for preserving order and fair play among the combatants was not an easy or a popular task. National rivalry was apt to break out, and it was hard for the judges to escape the imputation of partiality. Nor did the English, it must be admitted, return from the field in much good humour. With a feeling of complacency engendered by their insular position and their long isolation from the Continent, they had been wont to consider themselves as far superior to the French in all exercises of strength and agility. The French knights had shown themselves fully equal to their English opponents; the French King was not inferior in personal courage and activity to his English rival.[1] Then rumours, such as spring up like the dragon's teeth in vast and motley multitudes, evidently fanned and fostered by Flemish emissaries, continually represented the French as engaged in contriving some act of treachery against the English King and nation. Among the nobles, also, the Dukes of Suffolk and of Buckingham, the Lord Abergavenny and others, were glad of any pretext for maligning a pageant of which Wolsey had the prime direction.

Francis still hovered on the frontier in the fruitless hope of being invited to take part in this interview with the Emperor. The day before Charles left Ghent, the Lady Vendôme and the Duchess her daughter-in-law contrived to have business in that town; but their artifice was not successful. Francis was obliged to content himself with the assurance that the visage and countenance of his English ally appeared "not to be so replenished with joy" as at the valley of Arde,[2] and that he had given proofs of undiminished affection by riding a courser that Francis had given him. With an impressiveness intended to be candid, he told Sir Richard Wingfield, who had succeeded as English resident at the French court, that "if the king Catholic were a prince of like faith unto the King his brother (Henry), and that he might perceive from Wolsey that his coming thither (to Calais) might be the cause of any good conclusion between them" (that is, between himself and the Emperor), "he would not fail to come in post, and not to have looked for rank and

[1] Thus Hall, who will not be accused of partiality to the French, says (p. 616): "The French King on his part ran valiantly, breaking spears eagerly, and so well acted his challenge of jousts, that he ought ever to be spoken of."

[2] III. 913.

place to him belonging, but would have put him into the King's chamber as one of the number of the same." But neither his extreme humility, nor his flattering proposal that Henry and himself, "the chief pillars of Christendom," should handle the Pope, whom Francis knew "to be at some season the fearfullest creature of the world, and at some other to be as brave," nor the schemes and blandishments of the ladies, availed. He chafed under his disappointment; still more at his ill success in counteracting the growing intimacy of Henry and the Emperor. He had exhausted to little purpose, "that liberal and unsuspicious confidence" which too credulous historians are apt to think characterized his proceedings at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, to the disadvantage of his less attractive and engaging contemporary. He could neither prevent the meeting of his two rivals, nor penetrate their secrets. He was utterly foiled, yet dared not show his resentment. Whilst the Pope and the Spaniards, unable to penetrate beneath the surface, or read the signs of the times, were puzzled and scandalized at the Emperor's condescension, the world looked on with astonishment, as well it might, to see the two monarchs of the West thus anxiously soliciting the Cardinal's good graces. What could there be in the son of a butcher to command such deference?[1]

Of the projects discussed at this interview we are not precisely informed. The English version,[2] intended for the meridian of the French court, and to lull the suspicions of Francis, is the only account we possess. If any credit be due to a statement prepared under such circumstances and calculated to alienate the French King irrecoverably from the Emperor, we are to believe that the imperial ambassadors had already proposed to Henry to break off his matrimonial engagement with France, and transfer the hand of the Princess Mary to the Emperor. As an inducement for the King to coincide in this arrangement, the Emperor undertook to make war on France by sea and land, and not desist until Henry "had recovered his right and title in the same."[3] The King, according to the same document, rejected such a treacherous overture with the utmost horror, vehemently protesting against its immorality and perfidiousness. That such a proposal was made, though probably not by Chièvres,[4] to whom it is

[1] For the arrangements at this interview, see the Rutland Papers, p. 50.

[2] See III. p. 346.

[3] III. 936.

[4] The proposition was put in the mouth of Chièvres, the minister of

attributed—that it was accepted by England, but with none of the indignation described in the document—is clear beyond dispute. Long before any interruption had occurred in the amicable relations between the two countries, before even the landing of Charles at Canterbury, or in the interview in the valley of Arde, it had been secretly proposed that the French engagement should be set aside, and the hand of Mary be transferred to the Emperor.[1] The King's horror at this act of faithlessness—if it had any existence beyond the paper on which it was written—must have been tardy and gratuitous, seeing that the chief purpose of the meeting at Calais was to settle the basis of this matrimonial alliance, and obtain the solemn ratification of the Emperor.

But Charles was in no hurry to commit himself. His indecision was the result rather of policy than of temper. As the Princess and himself were within the prohibited degrees of relationship, no matrimonial alliance could be concluded between them without a papal dispensation:—a pretext fertile in delay, or, should his interests require it, spacious and convenient for retracting his engagements. The offer of his hand, whether made in sincerity or not by the Emperor, served his purposes; it kept Henry faithful to his interests, and opposed an effectual barrier to the blandishments of France. By insisting on a papal dispensation, the Emperor reserved for himself a loophole of escape, should he find his union with Mary inexpedient, or desire to extract more advantageous terms from his future father-in-law. His matrimonial projects at this time were somewhat complicated.

He had bound himself by the most solemn obligations to marry the Princess Charlotte of France. Her continued indisposition, and the disinclination of his Spanish subjects to the match, furnished him with a valid excuse for breaking his engagement. To gratify himself no less than his subjects, the Emperor was already turning his eyes towards a matrimonial alliance with Portugal. Next perhaps to the hand of Mary, such an alliance offered those pecuniary advantages of which Charles at this time stood much in need. His troops were in a state of disorder and insubordination for want of pay. They could neither be suffered to remain where they were, nor be transferred to more friendly territories, lest by their excesses they should convert friends into enemies. His

Charles V., because he, more than any other, was supposed to favour the French interests.

[1] See III. pp. 425, 458.

ambassadors wanted money even to pay their couriers. Of his vast dominions in the old world, Spain, in a state of insurrection, refused to submit to the extortions of the tax collectors.[1] The Flemings, sulky and dissatisfied with the prodigality of the court, would advance no funds for purposes and projects over which they could exercise no control. Never wealthy, jealous, to a fault, of their independence, his new German subjects turned a deaf ear to his entreaties; whilst Italy, plundered alike by friend and foe, was in no condition to relieve his increasing necessities. Master of the most extensive dominions in the world, Charles was the least formidable Prince of his age. As Leo X. told the imperial ambassador, his master's power was merely negative: it depended on his opposition to French aggrandizement, which most men feared, and all men suspected. As for the rest, said the sagacious Pontiff, it was more in appearance than reality.

So a marital alliance with England, or rather the aid which so rich a country could afford him, became with Charles a state necessity. But of the three ladies whom he had engaged to wed, not one could be rejected without disastrous consequences. On Madame Charlotte depended the friendship of France; on the Princess Mary, the alliance of England; the rejection of Isabella of Portugal was equivalent to the loss of some millions of ducats. It was his policy, therefore, or that of his ministers, to flatter the expectations of each by turns, and reduce none to absolute despair. La Sauch and Barroso carried on the negociations with Portugal—to which his own sister, of course, contributed not a little; the Bishop of Elna kept the English court in good humour; whilst Chièvres, the most powerful and influential of his advisers, whom Wolsey most feared and hated, not without cause, supported his interests with France.

For the present, negociations languished on all sides. On his return from the interviews at Guisnes and Calais, Wolsey had started on a pilgrimage to Walsingham, and all business was suspended in his absence. The King spent most of his time in hunting.[2] The Emperor was occupied in preparing

[1] See particularly III. 976. One of the chief causes of the insurrection was the prodigality of the Emperor's Flemish ministers. The insurgents insisted upon knowing what had become of 5,600,000 ducats of gold and other monies received by the Emperor since the death of Ferdinand of Arragon.

[2] "There is no other news here,"

for his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle. As for France, its relations with England, though ostensibly amiable, were ruffled by various incidents which boded no good to the unity of the two crowns. Too cautious, if not too politic, to express his real sentiments, the French monarch naturally regarded the late interview at Calais with jealousy and distrust. He was too well informed of what had passed not to harbour resentment; too sensible of his danger to display it. A vigorous or angry remonstrance would have given England an excuse for throwing herself at once into the arms of the Emperor. If that step could not be entirely averted, every hour's delay was an advantage. A seeming friendship, however flimsy and hollow, was better than a declaration of open hostility. A show of undiminished amity with England served to intimidate the Pope, and keep in awe the secondary powers of Christendom, who were only too ready to declare against him. The task, as might be supposed, was a hard one; it was in danger of being frustrated every hour by some unforeseen accident, by some trifle, weak as air, invested with exaggerated proportions by the jealousy of the two courts, or the mercantile rivalry of the two nations. At the meeting in the valley of Arde, Francis had taken an opportunity of putting the ruinous defences of that town into better condition. The work had been continued when the interview was over. Eager to take offence, Henry complained. He ordered his ambassadors to remonstrate. The French were indignant: such a proceeding, they said, was "very strange;" and the ambassadors must have exceeded their commission. The defences, they averred, were necessary for the security of the King's person; for the loyalty and obedience of his subjects on the frontiers. The English Court doggedly refused to entertain "this strange overture," as they termed it. They urged that no fortifications had been erected at Arde ever since they were razed, either in this King's reign or in that of his predecessor; therefore, "it was right strange under the color of this interview that the French should attempt to do what might annoy the King's subjects, and put them in suspicion of living in trouble rather than in quietness." With remonstrances that looked like menaces they mingled gentler expostulations. Such works, they said, could be of no advantage to the French King; the friendship of England was a better pro-

writes Tunstal to Wolsey, then on his journey, "but goodly pastimes and continual hunting." Aug. 18.

tection than walls or bulwarks. If, however, Francis persisted in this course, Englishmen would be faintly encouraged to take his part, so much they murmured at these proceedings.[1]

The town of Arde was as much a part of the French dominions as Calais was of England; and Henry would have deemed it strange and unwarrantable if, even under the pretence of amity, Francis had protested against similar repairs at Guisnes or Calais. The dispute grew warm; the King of England and his minister were resolute; at last Francis yielded. The fortifications of Arde were abandoned, and by the 1st of October, as Sandys wrote to Wolsey,[2] not a workman or pioneer was to be found in the place.

Whilst these causes for irritation arose to disturb the amity of the two Kings, and the Emperor was occupied at Gravelines in making himself agreeable to his new allies, his subjects in Spain, taking advantage of his absence, rose in rebellion under Don Juan Padilla. The enthusiasm inspired by the insurrection, the celerity with which it spread among the commons, indicate some deeper and more abiding cause of disaffection than the greed of the Emperor's Flemish ministers, to whose rapacity and insolence it has been generally attributed. But I have only to consider the fact in its more immediate relation to those events which determined the policy of England. Whilst the whole energies of Charles were taxed to repress rebellion in Spain, he could find no leisure for interfering in the affairs of Italy. So Francis prepared to make the most of his advantage, by invading the peninsula, secure of success, and free from interruption.

The news of his intention fell like a thunderbolt on the astonished ears of the English court. Nothing could be more unwelcome or more disastrous. It was not merely the aggrandizement of French territory which had to be feared, should the French arms prove successful. The mere presence of the French in Italy would at once put a stop to all those designs which English and Imperialists had been prosecuting with the utmost vigour, secrecy, and despatch, and had not yet brought to a successful termination. It had been the object of Wolsey to unite in one firm alliance, offensive and

[1] See Ruthal's letter to the Cardinal while on his journey to Walsingham, August 18, III. App. No. 10. As Ruthal was expressing the King's sentiments before he had received any communication from Wolsey, it is a sufficient answer to the insinuations that the King was wholly influenced in all his measures by his minister, and scarcely ever looked at his despatches.

[2] III. 1013.

defensive, the Pope, the Emperor, and England. But if Francis persisted in his intention, if he once made his appearance in Italy, all hopes of such a combination were at an end. So far from becoming a party to the league, the Pope, timid and vacillating, would make the best terms that he could with his dreaded and abhorred protector. All Italy would follow his example; and thus the very instrument which the Cardinal hoped might be brought to bear against France would be turned against himself.

To oppose the design with threats or open violence would have been inconsistent with those professions of friendship which England still thought fit to adopt towards the French King. Nothing remained but to try the effects of negociation. The English ambassador was instructed to represent to Francis the deep regret with which his master had heard of his intention to cross the mountains. Such a distance, he urged, must separate very friends, and prove a barrier to that free and constant intercourse which had hitherto existed between them. As French interests were so well established in Italy, Henry trusted that there would be no urgent cause for such an expedition. If, however, Francis apprehended the Emperor's designs in that quarter (and that alone could justify his enterprise in the midst of profound peace), his English ally would take ample care to send effectual aid, and join with him in repelling the invader.[1]

What answer was made by Francis to these amicable remonstrances we are not informed. I find by a subsequent despatch from Sir Nicholas Carew[2] that the English ministers were still labouring at the same anvil, with little apparent success. To discover his real intentions, Carew told the French monarch that after the diet, soon to be held at Worms, the Emperor intended to return into Spain, and extinguish the rebellion in person. More than usually cautious and reticent, Francis replied it was quite needful the Emperor should do so. He was in no mood to betray his intentions, as he was apt to do when drawn into conversation. When Carew informed him that his master had persuaded the Pope, the Emperor, the Swiss, and all the estates of Italy to maintain their amity with France, so that he should have no occasion to cross the mountains, except for his amusement, Francis coldly answered that his expedition was only for the satisfaction of his subjects and the reform of justice. With

[1] III. 1092. [2] III. 1126; compare also 1157.

more courtesy, but less sincerity, his favourite minister, the Admiral, professed the greatest gratitude for Henry's good offices. He thought the English "counsel right good and honorable to the King his master;" and if matters could be concluded on the other side of the mountains in such a way as not to compromise his master's honour and profit, why—he himself would be content to urge the King to follow Henry's advice, and desist from so expensive an expedition!

Matters were beginning to wear a serious aspect. On the part of the Emperor they were not more encouraging. After his coronation at Aix, a ceremony imposed upon him by the constitution of the empire, Charles had to decide at once on his future movements. The condition of Spain and of Italy was equally critical; both equally demanded his immediate presence. The rebellion was advancing with rapid strides in Spain; Italy, exposed to the intrigues of the French, was in danger of being lost irretrievably. If Charles turned his steps towards Italy, Spain would be surrendered to the rebels, and Navarre revert to its ancient rulers. The d'Albrets, re-established on their ancient throne, would prove an effectual support to France, and cause incessant trouble to Spain. If, on the other hand, he turned to Spain, the Pope and all the minor potentates of Italy, abandoned to themselves, would fall a prey to the intrigues of the French.

Besides, he had already bound himself at his coronation to settle the troubles of Germany. What sort of task that was at any time, and still more in 1521, the reader may judge by a memorial of the agenda at the diet at Worms, transmitted to England apparently by Spinelly, at the instigation of Tunstal, and arranged under fifteen heads.[1] In addition to the religious controversies and the refutation of Luther's heresies, almost all the disputes by which Germany had been distracted for the last fifty years were to be carefully examined, and, if possible, adjusted. More than thirty bishops were at variance with the temporal lords for their several jurisdictions. Nuremberg, Wurzburg, Bamberg, Constance, were each engaged in obstinate feuds; here temporal, there ecclesiastical disputes,

[1] See III. 1185. The diet, says the memorial, will take notice of the books and descriptions (*i.e.* writings) made by friar Martin Lutero, a schismatic, against the court of Rome. According to the same witness the proceedings already taken against him had been of little efficacy. The Pope's curse was disregarded, and Luther's works were devoured with greater avidity than before: "the which friar Martin of the elector of Saxon and other princes of this country is favored."

put forth their vigorous and interminable filaments. One proposal, especially worth notice, was to be carried if possible, and seemed likely to raise a storm of opposition; *sc.* "that no man, without the consent of the Emperor and Electors, should, for any personal quarrel or other cause, presume to declare war, as had been done in times past:" and to this, says the memorial, the cities and towns were determined to stick fast.

Could anything show more clearly the confusion and disorder into which Germany was plunged, or the magnitude of the task undertaken by the Emperor, at the time when every quarter of his dominions was threatened by a domestic or a foreign enemy, and the very units of which society was composed were ready to start back into their primæval chaos?

Charles was perplexed, and hesitated. His council was divided. One party, of whom Chièvres was the chief, was loud and earnest in its asseverations that the ill news from Spain was exaggerated. If, said they, Italy be abandoned, Milan must be lost; French influence will become predominant in the peninsula; the Pope, inclined to befriend the Emperor, will make terms with his enemy. These arguments were enforced by numerous Italian exiles driven from their homes through hatred or oppression of French rule; still more, by the repeated remonstrances of Don Manuel, the Spanish ambassador at the Papal court. But they were not urged solely out of consideration to the Emperor's interests. Chièvres and his Flemish favourites had become odious to Spain by their rapacity. To return, and brave the irritation of the Spaniards, was impossible. So in the determination of this political dispute was involved the fall of one party, and the supremacy of its rivals. And not that only. If Charles resolved on returning to Spain, the influence of Chièvres would be at an end, and with it all hopes of French supremacy in the councils of the Emperor. This is the key to the policy of Henry and his minister. This was the reason of their urging the Emperor to return to Spain. Their repeated representations of the necessity of such a step,—their solicitude for this quarter of the imperial dominions, so disproportionate to that charity which nations in general entertain for the troubles of their neighbours,—had this end in view, this, and no other. And to this, and no other cause, must we refer the explosion of wrath with which the Spanish envoy some months before received Wolsey's considerate suggestion,

that Madame (Margaret) should change places with Chièvres, whose grey hairs required repose, and whose presence would be less beneficial in Spain.[1]

As sickness prevailed at Worms, the diet was dissolved in the end of May, 1521, after a very short conference. It was not reserved for Emperor or Electors to settle in the space of two months the disputes by which Germany was distracted, still less to put back again into the original nutshell from which it had emanated the nascent spirit of reform. The sun-dial of public opinion would not return one degree backward for Pope, Emperor, men, or devils. So Luther, *fortissimus peccator*, retired from the diet to disseminate winged briefs and letters from his island of Patmos, and fight the devil over again in his solitude of the Wartberg, as he had fought with him among the beasts at Worms. Bishops were

[1] The singular conversation to which I refer is slightly abridged from a letter addressed by De la Sauch, the Spanish envoy, to Chièvres himself, April 7, 1520. After telling Chièvres how Wolsey had said his master was desirous of having Madame present at the interview (at Calais), that all might urge her to go to Spain, as the only means of reducing that kingdom to quiet, he continues: "On the other side, the Cardinal urged that, when our master went into Germany, it might be that you (Chièvres) would be desirous of rest, and so would like to have some person in your room; but that you would not wish to be deprived of all authority; reasonably enough." But, he added, they could not see how this could be easily brought about unless Madame were sent into Spain. Wolsey continued to insist on the advisability of this course, and the numerous inconveniences which would follow on rejecting it. "Upon this," continues De la Sauch, "I excused you, and I told him that I thought I knew your intentions well enough to assure him that whenever you made up your mind to retire, which I imagined you would do after the King's coronation at Aix, you would not wish to hold any office, for this would not be retirement (*repos*). If, on the other hand, you desire to continue your services you would not feel inclined to desert the Emperor; and as to any office or government, you would never become a party to such an exchange as he proposed, and so incur the displeasure of Madame. I told him she was the Emperor's aunt, and there was no reason for supposing that he would deprive her of the government of the Netherlands for any one. Wolsey insisted, in reply, that the change was necessary for the Emperor's affairs. 'We will persuade him to this (he said), and that during her absence M. Chièvres shall have her place in Flanders.' 'Certes, Monsieur,' I replied, 'I think that if Madame wished to go into Spain she would be very welcome, and the King would be glad of it; but he would not press her to accept it against her will. And as for M. de Chièvres, I am sure that whenever he retires from the charge he has about the King he will never undertake any other office.' 'Ah! Master Secretary,' he replied to me in Latin, 'if you believe that, I perceive well enough that you have no perfect knowledge of the disposition of men in authority.' To this remark I made no reply, but I thought that he fancied all mankind was like himself, and that he would be very sorry if he were deprived of his authority. On the other hand, I could not help wondering at his extravagant (*folle*) absurdity in supposing that if the King our master wished Madame to go into Spain, she would rather do so at their persuasion than at his." Chièvres was an old man, whose influence had once been paramount with his master. He must have been more than mortal, if ever he forgave the Cardinal this insult.

still doomed to go on quarrelling with temporal lords and temporal lords with bishops. The denunciation of private wars did not hinder Hutten and Sickingen from avenging their own quarrels, or those of others, as passion or interest dictated. The days when diets could smooth down into unity the ruffled passions, principles, convictions of men, were as equally numbered with the past, as those of Convocation and General Councils.

But the political complications in which Charles found himself involved were augmented by his matrimonial projects. To carry on three such negociations as these simultaneously with secresy and success demanded great tact. His choice varied between England and Portugal, for the rupture with France had already proceeded so far as to cause him little uneasiness. A matrimonial alliance with Portugal suited best his inclination, while one with England best served his political interests. But then the dowry offered by Henry was less in amount than that offered by Portugal; besides, the English monarch insisted on deducting from it the sums he had already advanced to the Emperor. One hope remained. If he consented to the projected marriage with Mary, the fulfilment of which could be indefinitely postponed on a variety of pretexts, Henry might be induced to declare war against France, and so irretrievably commit himself to a course from which he could not retire with honour. This was all that the Emperor wanted; that done, he would be free to choose his bride from France, England, or Portugal, as best suited his inclinations or his interests. So the policy of the Emperor was mainly concentrated on two objects; first, to exact from the King of Portugal as large a dowry as possible; secondly, to induce England by all means in his power, short of an irrevocable engagement to Mary, to declare war against France. Of the real nature of his negociations with Portugal, the English court was to be kept in ignorance, except so far as a knowledge of the offers of Portugal might serve to advance his interests in England; whilst the King of Portugal, informed from time to time of the advantageous conditions offered by England, would be induced to bid higher for an imperial son-in-law.

With the course of these negociations at the court of Portugal I am not concerned. Although the secret was very strictly kept, it did not wholly escape the penetration of Wolsey. Into the trap thus cunningly prepared for him he

obstinately refused to enter, much to the dissatisfaction of the imperial agents, who vented their anger in abusive epithets, and consoled themselves for their disappointment by insinuations against the Cardinal's honesty. It cannot be said that he remained unmoved; for he was not of a temper to bear indignity with patience. But, conscious of his strength, he treated their anger and impatience with indifference, and not unfrequently with lofty contempt. He had determined on his course; he had fixed the terms on which the alliance of England was to be had:—these, and no others;—they might take them, or go. He would not bate an inch, or depart a hair's breadth from them, let Emperors and imperialists storm as they would.

And storm they did, for they were not accustomed to contradiction. The least pliant, the least courteous, in general the least successful negociator in the world, the Spaniard was detested in every court in Europe. In dealing with the Pope, the Venetians, or inferior powers, he dispensed with the arts of diplomacy, not because he despised them, but because he was too proud to condescend, too overbearing to conciliate, where force could be employed with impunity. With England that was impossible. In Wolsey he met with a scorn loftier than his own, and his anger was consequently unbounded. Formal, tedious, corrupt, are the expletives by which Don Manuel and others, in their correspondence with Charles V., found a safety-valve for their vexation, a compensation for their wounded vanity. But to accept, as some have done, such expressions as grave historical evidence, to regard them as anything more than the spleen of the moment, to convert them into a solemn and ponderous charge against Wolsey's integrity, is altogether absurd.

The Emperor's council was no less perplexed and distracted than the Emperor. A million dollars with the hand of the Princess of Portugal was a tempting offer; but then its acceptance involved the loss of the English alliance, and the union of England with France. That alliance could be had only upon the terms dictated by Wolsey, and these were hard and strict: a dower of 50,000*l*., the privilege for Henry to declare hostilities against France at his own option, and indemnity for the losses he must incur in so doing. Would it not be possible to cajole or bribe the Cardinal, and so extract from him more favourable terms, a greater deference to the wishes and interests of the Emperor? Might he not, being

only an Englishman, incapable of conceiving grand theories of universal dominion, and a stranger to that wisdom which a continental education engendered, become a puppet in the diplomatic hands of Cobos, Gattinara, or even Don Manuel? So weak men judge of the strong; so small men imagine the great.

At this time Tunstal was the English ambassador at the imperial court. He had complained already of the waywardness, delay, and indecision of the Emperor's council. In no mood to be trifled with, the Cardinal wrote in the King's name to the ambassador, then at Worms. After thanking him for his discreet behaviour and good service, he thus proceeds:[1] "We marvel at the sudden change in the Emperor's council, in resolving not to enter further into this alliance of marriage till he have leave from the Pope, unless we consent to treat all matters simultaneously; *sc.* make a defensive league with the Pope, take the Swiss into pay, grant him aid against his Spanish rebels, and agree to a new interview. This is far discrepant from the overtures made us at Calais and by his ambassadors in England. For, although, as you state, the Pope's dispensation is necessary for this marriage, as we have foreseen, the parties being in the second degree of consanguinity, the difficulty may be cleared by a bull of dispensation. But we will not consent to any treaties or arrangements *until this article of the marriage be first fully concluded*, nor join in any league with the Pope and the Emperor until such dispensation be first granted *sub plumbo*, which shall be obtained in the most secret manner.[2]

"We wonder they refuse these things, which are so much to their advantage. For considering the amity between us and France, that our daughter is already honorably bestowed there, and that we are at peace with all Christian princes, what need have *we* of any further alliance with Pope or Emperor than such as we have already? Why should *we* meddle with the Swiss, or make war upon France? What object have *we* to gain in aiding the Emperor against his rebels, except it be from the love we bear him? Do we stand in need of aid from

[1] See III. 1150. I have abridged the document, as it consists of 40 pages.

[2] In spite of all the intrigues and threats of Don Juan Manuel, Leo X. could not be persuaded to make any alliance with the Emperor until he had first made sure of the friendship of England. The favour of Henry, as the ambassador repeatedly told his imperial master, was indispensable to the success of his affairs. See especially his despatch, Dec. 3, 1520, in Bergenroth's Calendar.

the Emperor, or from any other? If they make difficulties, we are not minded to bestow our favors upon those who are unwilling to accept them. We only require this assurance on their part that we may be the more heartily inclined to the Emperor's interest; for without it we have no special inducement to tender his welfare. It will not prevent the Emperor from marrying any person of lawful age before our daughter comes to mature years, as he will only be bound to take her if he be then at liberty."

Then addressing himself specially to the ear of the ambassador, he adds: "This alliance must be concluded before any other convention; for, if it were delayed until after the league with the Pope, the Emperor and his ministers might insist upon very unreasonable demands, lead us into war and intolerable expenses, bring us into suspicion with our other confederates, and, after we had helped them to play their game, leave us in the lurch."

After some remarks on the dowry to be given with the Princess, which was not to exceed 50,000*l.* sterling, Tunstal is informed that no particulars will be sent him at present as to the league with the Pope, the entertainment of the Swiss, the aid to be given against the Spanish rebels,—all points of the utmost solicitude to Charles and his ministers, and their main inducement for entering on these negociations for Mary's hand. For, "to be plain with you," he subjoins, "it would be great folly *in this young prince*, not being more surely settled in his dominions, *and so ill provided with treasure and good councillors*, the Pope also being so brittle and variable, to be led into war for the pleasure of his ministers. It is therefore not advisable to enter into stricter bonds with the Pope than at present, or be at charges for the Swiss, or to send any embassy to alienate them from France, or give assistance against the rebels in Spain, as the Emperor may reimburse himself by confiscating their lands and goods. As for the interview which they ask for, though it will be expensive to us and our nobles, we shall not object to it, if all else be concluded."

Then, as if to remind the Emperor that these new objections had no place in his thoughts when he first viewed with the utmost jealousy and alarm the personal interview of the French and English monarchs only a few months before, he adds: "At Canterbury, and again at Calais, when this matter was broached, the Emperor was willing to have concluded

this alliance without any dispensation from the Pope; and we are led to suspect that they now only are seeking to delay it until they have learned from the French ambassador now sent to them what offer will be made [them] by the French king. As we understand that the Emperor lately reproved Chièvres and the Chancellor (Gattinara) for neglecting England, and charged them that they should write nothing to us without his express knowledge, if you see no better towardliness in them than heretofore, repair to the Emperor himself, show him our mind, note his answers, and how he seems disposed; for we doubt not, when he has well weighed the nature of this bond and the advantage of the match, he will make no further difficulty. Then, if the Emperor's council continue intractable, you shall tell the Emperor secretly, as of yourself, that, in consideration of the old-standing amity between the two sovereigns, there is no prince, your own king excepted, for whom you entertain a stronger regard; and therefore you are induced for his own sake to tell him what consequences are certain to ensue if he reject this alliance. For if the match between the princess Mary and the Dauphin be suffered to proceed, and the Dauphin become king of France, and in her right king of England, the navies of France and England will shut the Emperor from the seas. If he makes his abode in Spain, the Low Countries will be in danger; and the French King, monarch of two kingdoms and of the Duchy of Milan, will imperil Naples, and attain the monarchy of Christendom. Whereas all these advantages would fall to the Emperor, if he accepted this alliance; so that he should rather labor himself to break this match with France than stay for England to make any overtures for the same."

Thus fortified, Tunstal returned once more to the great object of his negociation. The chief impediment to its success was the Flemish minister Chièvres, as might have been expected. He was far advanced in years, and resented the suggestion of Wolsey, already mentioned, that he should give himself a little repose, and enjoy the shade of his own laurels, without venturing again into Spain. The advice was not the more palatable because it was wholesome. The rapacity of Chièvres and his nephew, the young Cardinal De Croy—Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo at the age of twenty, self-sufficient and incompetent, had filled the breasts of the Spanish nobles and ecclesiastics with bitter indignation. The old goat, as they complained, in gibing allusion to his name,

did nothing but fill empty Flemish wells, and, gnawing to the bone his imperial ward, foster poverty and contention in his household.[1] But though his influence was on the wane, he was still omnipotent with the Emperor. In his present temper, it was hopeless to expect that Chièvres would countenance a match with England, and thus augment the influence of that party to which he was personally and politically opposed. In vain Tunstal argued first with one and then with another: points determined at one meeting were unsettled at the next. Pretexts were not wanting to avoid a definitive answer, or put off the ambassador's audience, when it was not likely to prove agreeable.

First, the terms of the alliance were open to controversy: —the Emperor did not understand Latin, and the papers must be translated into French. Then again his attention was engrossed by the diet at Worms. He had much business with the Electors on the affairs of the empire. At Shrovetide, there was to be "a solemn joust of nobles and gentlemen." His sister's marriage, visits of ceremony from and to the Electors, filled up the interval. It was clear the ambassador would get no answer. "I think," says Tunstal, "they will delay till they see how the electors are inclined."[2] This was the real secret. If the Emperor could bring them into good humour and some degree of unanimity, he might expect to reap the fruits of his ingenuity and their benevolence, and so stand upon his own terms. For Charles was deeply involved. "The household and all the gentlemen been behind of their wages almost trei quarters," says Spinelly; "whereupon hath grown a great murmur against the lord Chièvres." But Charles was not disheartened. On the strength of his new expectations he had borrowed of the Belzers of Augsburg 130,000 florins. He was a young man then, and the child of fortune. The reconciliation of the rival claims of the spiritual and temporal powers, the pacification and unity of all Germany, the harmonious cradling of the lion with the kid, of Luther with the Lady of Babylon,—all these were golden visions, easy to be realized by the supreme monarch of Christendom—an Emperor of twenty-one.

In this juncture Wolsey addressed himself to Henry VIII.

[1] See Pet. Martyr. Epist. 646, *et passim*. Within the last four weeks he had sustained a great loss in the death of his favourite nephew, for whose aggrandizement he had exposed himself to so much obloquy. Spinelly's letter, III. App. 22.

[2] III. 1162.

After stating that he had received letters in cipher from Henry's ambassador with the Emperor, the contents of which he had deciphered, and sent, he proceeds: "This is far discrepant from good and congruence, founded and contrived only for delays, whereby they be like more to lose than your Grace shall; and great simpleness and lack of good remembrance may be arrected to them, thus to use so wise and expert a prince in his affairs as ye be; alleging that they cannot treat of the alliance proposed by your Grace, the honor of their master saved, except the Pope do dispense with their oath made to France; whereas, both at Calais and also at Canterbury they would actually have concluded marriage, if your Highness would have been thereto agreeable, without making any mention of any such dispensation. And whereas your Grace, in the Emperor's privy chamber at Calais objected that the Emperor was bounden by the contract made with the daughter of France by cause he was of full age, notwithstanding she was not at like age; yet the Chancellor expressly denied the same. And though your Grace said according to truth and the law, yet by their denial it manifestly appeared that they reckoned their master solute, not needing any such dispensation as that they now allege; and much the less that this promise by your Grace demanded import not so much as an actual and real contract, whereunto at all times they have showed themselves to be agreeable, to the intent thereby your Grace should break with France. . . .

"And whereas the lord Chièvres hath found a new invention, wherein he thinketh that your Grace should be pleased; that is to say, that a diet within your realm should be holden at Calais betwixt commissioners to be sent thither on both parts, and that they should treat as well of the said alliance as of all other matters; . . . I cannot see to what purpose that diet should serve, or what good effect should come thereof, but only thereby ye should be brought in suspicion with France: and by the color of the same, the Emperor the sooner and rather should make his hand with the same. Wherefore, seeing this their untowardness, and that this answer is their final resolution, it shall be in mine poor opinion well done, that the Master of the Rolls (Tunstal) do no further press them in this behalf; but after a little tarrying there to know what conclusion shall be taken in this great assembly of the estates of Almain, and using to the Emperor's own person such words as be contained in his last instructions, he shall

take his leave and depart. And I assure your Grace, may be or long too they shall on their hands and feet seek unto your Highness; for if the French king and they be at pique, as your Grace shall perceive they be right like to be, by the copy of such letters as the French king now writeth to his ambassador, which I send unto the same herewith, Spain also continuing in rebellion, they shall not only have need of your favor, succor, and assistance, but also, if they attempt anything by hostility, your Grace not consenting thereto, they shall be utterly undone. Howbeit, in this controversy betwixt these two princes, it shall be a marvellous great praise and honor to your Grace so by your high wisdom and authority to pass between and stay them both that ye be not by their contention and variance brought into the war; which, as I perceive by the latter clause of the French king's letters, he trusteth ye will be in case the Emperor should enter into Italy, and so pluck the crown imperial at Rome with a great army; whereupon I doubt not but your Grace will take good deliberation and be well advised, considering what ye be bounden to do by virtue of such treaties as be passed betwixt you, or ye shall make any promise to the said French king in that behalf."[1]

The result will have been anticipated by my readers. When reason fails to open men's eyes to their true interests, what remains? *Moriemini in peccatis vestris.* Considering that the Emperor's ministers wilfully rejected a proposal more to the Emperor's profit than to the King's, as Wolsey wrote shortly after to Tunstal, it was the King's pleasure they should be pressed no further. So leaving Sir Thomas Spinelly in his place, he was ordered to return immediately.[2]

[1] III. 1213. [2] III. 1214.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Thus matters stood: Charles remained still at Worms, feasting Electors and denouncing Luther; Francis I. was in the full bustle of war, levying lance-knights and preparing ordnance; Henry VIII., digesting, as best he might, the Emperor's strange behaviour, and more strange refusal of his daughter's hand; Leo X. was oscillating between the French and Imperial alliance—now deluding Don Manuel, and now the French ambassador, by taking them alternately into his confidence, and playing the one off against the other—when an event took place, which struck not only England, but all Europe, with amazement. This was the apprehension of the Duke of Buckingham.

In Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII., the Duke is introduced as holding conversation with the Duke of Norfolk. He demands news of the latter touching the interview "'twixt Guisnes and Arde," on the plea that "all the whole time he was his chamber's prisoner." Now, even if by Norfolk we are to understand Surrey, who became Duke of Norfolk on his father's death in 1524, and no other supposition will suit the chronology of the play—Shakespeare has fallen into a grave historical error. It was not Buckingham, but Norfolk, who should have required an account of the meeting of "those sons of glory, those two lights of men;" for both Buckingham and his son-in-law Lord Abergavenny were present at the interview. Whereas Norfolk, with Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and other members of the Council, remained in England,[1] and Surrey was absent as lieutenant in Ireland. On what authority Shakespeare, who in general adheres closely to Hall in his English historical plays, assumed that Buckingham was confined to his chamber "by an untimely ague," I have not been able to discover. Not a word of his illness is found in Hall.

[1] See their letters, III. 873, 895.

On the contrary, Hall states, correctly enough, that the Duke was appointed, in conjunction with Wolsey, to conduct the French King to his lodgings at Arde, on the last day of those famous festivities.[1] Perhaps Shakespeare may have been struck by the fact—not a little remarkable—that to the Duke of Buckingham, next in rank to the Duke of Suffolk, popular, wealthy, and greedy of distinction, no conspicuous part in the tournament was assigned. His name does not appear among the combatants. He abstained from the various feats of arms, in which not Suffolk only, but other noblemen far inferior in rank to the Duke of Buckingham, found numerous opportunities for display. This is the more remarkable, because he appears to have entered with zest and eagerness into such courtly amusements only a few months before. As the arrangements were "ordered by the good discretion of the right reverend cardinal of York," it might be thought that the omission of Buckingham's name was a studied insult; and hence his indignation at Wolsey for usurping the authority of his master.

But neither Wolsey's pride nor "an untimely ague" was the true cause of the Duke's exclusion. Once before, when he had been appointed one of the answerers in a tilting at court, he had requested Wolsey to be allowed to run on the King's side. If this could not be granted, he begged to be excused from taking any part in the jousts;[2] and I presume that his excuse was accepted. Unless, then, the King was willing to nominate the Duke as one of his own band, at the interview—a favour he could hardly expect—it was not likely that he would consent to run on the opposite side, in contradiction to his own expressed wishes and his notorious dislike of the French.

Up to this time, then, he had conceived no offence against the Cardinal, or had contrived to conceal his displeasure. It was not known to the King or Wolsey; for immediately after the French interview the Duke was selected to wait upon the King at Calais and at Gravelines, and assist at the meeting with the Emperor.[3] He distinguished himself on this occasion by his cordial reception of the imperial envoy, the Marquis d'Arschot.[4] In attributing to the Duke a violent dislike to the French King, Shakespeare adheres to historical accuracy. The Duke's cordiality to the imperial envoy, his desire to

[1] Chron., p. 620.
[2] See II. 2987.
[3] III. 906.
[4] III. 903.

promote a union with Charles, were prompted as much by that dislike, as by any jealousy, real or supposed, of the Cardinal's overweening influence. From that date until the end of November his name disappears from the page of history.

In the autumn of 1520 we come upon a paper of instructions[1] given by the Duke to his chaplain and chancellor Robert Gilbert, afterwards produced as a witness against him, and upon whose evidence, as well as that of his steward Charles Knyvet, the Duke was mainly condemned.[2] Gilbert enjoyed the Duke's confidence. The names of Gilbert and of Charles Knyvet frequently occur in the Duke's miscellaneous accounts; for, besides acting in the capacity of chaplain, Gilbert seems to have been employed as a confidential agent in many of the Duke's pecuniary transactions.[3] From the paper just referred to it appears that the Duke had already begun to suspect some act of treason in his household. For, among other directions, Gilbert is ordered to proceed to Oxford, and inform Dr. Bentley, the Duke's physician,[4] of the Cardinal's conduct, and what Margaret Gedding (apparently a waiting-woman of the Duchess) had declared upon oath respecting Charles Knyvet. The name of Margaret Gedding occurs again shortly after, in connection with this mysterious affair; Gilbert is directed to ascertain whether Margaret Gedding has misreported the Duke to the Cardinal, and he is ordered to inquire of the Lady Fitzwalter,[5] the Duke's sister, whether she would advise the Duke to take Margaret again into his service. These notices are followed by one still more remarkable, which might lead us to surmise, if indeed surmise may be safely hazarded on so obscure a subject, that the Duke and the Duchess did not live happily together.[6] Gilbert, after delivering a letter to the same Lady Fitzwalter, is directed by the Duke "to show her the demeanor of my Lady our wife, and also to my lord Fitzwalter. And, therefore, my lady Fitzwalter may do us great pleasure and comfort to purvey us of a sad (steady) woman to be about her (the Duchess);

[1] III. 1070.

[2] See his confession and deposition against the Duke, III. p. 494.

[3] See pp. 499, 501, 502–505. One of these entries is too curious and interesting not to be noticed; it refers to the 13th November of this year: "Paid by Robert Gilbert, chaplain to the Duke, 16th March, to Thomas Heneage, gentleman usher to the Cardinal (Wolsey), in reward, 6*s.* 8*d.*" p. 504.

[4] See III. p. 501.

[5] Robert Ratcliffe, Earl of Fitzwalter, married the Duke's sister Elizabeth.

[6] The Duke's wife was Elinor, daughter of Henry, Earl of Northum-

for we think the demeanor of my Lady is such that Margaret Gedding would be loth to be about her; and to know who told her of the things we should do (*i.e.* we did) at Southampton." Of this Margaret Gedding we have no other notice than what is furnished by the Duke's private accounts. In 1518 the sum of 15*l.* was paid to her for the funeral of Elizabeth Knyvet, the Duke's cousin; and she is doubtless the person referred to as "Mrs. G.," that is, Miss Gedding, who receives as a New Year's gift from the Duke the extraordinary sum of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and her mother 40*s.*[1]

It is not improbable that the Duke's conduct in relation to Elizabeth Knyvet was one of the causes of his surveyor's resentment. Evidence occurs more than once of the Duke's arbitrary conduct to his servants and his inferiors. Here we have an information against the Duke for wrongfully withholding the goods of Elizabeth Knyvet, deceased;[2] there, a petition to the King from his tenants in Thornbury, complaining of the inclosures made by the late Duke of Buckingham.[3] In the survey of his lands by the King's officers after his death, it is stated that he had "enclosed into the park" at Thornbury "divers men's lands, as well of freehold as copyhold, and no recompense as yet is made for the same."[4] Rents and farms are described as "decayed from inclosures." In the paper already mentioned, Gilbert has orders to see Sir John Coke, lately the Duke's chaplain, arrested for leaving his service contrary to his oath; and the same process is to be put in force against another of the Duke's dependents, named Gamme. In fact, indications crop out, that, however popular the Duke might have been with comparative strangers, for his courtesy and munificence—virtues which cannot be denied him—he was not beloved by his retainers, or his immediate neighbours.

berland. To show how intimately the Duke's family was connected with the great houses in England, the following table may be found useful.

Edward, Duke of Buckingham = Elinor, dau. of Henry, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Stafford; mar. Ursula d. of Margaret Countess of Sarum.	Elizabeth; mar. Thomas d. of Norfolk.	Katharine; mar. Ralph Neville Earl of Westmoreland.	Mary; mar. George Nevill Lord Abergavenny.

[1] III. p. 498.
[2] III. 1288 (10).
[3] III. 1288 (6).
[4] III. p. 506.

Upon Charles Knyvet, the Duke's cousin and surveyor, the imputation has hitherto rested of being the foremost to betray the Duke,—the malice of Wolsey always excepted. So deeply has this conviction been rooted in the minds not only of ordinary readers, but of historians, by the genius of Shakespeare, that it might seem invidious to disturb it. There are reasons, however, for questioning the accuracy of the general impression. The principal culprit was not Knyvet, but Margaret Gedding, or more probably Robert Gilbert, the Duke's chaplain and chancellor. That Knyvet was not the first or the original informer—that Wolsey was not so hungry for the Duke's destruction, as historians, unsuspiciously following that old libeller and maligner Polydore Vergil, assume too readily—is clear, I think, from the following unsigned letter addressed to the Cardinal: [1]—

"Please it your Grace to be remembered; as touching the matter that I showed unto your Grace at More of Charles Knyvet, &c., wherein ye advertised and commanded me that I should handle it further, the best I could, to bring it to light and better knowledge; so it is that I have communed with him divers times this last term, and persuaded him in the matter as far as I might, in such wise that he should not suspect my meaning therein; and in effect he resteth still in his first mind, affirming the chief cause of his putting away was for disclosing of certain matters to Mr. Lark, to be opened unto your Grace. I answered him I marvelled much that he did not resort unto Mr. Lark, and showed him the same, it were the next mean to induce your Grace to be his better good lord. He said that your Grace had partly knowledge thereof already; for this last term ye had sent word to the Duke, by his chancellor,[2] to have himself in await; and although that he used to rail upon your Grace, yet that he should take heed how that he did use himself towards the King's highness. I showed Charles again, though so it were, yet was that neither thankful to him nor his discharge. Then he answered me how that he labored to be the King's servant, and if he were once sworn and admitted, then durst he speak boldly, and would tell all. And further he said, 'Then will I speak, by Saint Mary, for it toucheth the King in deed.' And so, if it please your Grace, of likelihood some great matter there is, or else is Charles a marvellous simple, insolent body. Very good policy it were to have the truth known.

"The King that dead is (whom God pardon!) would handle such a cause circumspectly, and with convenient diligence, for inveigling, and yet not disclose it to the party nor otherwise by a great space after, but keep it to himself, and always grope further, having ever good await and espial to the party. I am sure his Highness knew of the untrue mind and treason compassed against him by Sir William Stanley and divers other great men, two or three years before that he laid it to their charge; and kept it secret, and always gathered upon them more and more. And as unto this matter, if any weight be therein, to bring it to light, under the reformation of your Grace, after my poor mind this were the mean;—that your Grace should send for Charles to come before you, showing unto him that as ye have heard he should be [put] from the Duke, whereof ye much marvel, considering the great service that he hath done him, and

[1] III. 1283. [2] Robert Gilbert.

how near he is of his blood. And thereupon I think that Charles will be plain, and disclose to your Grace everything. If not, your Grace then may show unto him that ye have heard, by divers servants that the Duke hath lately put from him, how that in his fumes and displeasures he will oftimes rail and misuse himself in his words, as well against your Grace as against the King's highness; and ye doubt not but that he that hath been so great and secret with him, and in so good trust, that he hath heard and knoweth much more of his inward mind than any other; charging him therefore to be plain, both for his thank, and also for his own discharge in that behalf, according to the duty of his allegiance; and that [if] he fear not to speak truly, the King and your Grace both will be his good lord, so that the Duke shall neither do him hurt nor displeasure; and yet if he color or stick, then your Grace to show yourself more grievous and displeasant unto him. And show him also that great marvel it is that he will conceal unto your Grace that matter which toucheth and concerneth as well you as the King's highness, which he hath opened and disclosed to divers other; reciting him then the effect of my former writing delivered your Grace at More, which at all times I shall be ready to avow and justify, if it so come to pass, as my duty bindeth me, with these premises; albeit loth were I so to do, if the matter might come otherwise to revelation.

"Please it your Grace further, there is a bill of articles come this last term to my hands, amongst other remembrances, touching such covenants as Sir Nicholas Vaux bound himself unto by indenture and other writing[s] and bonds, when the King that dead is appointed him to the office of Guysnes; which writings and indentures I made by the King's commandment. Meseemeth it requisite that your Grace have sight thereof, to the intent ye may examine at your leisure whether he hath and doth perform and observe everything concerning the same. Therefore I do send your Grace the said bill herein enclosed. I think by leisure I shall find the very copies of the indentures, and also much like writings and indentures touching the Lord Mountjoie for the office of Hammes. And thus the Blessed Trinity have your Grace always in His holy tuition."

The original informer, then, and prime mover in this design against the Duke must have been the author of this letter, whoever he was. He must also have been intimate with Knyvet and well acquainted with his secrets. He avows his willingness, if need be, to come forward and justify the insinuations he had already thrown out against the Duke in a previous letter to the Cardinal, "if it so come to pass as my duty bindeth me with these premises; albeit loth were I so to do, if the matter might come otherwise to revelation."

Now, unless the writer were under some obligation to the Duke, or in danger from his power, it is not easy to surmise upon what grounds he should be loth to avow his knowledge of the Duke's treasonable practices. That the letter must have been written either by some one in the Duke's service, or by one who had been long and intimately acquainted with the Duke's family, is without dispute. Who except Gilbert or Delacourt, the Duke's confessor, could have possessed such an intimate knowledge, as this letter reveals, of what was passing

in the Duke's household? Yet Gilbert, called by Hall "the first accuser of the Duke," must be acquitted of this treachery; for he is mentioned here, in the third person, as the Duke's chancellor;—and Delacourt had no such employment at Court as this letter writer appears to have held. The handwriting is clear, stiff, and formal; like that of one who had been accustomed to make "writings and indentures." Who, again, are the discharged servants alluded to? Who except Gilbert or Delacourt could have been aware that Wolsey had sent a message some time before to Buckingham, secretly warning him that, though he might indulge in railing against himself, he should take care how he "did use himself towards his Highness"? Would so important a witness have been permitted to go at large, or not have been produced at the trial? Yet, with the exception of Knyvet, who is out of the question, and of Nicholas Hopkyns, whose handwriting differs from that of the letter, no other witnesses besides Gilbert and Delacourt were produced against the Duke. Both also were committed to safe custody in the Tower; as much, no doubt, out of regard to their personal security, as to the integrity of their evidence. Gilbert's testimony is aggravated by bitter hatred, and malignant betrayal of details in the Duke's conversation, not unlike the tone of a man who had been false to his master, and sought to cover his falsehood by exaggerated statements.[1] Can he, then, have been the author of the letter? And did he speak of himself in the third person, as the Duke's chancellor, in order to escape detection?

But be this conjecture probable or not, the letter shows that the popular account of Wolsey's inveterate malice and his supposed designs against the life of the Duke, rest on no certain foundation. The calumny was derived from Polydore Vergil,[2] and rests on no other authority. Not a word of it

[1] See his Confession.

[2] In that portion of his history which relates to the Duke, Vergil sought chiefly to gratify his spite against the Cardinal, and blacken his memory. According to Polydore,—who has been literally translated by Holinshed, unsuspiciously followed by Herbert, and of course by most historians since,—on receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the King on his journey to France, "and no apparent necessary cause expressed," the nobles grudged that such a costly journey should be taken in hand to their intolerable charge and expense: "But namely the duke of Buckingham, being a man of a lofty courage, but not most liberal [this is false], sore repined that he should be at so great charges for his furniture forth at this time, saying that he knew not for what cause so much money should be spent about the sight of a vain talk to be had, and communication to be ministered, of things of no importance. Wherefore he sticked not to say that it was an intolerable matter to obey such a vile and importunate person (as Wolsey)." This is Polydore's ver-

is to be found in the pages of Hall, whose sympathy with the Duke is so manifest, and so strong his dislike of the Cardinal, that he would scarcely have suppressed a circumstance so unfavourable as this is to the Cardinal's memory, had there been any truth in it.

The Duke was tried at Westminster by seventeen of his peers, on Monday after Ascension Day, that is, on the 13th of May, the Duke of Norfolk acting as lord high steward. It will be remembered that in Shakespeare's play the Duke is declared guilty by the King at a meeting of the Privy Council, even before his regular trial had taken place;—a process altogether informal. In the Council Chamber in which Queen Katharine and Wolsey are present, the King is represented as

sion of the report preserved by De la Sauch: that when the Duke and other nobles were warned to attend the King at the interview, *they were said to have replied*, that as this had been determined on without their cognizance they would require at least three months for preparation.

Vergil then proceeds to tell us that when these words came to the Cardinal's ears, Wolsey, cruel and forgetful of his holy functions (as if Polydore's holy functions consisted in malice and evil speaking), and determined to lure on the Duke to destruction, the better to execute his purpose, sent Surrey, who had married the Duke's daughter (Elizabeth), into Ireland, "lest he might cast a trump in his way. There was great enmity betwixt the Cardinal and the Earl; for that on a time when the Cardinal took upon him to check the Earl, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the Cardinal." He adds that an opportunity was given by the arrival of Kildare in England, well provided with money, whom Wolsey resolved to fleece, and therefore accused him to the King, and had Surrey sent in his place. (The falsehood of this statement may be seen by referring to the King's letter to the Council in Ireland, III. 860.) The next step was to get rid of the Earl of Northumberland (whose daughter the Duke had married); and therefore the Cardinal picked a quarrel with him for seizing "upon certain wards which the Cardinal said appertained of right to the King: and as Northumberland refused to give them up he was committed to prison.

"Now, in the meanwhile, the Cardinal ceased not to bring the Duke out of the King's favor, by such forged tales and contrived surmises as he daily put into the King's head; insomuch that through the infelicity of his fate divers accidents fell out, to the advantage of the Cardinal; which he not omitting, achieved the thing whereat he so studiously, for the satisfying of his cankered and malicious stomach, laid full aim. Now, it chanced that the Duke coming to London with his train of men, to attend the King into France, went before into Kent, unto a manor-place which he had there. And whilst he stayed in that country till the King set forward, grievous complaints were exhibited to him by his farmers and tenants against Charles Knevet, his surveyor, for such bribing as he had used there amongst them. Whereupon the Duke took such displeasure against him that he deprived him of his office, not knowing how that in so doing he procured his own destruction."

Then, after interspersing some remarks, not pertinent to our subject, Polydore proceeds to narrate how the Cardinal, "boiling in hatred against the duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knyvet an instrument to bring the Duke to destruction."

That Polydore's narrative is little better than a tissue of misrepresentation, exaggeration, and falsehood, devised by this partial historian to gratify his hostility to the Cardinal, is abundantly clear from the documents contained in volume III. of the Calendar.

conducting the examination of the Duke's surveyor, Charles Knyvet, in person. The Duke has no one there to defend him; the witnesses are not subjected to cross-examination, nor is any attempt made to ascertain the accuracy of their charges, or to test their honesty and good faith by the methods now adopted in similar cases. The Duke's guilt is assumed upon their unsupported assertions. In this travestie of justice, the Queen is the only person who appears to retain any sense of what is due to reason and equity; but she is too feeble an advocate, too much bewildered by the sophistry which she feels, but is unable to unravel, to render the accused any effectual help. Besides, when kings sit in council, who shall contradict them? When their minds are already made up, "God mend all," is the natural and sole reflection which presents itself to the thoughts of inferiors. Strange as this proceeding may appear, it is not due merely to the poet's imagination. It presents us with a general likeness of State prosecutions in the Tudor times. The presumption that men are innocent until they are legally proved to be guilty, the facilities granted to the accused for substantiating his innocence by retaining the ablest advocate, the methods for sifting evidence now in use, had no existence then. In crimes against the sovereign, real or supposed, men were presumed to be guilty until they had proved themselves to be innocent, and that proof was involved in endless difficulties. What advocate or what witness would have ventured to brave the displeasure of a Tudor king, by appearing in defence of a criminal, on whose guilt the King had pronounced already?

With the exception of making Wolsey present at the examination of the Duke's servants and surveyor, Shakespeare has strictly adhered to facts in this preliminary examination of the Duke's servants. We have indisputable evidence that it was conducted by the King in person, assisted by Ruthal, Secretary of State. For on the 16th of April, Pace, then at Greenwich with the King, wrote, in answer to the Cardinal's request for Ruthal to be sent to him, that the King would not suffer him to leave,[1] but had commanded him to tarry at Greenwich for examination of certain things connected with the Duke of Buckingham's servants. He adds that Ruthal was then sending to Wolsey a letter written by the King's command for "such as shall see to the keeping of the said Duke's house during his absence;" that is, whilst he was at

[1] III. 1233.

London taking his trial; for he was not then in custody. On the back also of a private letter addressed to Pace from Rome by the Bishop of Worcester, he has jotted down two or three obscure memoranda relating to this tragic affair, showing that the King had already made up his mind as to the Duke's guilt and condemnation. "The King is convinced," so run these fragmentary notices, "that Buckingham will be found guilty, and be condemned by the Lords; and for this matter, and for the affairs of Ireland, a Parliament will be summoned." "The monk (Hopkyns) and Delacourt (the Duke's chaplain) have been sent to the Tower. Arthur Pole (the Duke's cousin) has been expelled the court." Then follows a most tantalizing passage, the meaning of which cannot be clearly made out; and the whole ends with this remark: "As to the countess of Salisbury, nothing has yet been decided, on account of her noble birth and many virtues (*bonitatem*)."[1]

From these passages it seems to me unquestionable, that it was the King himself who was most active in the prosecution of the Duke; not active only, but, as Shakespeare describes him, fully convinced beforehand of his guilt, and resolved on his condemnation. Why the countess of Salisbury[2] (who escaped on this occasion only to fall by the executioner at a later period) was spared "in consequence of her high birth and virtues," I do not pretend to inquire. To some of my readers it may suggest a conclusion I forbear to draw from expressions so brief and so ambiguous.

Whilst his surveyor and his chancellor, unknown to the Duke, were either in the Tower or closeted with the King at Greenwich, concocting evidence for their master's fall, the Duke was idling away his hours at Thornbury, either in listening to the sermons of Stanley, an Oxford friar (for he was deeply tinctured with religious terrors—no wonder), or in making offerings to the holy relics and blood at Hales, and at other consecrated shrines, in which the neighbourhood of Thornbury abounded.[3] On Monday, the 8th[4] of April, a messenger, to whom the Duke ordered a gratuity of a mark, arrived with letters from the King, commanding the Duke to repair instantly to London. He set out, wholly unconscious of the purport of the summons. His progress day by day may be traced in the diary of his accounts. At Reading he

[1] See III. 1204.

[2] Lord Stafford, the Duke's only son, was married to the Countess's daughter, Ursula.

[3] See the diary, III. p. 500.

[4] Misprinted 18th. *Ibid.*, p. 501.

made an oblation of 6*s.* 8*d.* to "the child of grace;" to Our Lady of Eyton near Windsor, on the 14th, 6*s.* 8*d.*; and as knight of the garter, he presented to the keeper of the garter robes at Windsor the sum of 20*s.* Here, for the first time, the real nature of that mission on which he was bound flashed upon the unhappy prisoner. Wherever he turned, armed men, as if watching his movements, seemed to hover in the distance: at every winding of the road, as if to cut off all hope of escape, real or imaginary, they drew more closely upon him. Such conduct at first attracted no attention. It was not unusual for soldiers and archers to be travelling on the road to Windsor and the metropolis either for the King's service or for other purposes. But as they continued to press upon his rear, and dog his movements, as some of them had even the audacity to take up their lodgings for the night in the hostelries occupied by the Duke, his anger was roused at this seeming impertinence. The morning after he had arrived at Windsor, as he was sitting down to breakfast, seeing a royal pursuivant loitering about the place, the Duke somewhat suddenly and sharply demanded of him, what he did there. The messenger replied, that his office lay there, by the King's commandment. Then, for the first time, so well had the secret been observed, the Duke discovered that he was a prisoner. The news fell on him with the abruptness of the headsman's axe. He turned ashy pale, the untasted morsel dropped from his lips, death was before him, escape was impossible.

Evidently he had not expected this. Since the interview between the two Kings in the vale of Arde, he had retired to the country, never making his appearance in London, or taking any part in the political discussions of the times. He had been employed in superintending his garden,[1] making curious knots and summer bowers, or busying himself with the lying-in of Lady Stafford, his son's wife, at Thornbury. If we may judge from his papers, his employments during his retirement were as far removed from treason or plots against the State, as any employments could well be. Next to making religious offerings at different shrines on every holy day,[2] for which the Duke seems to have entertained a kind of passion,

[1] III. p. 499.

[2] Here are a few: To our Lady of Kingswood; to St. Aldhelm at Malmesbury; to St. Ann in the Wood; to Our Lady of Belhouse, Bristol; to Prince Edward at Tewkesbury; to two idiots—then regarded with superstitious reverence,—one at Drinkwater, and another belonging to the Abbot of Chichester.

his chief delight was in training horses or purchasing dogs and falcons. Sometimes these occupations were varied by others of a different character. Poets, harpers, minstrels, players, and tumblers amused his tastes and partook of his bounty. On one occasion he gives to three maidens of Kainsham 8*d.*, in May, "for bringing hawthorns to my lord's grace when he was in his orchard;" at another time he pays 6*s.* 8*d.* for "a throstle bird." Part of his care is centred on "little Francis,"[1] a poor child whom he was bringing up for a scholar at Oxford, on the recommendation of a kind-hearted but crazy enthusiast, Dan Nicholas Hopkyns, a monk of the Charterhouse at Henton, who brought the Duke unintentionally into trouble, and died broken-hearted after his fall.[2]

It is true that the Duke had done nothing to conciliate the powerful Cardinal, now grown more powerful than ever. He

[1] This child was placed under the care of the prior of St. John's of Jerusalem, and the items for his expenditure are highly curious and interesting. For shaving his head 1*d.*, a pair of gloves 2*d.*, a pair of shoes 6*d.*, a pair of hose 10*d.*, a silk girdle 6*d.*, writing-paper 1*d.*, pen and inkhorn 2*d.*, washing his petticoat sundry times 3*d.*, mending and dry-scouring his Kendal coat 6*d.*, a shirt 20*d.*, walking shoes 8*d.* "For a hen at Shrovetide, for Francis to sport him with the childer," 7*d.*, a bow 6*d.*, shafts 3*d.*, strings, shooting glove and brace 3*d.* The Duke gives him 40*s.* as a reward. See III. pp. 503, 504.

[2] Here is the monk's letter, III. 1277:—

"My most singular and gracious lord in God. I, your poor and unworthy orator, desirous of your noble Grace's prosperity, which our Lord God omnipotent of His infinite mercy and goodness continually conserve from all misadventure and peril, as well in this miserable world as in the celestial world to come, where as is perdurable joy ineffable, attempt now to write unto your gracious Highness, trusting and also beseeching your noble Grace to accept my charitable striving, as your noble Grace has done herebefore. And whereas I now with fervent charity am moved to be desirous of your noble Grace's charity, I beseech your Lord's grace (*sic*) to condescend unto my desirous petition, forasmuch as it is to the augmenting of God's service, and specially as I do fey[th]fully trust it will be in time coming to the great comfort of our small company and place.

"There is now with us a poor child of 14 year of age, which is virtuously disposed, intending to be of our holy religion when Almighty God send time lawful; unto whom, for the virtue and grace that I daily see in him, I owe great favor. Wherefore, if it might please your noble goodness to do your alms upon him, finding him to his grammar till he be full twenty year, which (when) without doubt I trust verily ye shall have of him a good and a virtuous religious man, and also a true and trusty beadman. And moreover, after my confident feeling, I believe it shall be to your Lord's grace as charitable deed before Almighty God, and as well accept as ever was deed of charity by your noble Grace's power done. As knoweth Jesus, which be ever your protector, and set His most pleasure be once your Lord's grace conductor unto our poor place. Amen.

"Written at Charterhouse, Henton, by your simple and unworthy orator,

"Dan Nych'as Hopkyns, Vicar."

Addressed: "Illustrissimo in Christo Domino, domino Edwardo duci Buckingamiæ, tradatur hæc litera cum honore."

Also: "To the right honorable and his singular good lord, my lord Chamberlain."

had been at no pains to conceal his dislike and contempt of one, who like a cloud "had darkened his clear sun." Never, like Norfolk and Suffolk, had he graced by his presence those occasions in which Wolsey shone forth, as another and scarcely second sun, in some religious or state ceremonial. But he had taken more than ordinary pains, and apparently not without success, to regain the favour of the King. In August, 1519, he had entertained Henry and his retinue magnificently at Penshurst for several days.[1] The same year he entered into the questionable amusements and gaieties of the court with an abandonment hazardous to a man of his high spirit and hasty temper. Along with other fashions introduced into this country by the French hostages was a taste for gambling, in which the King and many of his immediate attendants engaged with the rash ardour and unguarded inexperience of novices. On one occasion the Duke lost at dice with "the Duke of Suffolk and the Frenchmen" no less a sum than 76*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, that is upwards of 1,000*l.* in modern computation.[2] At another time, he lost to the Lord Montague 65*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, to the King at tennis 14*l.*, to Suffolk at shooting 31*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and again to Suffolk and others, "since coming to the King," 51*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* He was apparently sobered by these and other heavy sacrifices, for no sums are entered in his subsequent accounts for losses incurred at play.[3] If we except some hasty and unguarded expressions dropped in the irritation of the moment in the recesses of his family circle—and even these are uncertain—conscious of his blood, his great wealth and popularity, he seems to have been more than usually cautious of provoking the King's displeasure. Until the autumn of 1520, and for the three years previous, he had been in favour at court, and his offences (if any) had been forgotten or forgiven.[4]

To return. The Duke quailed, but only for a moment—as what spirit, however brave, would not quail in the pride of its

[1] III. 412.

[2] See III. p. 499. On one occasion he paid the Duke of Suffolk in full 500 marks, *i.e.* upwards of 3,000*l.* of our money, for losses at dice. (p. 505.)

[3] As might be expected, there are various entries, at the same time, for money borrowed by the Duke, on his gold chains, jewels, or his bond; doubtless in support of this extravagance.

[4] On Nov. 5, 1519, he had a grant from the crown of the wardship of Thomas, son of Gerald FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare. See also II., Nos. 1893, 1959, 2987, 4057, 4061, 4075, 4124. From these it will be seen that up to the interview at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Buckingham was not only in favour with the King, but as he admits (No. 2987), he owed that favour to Wolsey's interposition.

strength ?—at such a sudden prospect of death, and of death in a form so hateful as the doom of a traitor. Ordering his horse immediately, he rode to Tothill Fields, near Westminster. On taking his barge, and landing at the stairs of the Cardinal's palace, his worst apprehensions were confirmed. In reply to his inquiries he was told that the Cardinal was sick, and could not be seen. "Well," said the Duke, not abating a whit of his high spirit at this new demonstration of danger, "I will yet taste of my Lord's wine or (ere) I pass:" and he was conducted to the cellar by one of the Cardinal's gentlemen with all due courtesy and reverence.

Embarking once more on board his barge, he was rowed down the river to London Bridge. As the barge neared the stairs it was suddenly boarded by Sir Henry Marny, captain of the Guard, attended by a hundred yeomen. Attaching the Duke in the King's name, Sir Henry commanded his attendants to retire to the Duke's manor of the Rose in St. Lawrence Pountney, whilst he carried his prisoner, who had now landed at the Hay Wharf, through Thames Street to the Tower. Here Nicholas Hopkyns, the Carthusian monk, John Delacourt, the Duke's confessor, and Robert Gilbert, his chancellor, were already in custody, pending the Duke's arrival. Shortly after, his son-in-law the lord Abergavenny, and the Lord Montague, were apprehended and sent to the same place.

The Duke was committed to the Tower on the 16th of April. The indictment was laid at the Guildhall, before Sir John Brugge, lord mayor, and others, on Wednesday, the 8th of May. On the 10th of the same month the Duke of Norfolk, acting as lord high steward, issued his warrant for the attendance of the peers at Westminster Hall on Monday, the 13th. Among the peers thus summoned for the Duke's trial were the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, Derby, Devonshire, and Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, with nine other barons, including William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, the celebrated friend and patron of Erasmus.

The axe was carried before the Duke as he was brought to the bar, between Sir Thomas Lovel, the constable, and Sir Richard Cholmeley, deputy lieutenant of the Tower. The indictment, in the rambling, legal terminology of the times, framed like the Gospel-net to catch all chances of condemnation, good or bad, substantial or otherwise, extended over a period of ten years, from 1511 to 1520. It rested exclusively

on the depositions of the Duke's servants, Delacourt, Gilbert, and Charles Knyvet. Their evidence related chiefly to a correspondence said to have been held by the Duke with Nicholas Hopkyns, a pretender to the gift of prophecy, and seems almost too absurd or too exaggerated to be credible. Hopkyns, so the evidence ran, first exacting an oath of secrecy from Delacourt, bade him inform the Duke that "he should have all," and encouraged him to win the love of the commons. On being questioned how he knew this, Hopkyns replied, "By the grace of God." At another time the monk assured the Duke that the King should have no male issue—a safe prophecy enough, so long as Katharine remained Queen. In April, 1514, according to the same witness, the Duke went to the priory at Henton and was assured by Hopkyns he should be King of England; to which assurance the Duke replied, that in such a case he would act like a just prince. In confirmation of this treasonable correspondence, it was alleged that the Duke had given the house to which Hopkyns belonged an annuity of 6*l.* for a tun of wine, and 20*l.* for a water conduit, of which sum he then and there had traitorously paid 10*l.*

In Gilbert's evidence the Duke was accused of purchasing cloths of gold and silver, to the amount of 300 marks, for the purpose of distributing them in presents to the King's guards; of endeavouring to obtain a licence from the King for arming certain of his subjects in Wales;—a charge not unlikely to be true, and, considering the disorders of the principality, and the Duke's large possessions there, not necessarily indicative of any felonious intention.

But the most invidious and perilous charge, resting wholly on the evidence of his chancellor, Gilbert, has yet to be mentioned. Gilbert deposed that on the 20th of February, 1520, the Duke told him, at Bletchingley in Surrey, that he would wait for a more convenient season to execute his purpose; and that it would be well if the lords would show their minds to each other, but they were afraid to do so. The Duke said also that all that Henry VII. had done was done wrongfully; and as for himself he was so great a sinner that he was certain he had not the grace of God, and therefore if he attempted anything he was sure of being punished.

The evidence of Charles Knyvet, his surveyor, whom the Duke had deprived of his offices, was of a fouler and blacker dye than that of the rest. It will be remembered that in

1519 the King had been grievously offended with Sir William Bulmer for leaving his service, and entering the service of the Duke of Buckingham. In reference to this event, Knyvet deposed that the Duke had said, in conversation with him, that he expected nothing less at that time than to have been committed to the Tower; but if that had been done, the principal actors—meaning the King and the Cardinal—should have had but little joy; for he would have done what his father intended to do to Richard III. at Salisbury, when he made suit to come into the King's presence; kneeling before the King, he would have started up suddenly, and stabbed him on the spot. In saying this, continued Knyvet, he laid his hand upon his dagger, swearing by the blood of the Lord he would do the best to execute his purpose. Shakespeare has adhered so strictly to the facts connected with the Duke's indictment that I need not continue these remarks.

The depositions against him contained many particulars which it was not deemed prudent to bring forward at the trial. Some of them are apparently so immaterial that it is difficult to discover their bearing on the case. Thus it is deposed (evidently by his chaplain Delacourt) that on the 26th of October, 1520, the Duke, in the presence of his council,[1] had said, "I commanded you to bring your books with you;" and on their affirming they had done so, he thus proceeded: "I intended not to busy you or to trouble myself with any such matter at this time, but to commune with you and show you my mind. Ye see I wear a beard, whereof peradventure ye do marvel. But marvel not of it; for I make a vow unto God that it shall never be shaven unto such time as I have been at Jerusalem. And if I may obtain the King's licence to perform my promise and vow, it were more to my comfort than if his Grace would give me 10,000*l.*; yea, more glad than if his Grace would give 10,000*l.* land to me and mine heirs." That there was no great wisdom in these words is apparent enough; but what treason could lurk behind them I confess I am unable to discover. In fact, all the depositions against the Duke show him to have been rather a weak than a wicked man;—not without ambition, not without hopes, perhaps, of succeeding eventually to the crown; too vacillating to be innocent, too weak to be dangerous, sinning and repenting, "letting I dare not wait upon I would." The King might very well have pardoned the Duke, without

[1] III. p. 495.

fear of sparing a dangerous rival and pretender, had that been all.

I subjoin, without abridgment, the deposition of Robert Gilbert, the chancellor, as affording the clearest exemplification of the *animus* of the chief parties concerned in the prosecution, and of the sort of legal evidence admitted in trials for high treason during the reigns of the Tudors.

CONFESSION and DEPOSITION of the DUKE'S CHANCELLOR.[1]

"First, he saith he heard the said Duke say that he had a writing sealed with the King's broad seal, confessing the acts of parliament, wherein it was enacted that the duke of Somerset, one of the noble ancestors of our sovereign lord, was made *mulier*, or legitimate, and that the same Duke said that he was minded to have given the same writing to our sovereign lord the King's father, and he said he would not he had so done for ten thousand pounds.

"Also he saith that he heard the said Duke say at sundry times that my lord Cardinal was an [i]dolator, taking counsel of a spirit how he might contin[ue in th]e King's favour, and that he was the King's bawd, showing him w[hat w]omen were most wholesome, and best of complexion, for his Grace to use; and that the life that they used was so abominable that God would punish it, and that it could not continue; and that my lord Cardin[al] is so sore with noble men, that they would be all in his top if the King's grace were displeased with him, and that he would undo all noble men if he could.

"Also he saith that he heard the said Duke say, that he had done as good services as any man, and was never rewarded; and that the King would give his fees, offices, and rewards rather to boys than to noble men, which was small comfort to them to do his Grace services.

"Also he saith that he heard the said Duke say, that he trusted to see the time that Sir William Compton should be glad to let him have the land again that he had sold him.

"Also he saith that the said Duke hath always done as much as he could to have favor of the King's guard, and hath many times greatly rejoiced in it, that he thought himself sure of them; and now of late he hath much studied to make many particular offices in his lands, to the intent that he might retain as many men by the same offices that he could.

"Also the said Duke would at many times cause to be provided for him in cloth of gold and other silks to the value of three hundred or four hundred marks, and would give it all within a quarter of a year to gentlemen, to get their love.

"Also of late, when the said Duke had given a doublet of cloth of silver to Sir Edward Neyvell, he rejoiced of it, and said to my lord of Burgavenny that he had gotten the goodwill of his brother Sir Edward Neyvell, and said that he was sure that my lord Burgavenny could not get the goodwill of Sir Edward Neyvell from him.

"Also he heard the said Duke [gr]udge and be discontented many times that the earl of War[wick was put t]o death, and said that God would punish it, and that [he had pu]nished it in that he would not suffer the King's [grace's] issue to prosper, as it appeareth by the [death o]f his son, and that his daughters prosper not, and that the King's g[race ha]s no issue male, and that it would be further punish[ed; and] further the said Duke said, that he would suffer till that he might see a more convenient time, and that it would do well enough if the noblemen durst

[1] Harl. MS. 283, f. 70.—B. M.

break their minds together, but some of them mistrusteth, and feareth to break their minds to other, and that marreth all; so that there is no remedy for us but to suffer till that a convenient time may come, for there be but few of us contented in our minds; we be so sore and so unkindly handled.

"Also he saith that if the said Duke might have had convenient time, and have been strong enough to have made his party good, he would have done as much against the King's grace as he could have done; for he hath said that all that the King's father did was wrong and naught, and he hath at all times grudged against every thing that our sovereign Lord hath done.

"Also the said Duke said, that he had been such a sinner that he was sure that he lacked grace, and therefore he knew well that he should speed the worse when he should begin to do anything against the King; and therefore he said he would suffer till that he might see a more convenient time for it."

The depositions of the witnesses were read at the trial; but, if we may draw any conclusion from the silence of Hall, no opportunity was afforded the Duke of confronting and cross-examining the witnesses in person, or of producing evidence in his own defence. He was allowed no counsel; and no other course was open to him for establishing his innocence, beyond the bare denial of the offences charged against him. "When the indictment was openly read," writes Hall, "the Duke said, 'It is false and untrue, and conspired and forged to bring me to my death; and that will I prove,'—alleging many reasons to falsify the indictment. And against his reasons the King's attorney alleged the examinations, confessions, and proofs of witnesses;" that is, the confessions and allegations prepared some weeks before, without the knowledge of the Duke, by the King and his ministers at Greenwich.

"The Duke desired the witnesses to be brought forth. Then was brought before him Sir Gilbert Perke, priest, his chancellor, first accuser of the same Duke; Master John Delacourt, priest, the Duke's confessor; and his own handwriting [was] laid before him, to the accusement of the Duke; Charles Knevet, esquire, cousin to the Duke, and a monk (Nicholas Hopkyns), Prior of the Charterhouse (at Henton) besides Bath, which, like a false hypocrite, had induced the Duke to the treason, and had divers time said to the Duke that he should be king of England; but the Duke said that in himself he never consented to it." The depositions were then read, and the witnesses were handed over to the custody of the officers of the Tower.[1]

[1] In the following paper, under his own hand, the Duke substantially denied the charges brought against him:—

"Then spake the duke of Norfolk, and said: 'My lord, the King our sovereign lord hath commanded that you shall have his laws ministered with favor and right to you. Wherefore if you have any other thing to say for yourself, you shall be heard.' Then he was commanded to withdraw him, and so was led into *Paradise*, a house so named."

As trials for treason were conducted in those days, it was little better than a question of personal credibility—assertion against assertion; and very few reasonable men could entertain doubts as to the issue. The King had already pronounced judgment; he had examined the witnesses, encouraged and received their confidence, and expressed his belief of the Duke's guilt. Who was to gainsay it? Who should be bold

"Ans[wers made by me the du]ke of Bukingham beffore Sir Thomas Lovell, knyght, one off the Kyng's most honorable concell, towching such words as was betwene me and my gostly fader, callyd th[e] wycar generall of Henton.

"Fyrst, I seye tha[t in] the somer beffore the King's grace whent to Calys, he sent a letter off hys owne hand unto me, and desyryd me that I wold cum over to speke with hym, for he had dyveres thyngs to shewe me, whych he wold schewe no body on hys good wyll; but iff I myght not cum he wold be content to schewe it to one off my chapeley[ns] suche as I wold trust. Wherupon bycause he had bene longe my goostly ffader, thynking that he coold have informyd me off sum wrongs that I had doon, or elles to sum materes off pyte, I wrote a letter to hym ageyne, and schewed hym that I myght not cum to hym, and prayd hym to wryte it to me, or elles to schewe it to Mayster Dalacourt; whych Mr. Dalacourt came to me ffrom hym, and seyd he wold not wryt, but the nexst tyme that I cum to hym [he] wold schewe it me hymselff; and su[m time] followyng, whyche [was when the King took his] jorney in warffar into France, I [confessed to] hym; and when I whas in schryft to hym [he axed me] wheder I schuld goo into France w[ith the King]; and I schewed hym ye; and he sayd [that he was very] glad theroff; ffor he sayd the Kyng's grace [would] wyn gret honor ther, and that whe [should] all cum home save ageyne; but that the Scotts schuld make sum troby[l]. And then he sayd, iff the kyng off Scotts came [into this realm he] schuld nott goo home ageyn; and I [asked him] howe he knewe thys, and axyd him wheder he had knowledge thereoff [by] prophesye; and he seyd, naye, but said to [me] *Ex [Deo habeo]*.

"And after he axyd me how meny c[hildren] the Kyng had had, and I told hym; and [he] sayd, I pray God hys issue may co[ntinue], ffor I ffer gretly God ys not contentyd [that] he makyth not resty[tu]cion accordyng to the Kyng [his father's will], ffor he herd no [man] speyk thereoff; and [he] charchyd me, upon my allegiance towards hys Grace, to adwyse hys concell to make restitution, and wheder he schewde part off thes words . . . can not perffyghtly remember . . . theym, ffor the most part off t . . . and Mayster Dalacourt alsoo * * *" —Cott. App. xlviii. 109. B.M.

The substance of this confession has been preserved by Lord Herbert in his History of Henry VIII. According to Herbert the Duke is reported to have said that he repeated these words to his chancellor Gilbert; and upon his return from France he visited Hopkins, stating that he had told the truth. He adds, that at another time the Duke visited Hopkyns, with his son Lord Stafford and the Earl of Westmoreland, and that Hopkyns then said that some of his blood should hereafter prove great men. After this Hopkyns again sent to the Duke requesting him to help their house at Henton in making their conduit, according to his promise, for the 10*l.* he had formerly given them was all spent.

enough to assert that the King had arrived at a false conclusion, and that such methods of procedure were fatal to justice? In a court also, constituted of men who were not lawyers by profession, who had received no training for such nice questions, who understood nothing of the salutary laws of legal evidence, what hope could there be for the accused? How could he expect that protection which not only innocence but guilt has a right to demand, until the charge be fairly and fully proven? The only lawyer employed was the attorney-general in behalf of the Crown. But in those days attorney-generals regarded themselves as the servants of the Crown, who had to earn their wages by establishing the guilt of the prisoner.

So the lords retired, and upon their return into court the sentence of each peer was taken one by one. Then said the Duke of Norfolk to the Duke of Suffolk, "What say you of Sir Edward, duke of Buckingham, touching these high treasons?" "I say that he is guilty," answered the Duke, laying his hand upon his breast. Every peer made the same response; and against each of the names entered on the panel—a little scrap of dirty parchment, still preserved at the Record Office—there is to be seen to this day, in the handwriting of the Duke of Norfolk, *Dicit quod est culpabilis.*

Then was the Duke brought to the bar to hear his sentence. For a few moments he was overpowered by his emotions. In the extremity of his agony, he chafed and sweat vehemently. Recovering himself, after a while, he made his obeisance to the court. After a short pause, a deathlike silence: "Sir Edward," said the Duke of Norfolk, "you have heard how you be indicted of high treason; you pleaded thereto not guilty, putting yourself to the judgment of your peers, the which have found you guilty." Then bursting into a torrent of tears (he was an old man, who had faced death unmoved in the field of Flodden), he faltered out, "Your sentence is, that you be led back to prison; laid on a hurdle, and so drawn to the place of execution; there to be hanged; cut down alive, your members to be cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before your eyes, your head smitten off, your body quartered and divided at the King's will. And God have mercy on your soul! Amen."

The Duke heard this horrible sentence with unusua dignity and composure. Turning to the Duke of Norfolk, he

quietly replied, "You have said, my lord, as a traitor should be said unto; but I was never none." Then, addressing himself to the court, he requested that those present would pray for him, assuring them that he forgave them his death, and expressing his determination not to sue for mercy.

In compliance with the customs of the time, the edge of the axe was turned towards him, as he was led out of the hall by the constable and deputy lieutenant of the Tower. At Westminster stairs he took water, and landing at the Temple was delivered over to Sir Nicholas Vaux and Sir William Sandys, by whom he was conducted through the city to the Tower. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The proceedings for his trial had commenced on Monday, and lasted some days. Between the short interval of his sentence and execution, constant to the resolution he had expressed of not suing to the King for mercy, the Duke protested his innocence and prepared for death. On the following Friday morning, the 17th of May, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, at a time when the hills of Surrey were clothed in their freshest verdure, and the then unoccupied banks of the Thames sloped to the water's edge with the tender green and delicate blossom of the white thorn, the Duke's favourite flower, the sombre procession threaded its way through the dark passages of the Tower, and emerged upon the Green. Among the sobs and tears of the spectators, the Duke, led by the two sheriffs, mounted the scaffold with a firm and composed step. Turning himself to the crowd, he requested all men to pray for him, "trusting," he said, "to die the King's true man; whom, through his own negligence and lack of grace, he had offended." With this brief request, he kneeled at the block. There was a sudden glimmer for an instant in the air, then a dull thud, and the head rolled heavily from the body. The headsman wiped his axe; the attendants threw a cloth over the headless trunk, to conceal the blood which streamed in torrents over the scaffold, and dripped through the platform on the grass beneath. In rough frieze, barefooted, and bareheaded, six poor Augustinian friars, shouldering a rude coffin, emerged from the shuddering and receding crowd. Gathering up the remains of the once mighty Duke of Buckingham—for the King, satisfied with his condemnation, had commuted the last extremities of the sentence—they carried the corpse to the church of the Austin Friars.[1]

[1] Memorandum on the cover of Lambeth MS., No. 316.

The Duke in his lifetime had been kind to poor religious men, and this was the last and only office they could render him.

An unwise and unguarded man, the Duke had in him little of that metal of which traitors are generally made. Capricious in temper, careless of tongue, even had he contrived to steer his way in safety to less dangerous times, he would never have grasped political power with a steady hand. Formidable from his wealth, his connections, his rank, and his blood, formidable from his nearness to the throne and the barrenness of Katharine, it behoved him to have been either more than usually courteous or more than usually conciliating. He was too proud to be either. He despised the Cardinal, and was at no pains to conceal it. He despised the King for being guided by the Cardinal, and was easily goaded on by treacherous friends and cunning domestics to speak dishonourably, if not treasonably, of his sovereign. If he had committed anything worthy of death, if he had conspired against the life or dignity of the King, of which I can find no trace, no probability even, in his private papers, the proofs tendered of his guilt at his trial can satisfy no one at this day. If they are inclusive in themselves, they appear more so from the fact that whilst the evidence for the prosecution had been deliberately framed for many weeks, the unhappy prisoner, kept in the dark as to the precise charges to be brought against him, had no time or opportunity to prepare for his defence until the day of his trial; until then, when the indictment was read and the witnesses produced, he had no knowledge of the crimes he was called upon to answer. But the people, though they pitied his fall, had no very clear notions of the reasons for his condemnation; unaccustomed to question the judgment of their superiors, they accepted the verdict of his peers as conclusive against him. The presumption was stronger than the proof. It was enough for ordinary thinkers that the Duke was a proud man; he was certainly a wealthy man, descended from a stock that was dangerous to royalty, and apt to be overbearing. That he listened readily to prophecies, at a time when prophecies were the oracular expressions of discontent and instruments of mischief, seemed enough to justify the impression of his guilt. So he fell, not without pity, tears alternating with the sterner conviction that his fate was unavoidable. The happiness of the nation was bound up in its King; and the blood of the noblest was

not a sacrifice too costly to expiate the least taint or suspicion of disloyalty.

On the day of the Duke's execution Wolsey was attending on the King as he sate in his chair in his gallery at Greenwich. The King was just then recovering from fever and ague, under which he had been labouring for some days, when the Cardinal took the opportunity of urging that letters of "consolation and credence" should be sent to the widowed Duchess and her son, Lord Stafford.[1] On reminding the King of this request a second time, a few days after, Wolsey added, "If you think them (*sc.* these letters of condolence) not convenient to pass, I remit that to you."

Of the jury who had concurred in the condemnation of the Duke, two-thirds, perhaps, participated in his sentiments. The exclusion of the ancient aristocracy from office, in conformity with the Tudor policy; their hopelessness, as expressed by the Duke, of obtaining any just recognition of their services, however great;[2] their hereditary hatred of an ecclesiastic, of low birth, like Wolsey, who monopolized the King's favour, and excluded them from their due share of influence in the State; their fixed aversion to a French alliance;—all combined to spread a feeling of discontent among them, which might have found a centre in the Duke, however otherwise unfitted by genius or resolution to be the leader of a great conspiracy. Then, again, from the days of Richard III. the De la Poles had never wholly abandoned their hopes of the crown, between which and themselves there stood so slight, so thin, an obstacle, hopes nearly realized more than once. Such a conspiracy would have been mortal to the Cardinal; dangerous at least, if not destructive, to the royal authority. Men who looked not deeply into the character of Henry VIII. might easily flatter themselves that a monarch who appeared to surrender his judgment exclusively to his great minister, and spend so much of his time in hunting, amusements, and devotion, would prove no great obstacle to their designs; and the King, surrounded by a compact and narrow band of the greatest nobles, would have been reduced to a cipher.

So the execution of the Duke was a State necessity, in strict accordance with Tudor maxims. It crushed entirely all

[1] III. 1292.

[2] "He heard the Duke say that he had done as good services as any man, and was never rewarded, and that the King would give his fees, offices, and rewards to boys rather than to noblemen; which was small comfort to them to do his Grace service."

danger from a suspected quarter. The nobility were more humbled, more scared, than ever. That accomplished, there was no reason why mercy should not take the place of judgment; and the moderation of Wolsey is conspicuous in thus moving the King to write these letters of condolence.

But more remained.

It was not possible that a nobleman, so eminent as the Duke, could be thus taken off without provoking much discussion and many disagreeable suspicions in every court in Europe. It was not politic that the oft-repeated boast of the King's popularity should be considered as devoid of foundation, or that it should be said that the greatest of his nobility were disaffected to his government. In his despatch to the English ambassador at the French court,[1] the Cardinal enjoins him to thank the French King for the offers he had made to defend the King's person, when he first heard of the Duke's attachment. He was to say that the King had been aware for some time of the Duke's disaffection; that he had recently been detected in treason against the King's person and succession, especially against the Princess Mary, with whose alliance in France he was much displeased;[2] that these things being proved, and at last admitted by himself, he had been executed according to his demerits. As no trace of this charge is to be found in the Duke's indictment, or in the account of his trial, it must be considered as a political figment invented to suit the atmosphere of the French court, and justify, on motives fully appreciated by the French King, the execution of the Duke.[3] But though nothing of this appeared on the trial—and there were excellent reasons why it should not, for the Duke would certainly have been regarded as a political martyr to a measure in the highest degree unpopular—there are indications that, in common with Suffolk, Abergavenny, and the people in general, Buckingham regarded the French and this marriage alliance with aversion. Fully to understand the feelings of the times, we must take into account the long-standing rivalry between the two nations. The irrepressible jealousy and excessive dislike with which France, its ambition, its habits, its fashions, its activity under all forms, were then

[1] III. 1293.

[2] At the Calais conference in the following August Wolsey positively assured the French minister, Du Prat, that Buckingham had been beheaded for opposing the Cardinal in promoting the alliance of France and England. III. 1556.

[3] III. 1293.

regarded by the mass of the English people, are barely intelligible to us now, to whom the conquest of France has ceased to be more than a dim and idle tradition, stirring no blood, awakening no memories and no regrets. But in those days men still talked over by the fireside the deeds of their forefathers in the fields of France; they believed as fully in the right and title of their kings to France as we believe in our title to India or Ireland. Henry's only surviving child and heir was the Princess Mary. The nation had ceased to expect any other. By her union with the Dauphin a way was opened to the succession of a French prince to the throne of England. Nothing could be more odious to the people than such an anticipation; and there was no policy that Buckingham could have adopted which would have secured his object with greater certainty, had he been really desirous of the Cardinal's overthrow, than to have declared himself an enemy to that measure, of which Wolsey boasted to be the sole author. With a little more cunning and self-control, he might at this critical moment have filled England with discontent from one end to the other. The suspicions of the King and the Cardinal were not wholly devoid of foundation. They watched the actions of the Duke and his friends with considerable apprehension.[1] Once only had he been in the company of Francis, and had not left a very favourable impression. Sir Thomas Cheyne details a conversation he had with Francis I. respecting the Duke a short time after.[2] Francis, he says, "fell on devising (talking) of the duke of Buckingham, and said he had no fancy to him, and said he thought he should come to that he is now come to. And he reported him to my Lady his mother, whether he said so or no immediately after his coming from Arde." On another occasion,[3] Francis, talking on the same subject with Fitzwilliam, inquired what sort of a man the Duke was; Fitzwilliam replied that "he was a high-minded man, and one that would speak sometimes like a man in a rage." Francis said, "he judged him for such a man, and so full of choler that there was nothing could content him." The ambassador rejoined that the King had often given the Duke good lessons; so good that, if he had had any grace, he would never have deserved to be in the Tower; and he added that the Duke had

[1] See the King's extraordinary letter to the Cardinal, III. 1, and the note.

[2] Feb. 13, 1522.

[3] III. 1245.

often received warnings as well from Wolsey as from his own servants.

The Emperor—for the death of the Duke was a subject of discussion in all the courts of Europe—never very demonstrative, expressed his regret *more imperatorum*. There had been much talk in his court, he told Wingfield,[1] of the Duke's attainder, and it was not easy to prevent it; but as for himself, he knew too well the King's great virtue and wisdom to suppose he would have had the Duke executed except upon great and just cause. When Wingfield told him that the charges were proved against the Duke, and confessed by him before his death, the Emperor observed that the King could not have done otherwise than he had done. Nevertheless, he said, he was sorry the Duke should have come to such an end; for he had taken him for a friend, supposing he had been a friend to the King. Such conversations as these must not be accepted for more than they are worth. The ambassador received his cue from the minister; and if he doubted of its truthfulness, it was not his business to give utterance to his doubts, much less in despatches addressed to his own court and its minister.

But far away from the metropolis men canvassed in less bated terms the execution of the Duke. On the 18th of June, 1521, an information was laid against John Stede, of Warham, Norfolk, for "heinous words against the King's grace."[2] On the Monday in Whitsun week—so runs the deposition of one witness—John Fuller or Fowler came to John Stede at Sydestern, and was hired into his service in Dovehouse Close. Stede asked the new-comer, in whose service he had been; he replied, in the Duke of Northumberland's.[3] Then said Stede, "I am sure my lord and yours is pensive for the duke of Buckingham." To which Fowler answered, he could not tell, for it was not known there upon St. George's day, and he had left the day following. Stede rejoined: "My lord would be pensive if he knew as much as I do; for I heard that upon Monday his judgment was given unto him before my lord of Norfolk and other lords; and then the said Duke sat down upon his knee, and desired the Lords that they should desire the King's grace to be good and gracious unto his wife and to his children; but as for his own life he would not sue. And furthermore he said, 'An he had not offended no more unto God than he had done to the Crown he should die as true

[1] III. 1328.
[2] III. 1356.
[3] The Duchess of Buckingham was Northumberland's daughter.

man as ever was in the world." On another occasion, Sir John Estcott, the parish priest, and Nicholas Parker, my Lord Broke's huntsman, were talking together on the 16th of May in Monkyn Bucland, about the Duke of Buckingham.[1] Then said Estcott, it was a pity such an honourable man should order himself so against God and his King. And Parker said, "in counsel," that the Duke seven years ago had made Lord Broke of counsel in this matter, and invited him to join his household.

But if there were any one who really hoped that the execution of Buckingham would occasion discontent, and end in the overthrow of the Cardinal, they were doomed to disappointment. The nation in general silently acquiesced in the Duke's fall; none cared to scrutinize too narrowly the evidence on which he was condemned, or the constitution and procedure of the tribunal before which he had been tried. The King was the fountain of all justice, not in the sense of a dry legal axiom, which as no one disputes, so no one realizes, but in the hearts and intimate convictions of his people. And if that fountain occasionally in turbulent times or distressing emergencies sent forth bitter waters as well as sweet, the nation was not inclined, on that account, to forego their belief in the justice of their sovereigns, or question the benefit of a strong and resolute rule. To those who looked back on the horrors and disorders of the civil wars, the occasional harshness of an arbitrary but regular government seemed a happy exchange for the licentiousness and cruelty of internecine strife.

The big birds of prey swooped down and clamoured round the noble quarry. The Duke had been one of the richest men of his times. His manors, castles, parks, stewardships were scattered over eleven of the best counties in England.[2] Wolsey excepted, he had a more magnificent taste for building than any of his contemporaries, and had spared no expense in decorating his mansion, park, and gardens at Thornbury. At the time of his death he was engaged in erecting a castle "with curious works and stately lodgings." On the east of the castle was "a goodly garden" to walk in, a large orchard with many alleys; and in different parts of the orchard, "on a good height," were "roosting-places" or summer houses,

[1] III. 1320.

[2] *Sc.* Hants, Wilts, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Bucks, Bedfordshire, Kent, and Surrey; not to mention his vast possessions in Wales. See III. 1286.

embowered with white thorn and hazel. The orchard communicated with a new park, containing 700 deer, and inclosed thirteen fish-ponds, fed by a spring. Crossing the road was another park holding 300 deer; and two miles from the castle a third, seven miles in extent, filled with 500 fallow and 50 red deer.

Next in value was his borough of Newport in Wales, with its haven full of shipping, and a proper castle with three towers, close to the water's edge; "the middlest tower having a vault or entry to receive into the said castle a good vessel." Here the Duke exercised the rights of a suzerain, imposing fines and imprisoning offenders.

Next came the lordship of Tunbridge in Kent, with its castle; "as strong a castle as few be in England. The town of Tunbridge is a borough large and well inhabited with people, having plenty of water running through it in divers places." Adjoining it was a park of oaks and beeches, giving pasture to 300 fallow deer, and embracing in its circuit fifty-two islands. There was also his manor place of Bletchingley, "properly and newly builded;" with its hall, chapel, chambers, parlours, closets, and oratories newly ceiled, its wainscoted roofs, floors, and walls, "to the intent they may be used at pleasure without hangings."

Then the town of Brecknock, "a very proper walled town, well builded, and as well paved, with many honest inhabitants in the same, enclosed on the west side thereof with the castle, which is a good and a strong hold, with all houses of offices and lodgings builded after the old fashion." The castle had a hall, the roof of which "was newly and costly made with pendants after a goodly fashion, and into the said castle water was conveyed by a conduit." Adjoining it was a forest and a great mere, "in length nigh three miles and in breadth a mile, well replenished with fish, and specially with breams."

Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, another of his possessions, is described as being "within a moat, well and compendiously trussed together in due and convenient proportion." Within a quarter of a mile of it was Stonely priory, a park, and a fox hunt. Then the manor of Writtell, in Essex, partly decayed, but substantially built, "all of gross timber, in a quadrant with a cloister." The commissioners report that this might be made with no great charge a convenient house for the King, "when by any occasion his Grace should

be minded to remove from Newhall, or for hunting-time in summer."

Maxstock Castle, in Warwickshire, another portion of his estates, is described as "a right proper thing after the old building; standing within a fair and large moat full of fish, being builded four-square, and at every corner is a tower covered with lead, wherein be proper lodgings." Besides its spacious hall, chapel, and chambers, the apartments in this castle "had chimneys and draughts." "Much of the work," it is added, "was done by my Lady's grace the King's grand-dame, and wanted finishing in sundry wise;" but it would, at an outlay of 100*l.*, make a suitable castle for the King and Queen in the time of their progress.

The town of Stafford is returned as "a proper and a fair town, which continually aforetime hath been the King's town, albeit the benefices in the same, and lands lying about it, were the late duke of Buckingham's." The castle stood in a park a mile from the town, "upon so goodly an height that all the country might be seen twenty or thirty miles about; and one way a man may see to the King's lordship of Caurs in Wales, thirty miles from thence, and another way to the King's honor of Tutbury." Six of the little chambers in the castle had "draughts and chimneys." As it was only fifteen miles from Tutbury, and thirteen or fourteen from Lichfield, it is suggested that it would be "right pleasant for the King, when making his progress in grease time."[1]

Other lordships are enumerated and described, but those already mentioned will be enough to give my readers some notion of the wealth and magnificence of the great Duke. The total annual rental derived from his possessions in England and Wales was estimated at 6,045*l.* 7*s.* 1⅓*d.*, or about twelve times that amount according to our modern computation.[2]

Here were noble spoils; for, without detracting much from the general value of the confiscation, there were minor estates, manors, offices, stewardships, chapelries to be distributed among those who had boldness enough to ask and favour enough to obtain them. Among the sharers of the spoil we find two of the Duke's judges, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,[3] Sir Nicholas Carew,[4] Sir William Fitzwilliam,[5] Sir

[1] III. 1286.
[2] III. 1288.
[3] III. 2382, 3162.
[4] III. 2396.
[5] III. 2167.

Griffith Don,[1] Henry Norris,[2] and the two Wingfields.[3] In this distribution there might be, there probably was, nothing culpable; but we have reason to be thankful that such usages exist no longer.

[1] III. 2587. [2] III. 2659. [3] III. 2043, 2682.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CALAIS CONFERENCE.

MEANWHILE the relations between Francis and the Emperor were every day becoming less satisfactory. The rebellion of the Emperor's subjects in Spain, his absence at Worms, his incessant occupation with the cares of his new empire, seemed to offer an excellent opportunity to the French King for prosecuting his own designs, and invading the imperial dominions. But Charles had given no cause for hostility, and he was well aware that, in case of a rupture, the assistance of England would be required against the aggressor. To furnish the Emperor with no pretext for invoking that assistance; to secure it, if possible, for himself, by inducing Charles to strike the first blow;—this was the main object of his policy. To avoid a contingency he clearly foresaw must happen sooner or later, Francis hurried on his preparations.

To keep England in good humour, to hide from an ally with whom he professed to be on amicable terms so much of his design as it did not suit his purpose to reveal, required no little tact and dexterity. In the unsatisfactory state of his relations with other European powers, as they were jealous and suspicious of his movements, he could not afford to throw away the amity of England. He was conscious that the Pope hated and feared him, and was straining every nerve to unite Italy and the empire against him. The Emperor's hostility, he was aware, was no less personal than political. Therefore, his safety and his ambition alike demanded that Francis should, if possible, prevent those combinations of his enemies to which they were prompted by their fears, their jealousies or their interests. On the other hand, it was equally the policy of Wolsey and the Pope, though for different reasons, to keep Francis and the Emperor employed by fomenting divisions between them. The Pope could only hope to secure his independence by their mutual antagonism. For if two

such champions of the Church and irresponsible dictators of Christendom were once united, they would control the Papacy, and distribute the thunders of the Vatican at their pleasure. Weak enough already, the Pope would then have become a weaker and more submissive vassal; a mere instrument to do their bidding. Now, if Charles or his ambassadors attempted to coerce his Holiness—as they were not disinclined to do whenever they found him less compliant than they wished—if they quartered Spanish and Sicilian troops on the Neapolitan frontier, or afforded convenient relief and refuge to the Pope's enemies and evil-doers, his Holiness had the means of bringing them to reason by lending a ready ear to the French overtures. If Francis, in his turn, sent troops to the Duke of Ferrara, or aided in spoiling the Church's patrimony—an easy method of making the Pope feel the weight of his resentment, without the least diminution of outward respect—the Pope, by promoting the designs and interests of the Spaniards, could as easily retaliate, without appearing to violate the decencies of friendship. In fact, had an intimate union and alliance sprung up between Charles and Francis, that consummation for which many Protestants have panted might have taken place three centuries ago. The temporal power as well as the spiritual independence of the Pope would have ceased to exist. At the same time there would have been no Protestant living to rejoice over its destruction. For the same combination which triumphed over the Papacy would have stamped out every spark of religious freedom. Liberty of conscience and national independence, weak in their beginnings, cradled so often in the shock and mutual antagonism of the great, would have been successfully coerced, and Luther and his followers have experienced the fate of Huss.[1] Whether Wolsey's thoughts ever travelled beyond the more narrow and immediate objects of his policy to the general safety and welfare of Christendom, may be questioned, but that both depended on the measures he unremittingly pursued admits of no dispute. To balance the two great continental powers against each other, to prevent their dangerous conjunction, to trim and adjust the scale when the one or the other predominated, was necessary for the security and aggrandizement of England; but it was no less

[1] Some writers have supposed that Charles had a secret inclination to Luther and his doctrines. If there be any such now, I beg to refer them to his own letter on this subject in the Calendar. III. 1237.

necessary for the general interests of Christendom, and of every individual state of which Christendom was then composed.

If, then, it was the policy of the French King to keep his rivals asunder, it was no less the policy of Wolsey to prevent the union of Charles and Francis; a union neither distant nor improbable, considering the inability of the former, in his present perplexities, to cope with the French monarch. But the task which Francis now proposed to himself was not easy. Already, with his connivance, Henry d'Albret had seized the opportunity of repossessing himself of Navarre, and found his progress unopposed, in consequence of the dissensions among the Castilians. At the same moment Robert de la Mark, Lord of Bouillon, on the frontiers of Luxembourg and Champagne, took the field at the head of a body of adventurers, led by French officers with the French King's connivance, if not with his positive sanction. In Dauphiné the famous Bayard was busily employed in collecting troops. French dockyards swarmed with carpenters; great galleons and floating batteries towered up in imposing magnitude and number to threaten and annoy the enemy's country.[1] Yet all the while Francis professed the most pacific intentions, and deprecated the suspicion of any sinister motives in himself or in those who were thus actively engaged. It was impossible for the English court to shut its eyes to these facts or their consequences. Taxed with the expedition of the King of Navarre, Francis replied that D'Albret was only setting out to visit his grandfather; as for Robert de la Mark, he had never "aided him with a penny," and entirely disapproved of his proceedings; whilst his own preparations for Italy were only prompted by the wish he had long entertained to see his Duchy of Milan, and to show himself to his subjects there." Howbeit, he said he would make no great haste thitherwards for the present.

These specious excuses were accompanied with professions

[1] Francis informed Fitzwilliam, in March, that he had a ship to be ready at Midsummer, somewhat larger than *The Great Harry*, also the great ship of Scotland, and 16 sail beside, the smallest above 350 tons. He has, says Fitzwilliam, "three great galleons that I never heard of such, for they draw so little water that he will bring them so near shore that he may land out of them, without a boat, 500 footmen and —— horsemen." This feat was to be accomplished by means of a bridge, "that shall be over carried with them." Fitzwilliam adds, that Francis had also a design of constructing galleons with low decks like floating batteries. (III. 1198.) "I think he spoke to me," says Fitzwilliam, "as Vice-Admiral, and asked me how I liked them; and I praised them enough." The incredulous Englishman!

of unalterable respect and affection for England. He listened to Henry's ambassadors "marvellous amiably." If their master wished for another interview, he assured them, though he were in Italy, "he would gladly ride in post" to any place where Henry would appoint a meeting.[1] His respect for my Lord Cardinal was only second to that which he entertained for his master. The French agents at Rome had contrived to possess themselves of a most important secret. Don Manuel, the imperial ambassador, a blustering and pompous Spaniard, had dropped certain hints of a matrimonial alliance between the Emperor and a Portuguese princess; boasting that his master might have secured, if he pleased, the hand of the Princess Mary.[2] A report so derogatory to England, so well calculated to produce a rupture between Henry and Charles, was duly conveyed to the French King. With many emphatic denunciations of the calumny, so insulting to his ally, with many protestations that he did not believe it, Francis transmitted the report to England. It was received by Henry with no small vexation and chagrin; the more so, because it was well-founded. Digesting his vexation with a gracious countenance, Henry thanked his candid ally for his "manifold demonstrations of friendly kindness," and assured him of the continuance of their friendship. "Such sinister reports," he added, "as those of Don Manuel were only contrived by their enemies to break their friendship, and sow dissension between them. The King was certainly surprised to hear that the Emperor was suing for a dispensation to marry the daughter of Portugal; but as for the other part of the story, there was no truth in it. True the King of the Romans had made overtures, both at Calais and since, to marry Madam, the Princess Mary; but the King, in consequence of his engagements with France, had peremptorily declined the offer."[3]

This assertion, as bold as it was untrue, deceived no one. So far from rejecting the Emperor's proposals, Henry had been negociating with him for many months the terms of a matrimonial alliance, and of this the French King was well aware. But he thought it best to dissemble; and he answered, with great generosity, that the King needed not have troubled himself with disproving the calumny, as he gave it no credence.[4] It was, he said, undoubtedly true that the Emperor was seeking a dispensation at Rome to marry the

[1] III. 1157, cf. 1202.
[2] III. 1258, 1283.
[3] Condensed.
[4] III. 1303.

King of Portugal's daughter, but as to the report that he might have had my lady Princess, that, he assured the King, he never could believe; adding, with his usual gallantry, "I had liever have my lady Princess and (even) though the King's grace had ten children, than the King of Portingale's daughter, with all her father's spices."

Such a reply was as provokingly polite as it was unsatisfactory. It left Francis master of the field, and sole depository of his own intentions. Some new method, as Wolsey discerned at once, must be adopted; and he was not slow in acting on his discernment. With a rashness which would have appeared unpardonable in less able politicians, he called home from the French court the old and experienced diplomatists Sir Richard Jerningham and Sir Richard Wingfield, supplying their places with a young man who had never yet been engaged in any public employment—Sir William Fitzwilliam. From the time when Fitzwilliam was not more than ten years of age he had been brought up with the King, and was perfectly familiar with his personal habits, his likings and dislikings. He shared in the King's love of sportsmanship; was an adept in the craft of venery; knew that and nautical matters better than anything else. With Latin, strange to say, he was wholly unacquainted; and though he spoke French fluently, yet with French spelling and French proper names, as will be seen from his letters, he makes sad havoc. Keen, intrepid, sagacious, he possessed for a courtier the rare and invaluable gift of neither seeing nor talking too much; he was diligent and straightforward in business; had a firmness and presence of mind which never forsook him in the most trying emergencies. Proof against menaces, which in a French court he had not much reason to apprehend, he was equally impenetrable to the more common and insidious approaches of finesse and flattery.

He was cordially welcomed by the French King, who was quite at his ease, and somewhat off his guard, in the presence of an ambassador who, to all appearance, was "neither too deep nor too sufficient." He talked with Fitzwilliam about hunting;[1] promised he should lodge and hunt with him every day; "opposed (posed) him upon the sight of the view, and also upon all other properties how to know an hart;" discussed with him the propriety of his master having a park for wild swine "half a mile or a quarter in the thickest ground he

[1] III. 1161, 1202.

could find."[1] It might have been imagined—it probably was imagined—by the sharpest and subtlest of the French ministers, that they had to deal with a raw inexperienced youth, who was much better versed in the craft of a sportsman than the affairs of kings, popes, or emperors.

Meanwhile, with his keen and vigilant eyes Fitzwilliam took diligent notice of all that was going on. Albany, or De la Mark, or his son Fleuranges, could have no interview with the French King without his perceiving it and guessing the drift of it. When the designs of Francis were too ripe or too momentous for his ministers to be communicative, Fitzwilliam in the equalizing usages and momentary unguardedness of the field, managed to pick up useful scraps of intelligence hermetically sealed from the staid and steady diplomatist in the saloon or the ante-chamber. "Very glad am I to see the towardness of this young man," writes Wolsey to the King, "which (who), in mine opinion and poor judgment, falleth right well to the matter, and indites his letters to good purpose."[2] His despatches justify the Cardinal's commendation.

There could be no fitter instrument for Wolsey's purposes. Without appearing to pry into the motives and actions of the French King, without ever travelling beyond the *rôle* of mere intelligencer, Fitzwilliam disarmed suspicion. He never alarmed the jealousy of Francis, never flinched before the curious searching eyes and more searching tongue of his mother Louise. It was important above all things to keep the French monarch in good humour. The least surmise on his part, of Wolsey's and his master's intentions, would have snapped short all amicable relations between the two courts; and matters with the Emperor were not yet on so satisfactory a footing that England could afford to break with one until she had secured the other. Cold, distant, and exacting, the pride and the avarice, or, if that word be too strong, the necessities of Charles, revolted from the conditions attached to the hand of Mary. Who could tell whether, with all his personal antipathy to his brilliant French rival, he would not yet digest his spleen, and content himself with a French bride, if the King of France, like the King of Portugal, would promise a million for a dowry? At all events, such a contingency was not to be hazarded by a prudent statesman;

[1] III. 1176.
[2] III. 1192. Compare also Wolsey's letter to Fitzwilliam: No. 1191.

and therefore Fitzwilliam was instructed to continue his discreet manner, using always the most pleasant words to the French King in declaration of Henry's fraternal love.[1] He was to assure Francis that his master loved him "above all other princes, most esteeming his amity and constant dealing;" that he could take no rest, "nor be contented in his mind, till he should eftsoons attain the sight of his person by a new, secret, loving, and familiar interview."[2]

How well Fitzwilliam carried out his instructions may be judged by the repeated assurances of Francis that he fully reciprocated these tokens of affection: "A foy day gentelhommes," so Fitzwilliam reports his conversation, "there was no man living he loved better" than his brother of England. "And if," said Francis, "I should not rejoice of this amity that I have with my brother, I know not whereof I should rejoice, for I cannot be allied to [so noble] a man in this world; for there is no king [to be compared] to him; for they be childer or men that be not worthy to be esteemed like him. He is worthy to be a king alonely but for his just dealing and his virtue. Let him but send me word to meet him at Calais, and I assure you, in what place soever I be, I shall come to him in post." No eulogist of Henry could desire more.

But if soberer judgments demand less questionable proofs of the ability of Fitzwilliam and the accommodating disposition of the French King, here is one that cannot be disputed. In the near and almost certain prospect of a continental embroilment, with a powerful enemy across the sea, a cold and hesitating ally in the Emperor, the King of England was naturally reluctant to waste blood and treasure in a war with Scotland. Ireland at the same time was causing him some alarm; an importunate creditor put off again and again until a more convenient season, but ever more importunate, exacting, and intolerant of delay. Mindful, therefore, of the old adage, "If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin," Henry was anxious that the "weazel Scot" should for the present fold its claws, and keep peaceably within its lair. But how was this to be accomplished? The armistice with Scotland was fast expiring; Albany was watching for his opportunity to slip over unnoticed from the French court, and aid and countenance the faction incessantly opposed to England. French gentlemen, ostensibly with the most peaceable

[1] III. 1212. III. 1191.

designs, passed and repassed the sea[1] between France and Scotland, and an outbreak appeared unavoidable. To punish the temerity of the Scots, to engage in a tedious border war, was a hindrance at best,—might, if not ably and expeditiously concluded, be taken by foreign nations for a proof of weakness. To betray an inclination for peace, still more to sue for it or grant it too readily, would be dishonour worse than weakness. What then was to be done? Francis was to be persuaded to induce the Scotch, as of himself, to sue for peace; he was to employ his intercession with the King of England to grant that as a favour which Henry was only too anxious to concede. And to this, strange as it may seem, and more than this, though detrimental to his own interests and his influence in Scotland, was Francis induced by the persuasions of Fitzwilliam. He enjoined the Scotch to sue for peace, and send ambassadors to England for that purpose;[2] and Henry was thanked for his generosity in granting terms to Scotland at the French King's solicitation. "The matters of Scotland," writes Fitzwilliam a few days after to the King, in his quiet and significant manner, "are answered after your own mind."[3]

Incessantly employed in crushing a formidable rebellion in Spain, the Emperor had no wish to be embroiled with France, and therefore listened readily to the proposals of Wolsey, that the King of England should act as a mediator, and compose the differences between himself and his rival.[4] Wolsey found no difficulty in persuading him "to forbear entering on a war, regarding the state of his affairs in Almayn, Flanders, Spain, Navarre, and his other countries," or of inducing him "to remit these variances" to the King's hand;[5] especially as he insinuated that in so doing arrangements might be made for an attack upon France at a more convenient season. But with Francis, on the other hand, in spite of the address of Fitzwilliam, and "the loving communications and pleasant devices" of Jerningham, who was now sent to his assistance, the task was more delicate and more difficult. Immersed in the bustle and excitement of war, his confidence of success was increased

[1] III. 1212.

[2] III. 1257.

[3] III. 1227. On the top of this letter, which is interesting in other respects, Fitzwilliam has written in his own hand and in his own spelling: "The copy of thow (the) King's letter, with thow hanswar (answer) to an artykell, I had forgoton whan I had clossed (closed) my letter." Competitive examinations were not then.

[4] April 28, 1521; No. 1255.

[5] III. 1270.

by the news[1] that the young D'Albret had entered Navarre, had taken St. John Pié de Port, and no later than Saturday last (May 18th) received the keys of Pampeluna, memorable as the place where and the occasion when Ignatius Loyola was wounded. He protested that he could not desist from war, and submit to Henry's arbitration. The Emperor, he said, had oppressed him so long, he could not with honour abandon his enterprize. His army was now ready; to disband it would be a great disadvantage. Fitzwilliam listened with coolness and attention, allowed him to talk on without interruption, gave him a long line (he knew the arts of a sportsman), then suggested that as the Emperor had already offered to submit to the King's arbitration, Francis, out of friendship, might consent to do the same.[2] The French King replied that he was too well acquainted with the Emperor's dissimulation to sacrifice his present opportunity; the commons of Spain were in rebellion, the Electors of Germany had refused aid, and the Swiss had rejected the Emperor's offers. He declined to waste a minute in fruitless negociations; but—if he ever consented to treat—he would put himself in the King's hands sooner than in any other's.

The resolution of some men is in their circumstances, not in themselves; and so it proved now. Fortune, which had hitherto seemed to smile, proved proverbially fickle. The rebellion in Spain was suddenly crushed; the first advantages gained in Navarre were sacrificed by the rashness and incapacity of d'Espares. Nassau, a cool, able, and implacable soldier, retaliated tenfold the injuries committed by De la Mark; destroyed his towns, hung up his garrisons, imprisoned his son, and forced him to sue for an ignoble peace. With misfortune Francis learned moderation. After a little more blustering, a little more show of reluctance—for the cold and quiet observation of Fitzwilliam was not to be deceived—he consented to treat; for no fear, as he assured Fitzwilliam—for he had no dread of any man living—but only for the love he bore to the King his brother, and out of regard for the peace and the quiet of Christendom.[3]

But the same causes which had induced Francis to listen to pacific counsels encouraged Charles to retract, and breathe nothing but blood and vengeance. He had been informed, on his return from Worms to Mayence, of the invasion of Navarre and the capture of Pampeluna. Fired with indignation, he

[1] May 24; No. 1303. [2] III. 1315. [3] III. 1331.

demanded that England, in conformity with the promise made at the meeting at Canterbury, should assist him in punishing the presumption of France; adding, in a tone half threatening, half reproachful, that, had he been willing to listen to the mediation of others, no variance would have existed between himself and the French King.

At no time is the life of a prime minister a bed of roses; and so Wolsey found. The care and study he had bestowed in manipulating the French King now seemed likely to be wasted by this sudden intractability of the Emperor. At length, after many difficulties—not to weary the reader with a minute account of these tedious negociations—both powers consented to accept Henry's mediation. It was arranged that Wolsey should be sent to Calais; nominally with full powers to hear and decide their differences; really for the purpose of concluding a stricter amity with Charles, without exciting the suspicions of Francis.[1] Before, however, he consented to stir one step in this business, he exacted from both princes a written assurance to accept his mediation; and a promise, at the same time, that, not until his sentence was pronounced, should either of them attempt to be reconciled to the other.

Did both parties consent to this strange convention from conviction of the justice of their cause, or confidence in the impartiality of Wolsey? Did they submit to the conditions thus imposed because they involved no sacrifice, and depended on their own inclinations to break or observe them? Or—more likely—were all parties deceiving, and being deceived? Francis was not unacquainted with the secret understanding between Henry and the Emperor; nor could Charles be ignorant of the true motive which demanded that he should make no approaches for reconciliation with his rival. On the other hand, so keen a politician as Wolsey would hardly repose such implicit belief in the promises of the two sovereigns as to think that they would keep their word when it no longer suited their interests or their inclinations. Strange as it may seem, none are more credulous or more blind than those who impose on the credulity of others; and, harsh as it may be to say so, kings and their ministers, in the sixteenth century, sate down to the game of political diplomacy with a fixed determination to overreach not only their opponents but their partners. So all parties concerned deliberately resolved on

[1] III. 1340, 1383.

securing their own advantages, without too nicely scrutinizing the means.

Whatever may be thought of this conduct, however contrary it may appear to our present notions of fair and honourable dealing, it was not so considered then. The chivalrous application of the Christian maxim, if it ever had any existence beyond the imagination of poets and romancers, scarcely remained in the times of the Tudors; and certainly not among the Tudor sovereigns. Perhaps the selfishness, the cruelty, the suspicion, engendered by years of civil strife, still left a root of bitterness behind them. To count on the forbearance of their enemy might be an amiable weakness in the Stuarts; no Tudor would have trusted the generosity of a friend, much less of a foe, or of a friend who might prove a foe. Love of policy for its own sake, strength of will, proneness to suspicion, readiness to forgive, inability to forget, an injury,—these were the characteristics of Henry VII., and ran through the whole line of his descendants. In Henry VII., whose throne, seated on a molehill, was constantly undermined by active and unseen enemies, such taints in the blood were to be expected, and might be excused. Nurtured in distrust, the events of his life had fostered in him the habit of suspicion. It would have been unnatural if none of these defects had descended to his son; especially as men transmit to their posterity their ignoble as frequently as their nobler qualities. Henry VIII. was the son of Henry VII. From the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where he and his French ally had met as brothers in arms, and to all outward appearance brothers in affection, Henry retired to meet the Emperor at Calais, to betray and sacrifice to a new alliance the monarch whose hospitality he had accepted and returned. He had solemnly disavowed to the French King that he entertained any purpose of espousing Mary to the Emperor. And now one of the chief articles to be discussed and settled at this Calais conference was the secret and final transfer of her hand to his antagonist. For months the King had been urging his mediation on Francis and the Emperor, assuring both that their honour and their interests should be strictly maintained. Yet from the first he had resolved to betray his French ally, and, under pretence of mediation, waited only for a closer union with the Emperor, and a more convenient season for invading the French dominions. But this the age called policy, and Henry, as we shall see, triumphed in the thought of his superior dexterity.

Whatever may have been Wolsey's part in these intrigues, it is certain that not a single step was taken by him without the full knowledge and hearty concurrence of his master. The following account left us by the imperial ambassadors of their interview with the King of England on this occasion, places this assertion beyond question.[1]

The ambassadors were carried down to Windsor in the first week of June, 1521, by Sir Richard Wingfield, and lodged in the house of the dean of the chapel, within the castle. Here they were joined at supper by Pace, the King's secretary. At a late hour in the evening, when his Majesty had returned from the chase, in which he had been engaged all day, the aforesaid master Secretary came to them with a message that the next morning (Wednesday, 5th) the King, after he had risen, would give them a favourable audience.

The said secretary and Master Wingfield came next morning in search of the ambassadors to their lodgings, and between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon conducted them to the palace. After tarrying some time in the ante-chamber, for the King was engaged in conversation with the Duke of Suffolk and the Earl of Worcester, the said secretary came to inform them that his Majesty, after hearing mass, had found himself in such good appetite, consequent upon the exercise he had taken in the chase the day before, that he wished to

[1] The notion, once popular and still entertained in some quarters, that Henry VIII. was an inexperienced youth, without capacity for business, without concern for anything beyond his pleasures, and little better than a tool in the hands of his great minister, seems to me so extremely absurd, that I should have thought a very slight perusal of the first volume of the State Papers of his reign, published some years since by the English Government, would have sufficed to dissipate it for ever. The King might be more fond of the chase than his father Henry VII., and indulge more frequently in violent exercise, to keep down his growing tendency to corpulence; but he kept a hand no less firm, no less absolute, than his father's, over his ministers. Woe betide the luckless wight who was careless in sending intelligence, or the post who failed in his duty! What judgment is to be formed of the policy of the King and Wolsey is another question. Yet I think they were as correct and competent judges on this matter as most modern theorists; perhaps better. To represent Henry as a feeble bungler, to set down the King and the Cardinal as children, compared with the superior political intelligence and sagacity of the Emperor and Francis I., is mere prejudice, or mere puerility. It is not the *δόγματα* but the *πράγματα* which must decide these questions; and the comparative strength and prosperity of the three nations at the death of their respective sovereigns, and for half a century after, is the best criterion of the abilities of their respective rulers. Even if the attempted conquest of France was chimerical, and involved the sacrifice of vast treasure for a barren idea, we have yet to learn that, if war is to be permitted at all, it is more ennobling and less demoralizing when undertaken for profit than for barren honour.

dine before he gave them audience. Dinner was set before them in the said apartment (*en la dite salle*) with the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Worcester, and another nobleman who was called my Lord Acant (my Lord of Canterbury or the Earl of Kent?).

Dinner ended, the King sent for them. They were ushered into his presence by the said secretary and ambassador, and then, after reverence done and recommendations made, they presented the Emperor's letters, declaring their charge as they had in all things been instructed to do by the Cardinal. . . .

The King received them with great courtesy. He expressed himself extremely well pleased, and lovingly affected to the Emperor and his projects; but he declined to declare himself at present in the way that the Emperor desired; that is to say, he could not, for many reasons, openly announce his determination of supporting the Emperor in his war against France; because, in so doing, he could render him no effectual service, and would bring irreparable injury on himself, considering that his enemies were ready whilst he was wholly unprepared. He said that he was of opinion that the Emperor should by all means remain on the defensive, incur as little risk and expense as possible, until they two had consulted together, and fixed on the time and manner of a combined attack, *which might easily be settled at the ensuing conference.* He remarked, in conclusion, that he fully coincided in Wolsey's opinion, *that the Cardinal should be sent to Calais under pretence of hearing the grievances of Francis and the Emperor, and as soon as he saw that it was impossible to bring the two parties to agreement he should withdraw, and discuss and conclude with the Emperor the matters and propositions aforesaid; which was a thing, he said, he most desired.* He added another motive for desiring delay: the pensions due from France for the surrender of Tournay in 1518 had not yet been paid; and too precipitate a declaration of hostility would justify Francis in withholding them.[1]

To the general line of policy here marked out by the King Wolsey strictly adhered in the celebrated conference at Calais; —a proof, if any were needed, that the King was sincere in the counsel he gave to the ambassadors, and in his professions of friendship for the Emperor. It is not pleasant to see the two great potentates of Christendom descending to artifices which could scarcely be justified against a declared enemy,

[1] III. 1395.

much less towards a professed ally. Such conduct, however little it accords with the popular conceptions of Henry's character, or with that homeliness of aim and transparency of purpose we have been taught to expect from him, is far more in harmony with his birth and the traditions of his family. It may, perhaps, be urged in palliation, if not excuse, that Henry believed that Francis would have acted with the same dissimulation had the same opportunity been offered him; and in his creed of political ethics it was justifiable by deceit to anticipate deceit. Perhaps also the very fact that state-craft was king craft, and not popular craft, did something to encourage the notion, that the vulgar honesty of the multitude was not sufficiently intricate and refined for the atmosphere of politics. All these things the people then left wholly to their rulers. Class theology, class literature, class legislation, class politics, can only become strong, hearty, humane, and national, when they receive the vigorous infusion of a broad lay element. But that was the slow outgrowth of the Reformation.

Wolsey delayed his journey to Calais as long as it could be delayed with safety or with decency. It was his object to give the Emperor as much time as possible for pushing on his successes, in the event of any future determination at the congress that both parties should remain in the *status quo*. By too long delay the equilibrium of both might become deranged, and his mediation be rejected or despised. He landed at Calais on the 2nd of August. On the road from London to Dover he was received with great demonstrations of respect; for the people had persuaded themselves that the purport of his mission was somehow favourable to the Emperor; and there was not a man throughout the realm of England, from the noble to the lowest bondsman, who did not rejoice at the prospect. When Montpesat, the late French ambassador, returned to the French Court, after a long residence in this country, he expressed his conviction that, with the exception of the King and the Cardinal, "all England after cared not and (if) all the Frenchmen were in the same case they were in in Navarre"—Navarre having been lately recovered by Charles from the French, not without a bitter exhibition of his vengeance.[1] But even in this exception Montpesat was deceived; for Henry, fired with the thought of recovering what even Wolsey did not hesitate to call "his

[1] III. 1456.

righteous inheritance in France;" was to the full as desirous as any of his subjects of seeing that kingdom reduced once more to the condition of a conquered province. Henry V. was still the most popular of English monarchs. The deeds of the brave John Talbot, "the terror of the French," were still watered with the tears of Englishmen, and freshly embalmed in their memory. So the chance of a war with France was as welcome as its alliance was odious; and though lord mayors and aldermen were not generally to be found among the number of the Cardinal's well-wishers, they attended him on this occasion with profuse demonstrations of respect, bidding him "God speed!" and confusion to the enemies of England.

Armed against all contingencies, the Cardinal carried with him various commissions, all bearing the same date of the 29th of July. By the first he was empowered to settle the differences between Francis I. and Charles V.; by the second, to conclude a treaty of marriage between the Princess Mary and the Emperor; by the third, to arrange a league between the Emperor and the King of England for carrying war into France, and recovering the King's dominions. By another set, intended to serve as blinds, he was authorized to treat of a closer amity with Francis I., and, if need be, make a general confederation of all the great powers of Christendom.[1]

The Cardinal was attended on his journey by the Bishops of Durham (Ruthal) and Ely (West), the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, and the Master of the Rolls (Tunstal). On reaching Calais, he found the imperial deputies waiting his arrival. To them he gave the first audience, apparently the day after. The French ambassadors entered the town on the 4th, and were honourably received at the entrance of the English pale by the English marshal. On the 5th they were admitted to an audience. In conversation with the French deputies, the Cardinal enlarged on the determination of the Emperor to prosecute the war with alacrity, and his own anxiety to procure an advantageous truce for their master; with the imperial deputies he urged the paramount importance of the good will and alliance of England. But his greatest ingenuity and skill were bent on securing for his royal master the most advantageous terms at the proposed marriage of the Princess and the Emperor. He insisted on complete indemnity for all losses which England would sustain by its

[1] III. 1443.

rupture with France. With Mary's hand the Emperor demanded a million ducats. Wolsey reduced the sum to 80,000*l.* The imperialists insisted that the Princess should be delivered into their hands "as soon as she should be seven years of age;" they also objected to the indemnity, for that, said they, was to buy friendship when they had a right to demand it; and, whilst Henry wished to be left wholly at liberty, he tied the Emperor to hard conditions. The conditions were disputed with great obstinacy on both sides, the imperialists fearing to make the least concession, lest, if the Cardinal gained in one advantage, he should expect to gain in all. His courage, his perseverance, his indomitable resolution triumphed over every difficulty. Neither threats nor flattery could induce him to yield a single point, or wring from him the slightest concession. On his first arrival at Calais, the Emperor, then at Ghent, had gone to Bruges. From Bruges he wrote to Wolsey the most pressing invitations; determined, as he assured him, to be guided entirely by his counsel. "You and I," he said, "will do more in a day than my ambassadors will do in a month."[1] "You have always told me that you would apprise me of certain things that no man should know except the King, you, and me; and for my part, I have assured you that I will show you the bottom of my heart:"—true or false, an unusual demonstration of frankness on his part. Two days after he wrote again in terms no less pressing and confiding. On one occasion Wolsey had gone so far as to send out his harbingers, and order his carriages for Bruges; but finding that the imperial ambassadors were inclined to dally with their engagements, he countermanded his equipage until "a more towardly answer" should be received from the Emperor.[2] Whatever else may be denied him, he was certainly not wanting in political courage. Once resolved, nothing could shake him. Keen, sagacious, precise, a rigid adherent to the strict letter of agreements, as in his person so in his policy he was the type and model of an English statesman. And, like most Englishmen, he set a high value on the *litera scripta* as the best security from misinterpretation and cavil. To memory and generosity he trusted nothing.

Such strict and vulgar habits of business were as gall and wormwood to the imperious Spaniards, whose formal gravity was offended by Wolsey's abruptness and precision. To have their words taken down in writing they considered a reflection

[1] Aug.; No. 1475. [2] III. 1479.

upon their honour. They despised such precision as an impediment to business, and ridiculed the genius of the man who was so minutely practical, so scrupulously exact. "Sir," writes Wolsey to Henry VIII., "if such difficulties, arguments, and persuasions as have been used by the Emperor's council from day to day were to your Grace known, and the reasons by me set forth to the confutation of the same, some time with sharp words and some time in pleasant manner, with the labors, business, and study that I have taken therein, whereby for lack of sleep I have been inquieted with sundry disorders, your Grace should evidently perceive that I have omitted according to my most bounden duty, as far as my poor wit will extend, nothing that might redound to the advancement of your honour and surety." [1]

It is not my intention to carry my readers through the details of the conference at Calais. Three distinct accounts of it, by each of the parties engaged in it, have been preserved.[2] It was not intended from the first—probably, by any party—that it should lead to any definite results, much less determine the disputes between the Emperor and the French King. Of the parties engaged in it, each had purposes of his own to serve. It was the object of England to give the Emperor an advantage over his opponent; to gain for him, under the disguise of Wolsey's arbitration, what he could not have gained in his own person by open hostility. A sharp and a short war would have been most conducive to the interests of Francis. He had raised a formidable army; he had taken foreign troops into pay; his successes in Navarre had inspired his officers with confidence; restless spirits, like De la Mark, Fleuranges, Bayard, De Foix, and others, were abroad, anxious to signalize their courage by a campaign against the Emperor. Charles, on the other hand, was in want of money and ammunition; Spain was still disquieted by rebellion; the troops under Nassau had been decimated by sickness; England was not only unprepared, but, in prospect of a war with Scotland, must have left its imperial ally to fight single-handed, or make the best terms he could with his formidable rival. To Francis delay was little better than destruction. It impoverished his finances, ruined his best

[1] III. 1502.

[2] The English in Wolsey's own letters; the imperial by Gattinara (III. 1816); the French by du Prat's secretary (No. 1817). To these may be added the letters from both sides, extending from Nos. 1458 to 1818.

provinces, dispirited his army, discouraged his friends. Yet he clung with a peevish tenacity to the hope of the neutrality, if not of the friendship, of England. More than half convinced of their fallaciousness, he was willing to be deceived by the Cardinal's promise; and he allowed the congress to drag its slow length along through four most important months, from July to the end of November. More strangely still, he was content to see its proceedings entirely suspended for nearly three weeks in August, whilst Wolsey was closeted with the Emperor at Bruges. Day after day brought him in reality no nearer to the great object of his wishes. The Emperor, unfettered and fully aware of Wolsey's intentions, continued to act on the offensive, as if no mediation had been thought of. In Champagne and in Italy, Francis was daily losing important advantages; his reputation was suffering from the superior activity and success of his rival. Yet he still presumed on the friendship of Wolsey, and believed, or at least professed to believe, in his good offices.

More outspoken or more sagacious, his celebrated sister Marguerite could not forbear expressing her anger at so transparent a deception. After the taking of Arde by Charles, where many Englishmen had joined the imperialists, she said one day to Fitzwilliam, still ambassador at the French court,[1] "The King (Francis) is now departed towards his journey, and I doubt not by God's help but he shall have good speed, for he goeth upon a good quarrel, and dealeth justly with every prince, and yet *all princes* go about to deceive him." Fitzwilliam fired up at the insinuation—for, like other ambassadors, he was kept in the dark as to the King's or the Cardinal's secret intentions—and he answered abruptly, "My master is in the number of *all princes*, but I trust you think that *he* goeth not about to deceive him." Marguerite, not to be daunted by his brusquerie, answered abruptly, "See ye not how the Cardinal is ever treating of peace, almost to the day of battle? Our enemies come still upon us; and Arde, which the King forbore to fortify at your master's request, Englishmen now have been present at the winning thereof, and helped to raze it. What say ye to that? And as for trust, that is past. The King will make himself strong, and trust in God." Fitzwilliam replied, "As for the treaty my lord Cardinal hath gone about in the name of my master, Madam, I made request to the King your brother for the same, in the King

[1] Sept. 15; No. 1581.

my master's behalf, afore any war was begun. And at that time the Emperor was content, and the King your brother would not be contented." "And as for the long time of the making of this peace," continued the ambassador, growing every moment more hot and more impatient (for, as he says of himself, "he was a young man in years, and choleric of complexion"), oblivious also for the time that he was talking to a lady, "there is no man that shall say and prove it, that either my master's or my lord Cardinal's grace drives it on so long, to do the King your brother any displeasure, but only for the good will they have to the tranquillity of all Christendom. And if ye shall speak of any particular person, I think they have taken this pain more for your brother's sake than for any man living; and if there be any man that will say the contrary, I shall prove it as a gentleman, he sayeth untruly. As for Arde, I cannot say whether there were any Englishmen at the razing thereof or not; but I dare say this, that it was not by the consent nor knowledge of the King's highness nor your grace" (*sc.* Wolsey, to whom he was writing). Then glancing at the encouragement shown by Francis to Albany, De la Pole, and other English exiles, Fitzwilliam continued, "But there be Englishmen in Flanders as be in France; some banished for murder, some for felony, and some unthrifts that seek . . .[1] and if any were there, I reckon they were such." "And I assured her," he tells the Cardinal, "that the King my master was no dissembler; for there was no man, no, not her brother, nor no other prince living, but and he bare him hardly in hand, that he would be afraid to show it." The candour and honest warmth of Fitzwilliam—for he spoke in perfect simplicity and good faith—produced their effect. Marguerite was pacified, and declared her resolution to repose confidence in the King until she saw reason for the contrary, "which once seen she would never trust man after."

This explosion of loyal indignation is amusing. It was owing in some part to the ambassador's suspicion that Marguerite had in this instance been instigated by Louise of Savoy, the profoundest politician and dissembler in the court of her son; "for she stood so nigh she might hear every word." Yet I cannot help thinking that it indicates an uneasy feeling in the mind of the ambassador himself, that after all there might be some truth in the insinuation so derogatory, as he rightly considered, to his master's and the Cardinal's

[1] The passage is unhappily mutilated, like others in the letter.

honour. For though Machiavellism—or rather those practices and those principles which Machiavelli, finding predominant in his own age, embodied into a system—infected all the courts of Europe, England not excepted, the sense of honour and good faith among individual men happily remained as yet untainted. It was, however, a dangerous ordeal to which the men of this sixteenth century were exposed; an abyss which few could enter without being scathed and scarred by its impure atmosphere. The poisonous aftergrowth of a defective morality, too ready to justify the means for the sake of the end, political finesse, like pious frauds, sprung from that root of an evil principle which too often dwarfed and choked the otherwise noble deeds and noble purposes of grand and courageous natures in the Middle Ages. It was the more dangerous because men yielded to its temptation, in the persuasion that they were thereby serving their country or the cause of God, and not themselves. Happily, we have purged the political horizon. No statesman would nowadays condescend to duplicity to please his sovereign; no ambassador would be deceived without resentment into pledging his honour to a falsehood. But it follows not that we are better than they. The practice of some men is better than their theories—God be praised!—and of others it is much worse.

But such practices draw their own Nemesis after them, and so they did in Wolsey's case. How far this deception, successfully practised on the French, contributed afterwards to his fall; how far it might tend to shake men's confidence in him, theirs even who were most to profit by his policy;—I will not stay to inquire. Three months were fast waning; November was at hand, with its stormy weather, ominous of a rough sea and a disagreeable passage. The Cardinal's health, never strong, had suffered at Calais from the climate, from anxiety, from incessant labour. He was anxious to return; but it was important before he left that he should patch up a truce between the two contending parties. The preparations of Francis alarmed him;[1] the Emperor's troops and means were insufficient, and disaster would be attended with serious consequences. He was scarcely less afraid of the Emperor's successes than his reverses, for with success he might prove refractory, and refuse England its share of the spoils.[2] He pressed on Charles the necessity of an armistice; he pressed

[1] See III. 1488.
[2] See III. 1612, 1613, 1616, 1617, 1694.

it on Francis. To the former it was indispensable: the troubles in Spain and Flanders, the sickness of his army, the necessity of making seasonable preparations for a united campaign the next summer[1] were urgent. To Francis he magnified the losses he had already sustained; the uncertainty of success; the resolution of the Emperor. Both turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. To the French a truce was of no advantage except as a condition of lasting peace. That, of course, neither England nor the Emperor wanted. If Francis would accept a truce for the present, Wolsey offered to lay his head that peace would follow in six months, on whatever conditions he chose to impose.[2] More cautious and clear-sighted than his master, Du Prat urged him to refuse. He had already begun to suspect the sincerity of "M. le Médiateur," as he termed Wolsey.[3] Charles, whose interests had been studied by Wolsey throughout, was not only less compliant, but even hinted to his own ambassador that the Cardinal intended to betray him.[4] At last, worn out with fruitless opposition, the Cardinal wrote to Worcester and others,[5] "I have been here for my part as sore tempested in mind by the untowardness of the chancellor and orators, on every side, putting so many difficulties and obstacles to condescend to any reasonable conditions of truce and abstinence of war, that night nor day I could have no quietness ne rest, so that almost mine appetite and sleep are sequestrate from me."

Finding all further stay useless, he returned on the 28th of November, and reached Dover in a sailing vessel,[6] after a stormy passage of fifteen hours.

Whatever might be Wolsey's own disappointment or dissatisfaction at the results of his negociation, he experienced no diminution in the favour of his royal master. The King was delighted. It was enough that Francis had been deceived. The former frank interchange of courtesies between himself and his rival was entirely forgotten. Esteem, if that word be not too emphatic, had been succeeded by personal animosity, not to say antipathy. The change appears so sudden, so unaccountable, that late writers have attributed it to dis-

[1] See III. 1694. Compare Nos. 1612, 1613, 1616, 1617, 1736.
[2] III. 1556.
[3] III. 1743, 1746.
[4] III. 1663. He does not say so openly; but this seems to me the natural interpretation of his words when compared with the despatches of Don Manuel.
[5] III. 1728.
[6] III. 1810.

appointed vanity, and trace it as far back as the interview at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Fleuranges, who was present on that occasion, has preserved an anecdote, which some have deemed sufficient to account for Henry's bitterness. One day, after the jousts were ended, the wrestlers of France and England advanced to the front, and displayed their skill before the Kings and the ladies; a beautiful pastime, he remarks, for there were many strong wrestlers present;[1] and because the King of France had not brought any wrestlers from Brittany, the English carried off the prize. They next proceeded to drawing the bow, in which the King of England took part, for he was a marvellous good archer and a strong; and it was very pleasant to see him. These amusements ended, the Kings of France and England retired to their tent, where they drank together. This done, the King of England took the King of France by the collar, saying, "Come, my brother, let us try a fall." After one or two feints, the King of France, who was an expert wrestler, tripped up the heels of his brother of England, and gave him a marvellous somerset. Henry on rising would have tried another round; but was interrupted, and all were summoned to supper.[2]

If the tale be true—though Fleuranges is not a trustworthy authority—such defeats as this must have been far too common in those frequent displays of personal prowess, to which that age was addicted, to entail disgrace, or to cause such a lasting resentment. The rivalry of the two monarchs sprung from more natural and more adequate causes. There never had been any real cordiality between them, not even at the interview; and every circumstance since then had tended to augment his dislike of the French monarch, and strengthen his determination of recovering what, in common with most of his subjects, he regarded as his ancient patrimony and "righteous inheritance."[3] He had consequently gone heart

[1] My readers will remember the use made by Shakespeare of this species of entertainment in "As you like it."

[2] Memoires, ch. 67.

[3] Thus Pace writes to Wolsey: "And now I signify unto your Grace that though the commonalty of this realm, of every sort, had no knowledge of such secret matters as your Grace hath treated and concluded with the Emperor, yet they do deem by conjecture that the cause of your going to the said Emperor was for to establish good and perfect amity betwixt the King and him, and to knit an indissoluble knot of love betwixt them; *which thing is to their inestimable contentation, rejoice and comfort*, and redoundeth to your Grace's great honor and surety, as it evidently appeareth by the common voice. And the sending forth of the King's letters for the preparation of the 6000 archers doth somewhat increase this matter; *for every man*

and hand with Wolsey in all that he had done at the late conference. Every stroke of policy, purchased as it might be, at the cost of sincerity and honourable dealing, was regarded by him as a just advantage. It was not merely that Wolsey by his great ability and successful intrigues had secured an imperial son-in-law for the hand of the Princess Mary, had concluded the match at the smallest possible cost, had exacted an indemnity against all pecuniary losses incurred by a rupture with France: more than all, he had paved the way for the conquest of France itself, and already in his imagination the King beheld himself entering the gates of Paris at the head of a victorious army. He commanded Pace to express to Wolsey how much the King was satisfied with his conduct. He had, he said, shown as great regard to his honour and surety as he himself could have by any manner of study devised. "He thanked God," he added, "that he had such a chaplain by whose wisdom, fidelity, and labor he could obtain greater acquisitions than all his progenitors were able to accomplish with all their numerous wars and battles." [1] A few days after he commanded Pace to write again, and convey to the Cardinal the King's "most hearty thanks for the great pains and labors sustained (by him) in the bringing of his said affairs to such conclusion and end, as most redoundeth to his honor and surety, saying that everything in effect is finished according to his own desire." [2]

During Wolsey's absence at Calais the rich abbey of St. Alban's had fallen vacant by the death of Abbot Ramridge—a personage only known to history as having stood sponsor to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and of Mary the French Queen.[3] Although one of the most ancient and opulent of the religious foundations in England, the abbey had fallen into great decay, partly in consequence of the civil wars of the last century, partly from the age and infirmities of the last abbot, whose investiture carries us back to 1492. When the monks appeared before the King at Windsor, on the 12th of November, to request his letters patent for a new election, he

judgeth thereby that we shall have war against France, whereof they be most desirous; though peradventure they will shortly desire to come home again, when they be there. Sept. 4." This last sentence is worth remarking; for it shows what was Pace's opinion of the clamours of the people for a war with France. Nor would he have dared to write in this style to the Cardinal, had he not been very well assured that Wolsey shared the same sentiments.

[1] Aug. 29, 1521, in the heat of the Calais conference.

[2] III. 1539, September 3. See also No. 1543.

[3] II. 3487, 3489.

made them a speech, the substance of which, for "its princely and godly motion," Pace, who was present, thought it worth while to repeat to the Cardinal next day.[1] As he was penning his letter, he received a communication from Wolsey "touching the monastery of St. Alban's." "And," continues Pace in a postscript, "after I had perused and diligently debated with myself the contents of the same, I went straight to the King's grace with your Grace's letters to him directed in the same matter. And I found him ready to go out a shooting. And yet, that notwithstanding, his Grace received from me the said letters, and, as it chanced happily, commanded me to go down with him by his secret way into the park; whereby I had as good commodity as I could desire to advance your Grace's petition, as much as the case required. And the King read your Grace's letters himself, and made me privy to the contents of the same. And the few words that his Highness spoke to me in this cause were these: "By God, my lord Cardinal hath sustained many charges in this his voyage, and expended 10,000*l*.' Which [I] did affirm and show his Grace of good congruence he oweth unto you some recompence. Whereunto his Grace answered that he would rather give unto your Grace the abbey of St. Alban's than to any monk."

So Wolsey added to his other dignities and emoluments that of the most ancient mitred abbey in England.

[1] See III. 1759.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF LEO X.—WAR WITH FRANCE.

Wolsey had not returned many days when the unexpected intelligence arrived of the death of Leo X. "Eight days past," says Clerk, the English ambassador at Rome, writing to Wolsey of the occurrence,[1] "what time tidings came of the winning of Milan, his Holiness was forth a sporting, at a place of his own called Manlian, six miles out of Rome; and the selfsame day coming home to Rome took cold; and the next day fell in a fever, which was his death. At his coming home from Manlian, I met his Holiness, and methought I never saw him more lusty." The day before Clerk had written to Wolsey to tell him "the Pope's holiness hath been sick these six days, and this night past had a very sore night, insomuch that his Holiness's physicians thought he should not a' scaped till day. It is noised that his Holiness had rest this day; howbeit there be not many that can tell that, for there cometh very few at him. I am credibly informed that his holiness is in very great danger."[2] Rumour was busy, as usual, in assigning all sorts of sinister interpretations to the rapidity of his illness and the fatality of its termination. "He had eaten or drunk something he should not," said the Spanish ambassador, more familiar with poisons than the homely Englishman. The Italians, expert manipulators of

[1] December 2: see III. 1825. Sir Henry Ellis, who has printed this letter (Third Series, i. 280), exemplifies the danger of a misplaced colon, and the fatal mistakes into which historians are sometimes apt to fall. He reads the passage thus: "This morning the cardinal Campegius did send me word that the Pope's holiness was departed out of this present life, God rest his soul, viii. days past: what time tidings came of the winning," etc.; and then proceeds to argue on the important correction the passage affords of the mistake made by historians in attributing Leo's death to the 2nd of December, instead of eight days before that date. There may be some doubt whether Leo died on the 1st or the 2nd of December, consequent on the old Italian method of reckoning the hours; there is none whatever as to Sir Henry's punctuation or historical correction.

[2] III. 1824.

deadly potions, laid the fault, as usual, on the Pope's physicians. It was insinuated that they had flattered him with life, and either cared not to prolong it, or abridged it by their drugs. When the body was opened the heart was covered with dark, livid spots, and the spleen was wasted. His attendant, who had handed him a draught of wine at supper-time the day before he expired, was thrown into prison; for it was remembered that immediately after drinking it, the Pope had complained of its bitterness. Strong suspicions of his guilt were not wanting to the credulous:—the same man, early the next morning after the death of the Pope, had been descried by the Papal guards, going out with his hunting dogs at the gate of the Vatican. Others reported that the Pope had died of poison taken in pills of bitter aloe; a medicine he had been using during the week. Ciacconi, after duly chronicling all this "skimble-skamble stuff," descends at last to the firm standing ground of common sense: the Pope, he observes, died of an obstinate fistula, aggravated by a sudden return from his villa to Rome, just then more than usually unhealthy, from the malaria brought up by a relaxing south-west wind from the Pontine Marshes. This was cause enough for the rapid illness and death of a Pope who was never over cautious or temperate in his diet.[1]

Clerk's account is probably the true one. Inclined to sensual indulgences, and subject to fits of illness, Leo had experienced one of his old attacks about the 24th of November, when the tidings reached him of the taking of Milan, and the total defeat of the French by the combined papal and imperial troops. The result of that victory was to wrest from the hands of his mortal and most formidable enemy, "the griesliest nightmare of the Church's dream"—Milan, Pavia, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona, "and in a manner all the duchy of Milan except two or three strongholds."[2] No victory so signal, or so complete, had fallen to the lot of any Pope, since the memory of man. By it, the cause of the French and their adherents in Italy had become hopeless. For it, Leo had long been straining every nerve; he had patiently endured all sorts of indignities; he had eluded by policy what he could not control by open resistance. In addition to the regular papal forces, his treasures had been exhausted by keeping in

[1] This is confirmed by the contemporary account of Doctor M. Zorzi, quoted by Ranke, Hist. of the Popes, App. 7.

[2] Clerk, III. 1824.

pay a large body of Swiss mercenaries. Slowly, laboriously, his designs, liable to be scattered by any sudden blast, had grown and ripened. With feverish impatience and trembling anxiety he, the cautious pontiff, watched the long and dreary conference at Calais. At times he had firmly persuaded himself that Wolsey, proud of displaying his unlimited influence, would reconcile the French King and the Emperor; and then all the hopes which Leo had conceived of neutralizing one power by the other, or of employing the Emperor's resentment as an instrument for driving the French out of Italy, would have been scattered to the winds. He fretted under the indignities to which he had been exposed. To determine questions of heresy was the peculiar privilege of the Holy See; yet the Emperor, instead of sending Luther to Rome, had established the dangerous precedent, and been guilty of the unpardonable usurpation, of conventing Luther before himself. What could be more disastrous to the best interests of the Church than that the chosen champion of Western Christendom should thus permit himself to be led astray, and hearken to evil counsels? It had ever been the incommunicable privilege of the Holy See to compose the dissensions of temporal potentates; to interpose in their quarrels; to rally them round the throne of St. Peter; to appoint them their several tasks as champions of the faith "once for all delivered to the saints." But greater than popes, more imperious, more influential, more independent than any pope had been for centuries, here was a cardinal, a creature of Leo's own creation, in a remote corner of Europe, dictating, mediating, and arranging; treating crowned heads and papal nuncios with imperiousness that never faltered, paying no more regard to the Pope's wishes and opinions in these or any other matters, than if he had been a parish priest or a Dominican friar! Worse than all, throughout the conference, Wolsey had shown no deference to that supremacy, which, more than any, he was helping to subvert. What could a pope—"a poor blind man"—do in these fierce controversies? They were no longer to be settled by texts of Scripture or citations from the Canon law. They demanded political skill and experience; tact, to be acquired only by those who, like Wolsey, held in their own hands the strings of all state intelligence, knew to a fraction the number and strength of every army and navy in Europe, the designs of every monarch whose designs were worth knowing—their

movements, their finances, their debts, their difficulties, and their temptations.

But in truth Leo, never wanting in penetration, must have felt that the Papacy was fast sinking into a conventional position most dangerous to all institutions; that men were ceasing to regard it as the chosen guardian and representative of sacred truths essential to their welfare, and learning to tolerate it as a decorous and agreeable appendage to the political and social necessities of Christendom—as a centre round which it was convenient for that system to revolve, not a pivot essential to its existence; an emblem of respectability, good if it could be had, not by any means indispensable if it could not. So long as kings, or cardinals, or prime ministers preserved a show of respect for the Holy See, they were acquitted in their own consciences, and in those of others, of any secret insult or open violence they might offer it. Late events had contributed more than ever to eclipse the Papacy in the estimation of mankind, and Leo was powerless to prevent them.

Now, in an auspicious moment, by a sudden and unexpected turn of good fortune, his aspirations had been realized;—the expulsion of the French from the north of Italy was accomplished, and all who had espoused the French cause shared its humiliation. The result, so long delayed, so much desired, so fickle and so fugitive, was at last within his grasp. At his Manlian villa he received the intelligence of the triumphant entry of his troops into Milan. All the French—so ran the news—had either been made prisoners, or had taken to flight. In the moment of exultation he declared that he had never experienced greater joy in his life; even the news of his elevation to the papacy had not been half so welcome. He beheld in imagination his enemies prostrate at his feet; his friends enriched with the spoils distributed with his own hands. The *feux de joye* of the Swiss, the acclamations of the crowd, rent the air. Restless and excited groups hurried to and fro in the delirium of the hour. Regardless of his strength and failing health—for he was corpulent and troubled by an obstinate internal complaint—late into the night the Pope paced backwards and forwards at the open windows of his apartment, heated by the tumult, kindling with the excitement of all around him. Seven days after, his schemes and his hopes had died with him. "Every man here," says Clerk, writing upon the occasion to Wolsey, "beginneth to

shift for himself, because of such garboyle and business as out of all order is like to be committed here in this city until such time as we be provided of another Pope. I beseech Almighty God send us one to His pleasure." With such frosty expressions of their sorrow, men resigned themselves to their loss, and turned their thoughts towards Leo's successor.

Nothing at that moment could have been more inopportune for French influence in Italy than the loss of Milan. The Emperor was predominant at Rome. Resolved to improve the occasion, Don Manuel, the Spanish ambassador, wrote at once to Naples, ordering the Neapolitan troops to be ready for marching. Such was the way in which the freedom of election, whether of Popes or Emperors, was secured in those days. Before the news of Leo's death could be widely known, the Spaniard had taken the precaution to fill his house at Rome with soldiers. Followed by his attendants armed with swords, he visited the different cardinals. He made solemn speeches and tedious visits; he assured the cardinals that the Emperor was the natural protector of the Church and the watchful guardian of their interests. The cardinals reciprocated his courtesy: they listened respectfully to his arguments; thronged his ante-room; requested to be favoured with the names of the imperial candidates. He gave them the names of a dozen—all good imperalists. For any one included in the list they might vote and welcome; travel beyond it, they must expect the Emperor's displeasure. Why say more? In that list any one who is at all acquainted with the sentiments of Don Manuel will be quite certain that the name of Wolsey was not found.

Leo died on the 2nd of December, yet Campeggio, hitherto loudest in his professions of unalterable attachment, did not find it necessary to apprize Wolsey of the fact until thirteen days after. Then he wrote to say that there would be many candidates for the Papacy, and a full attendance of cardinals. To the chance of Wolsey being added to the number of prospective popes, Campeggio made no allusion. The list was large enough already; too large for Campeggio's hopes or wishes.[1] "In most cases," wrote Don Manuel to the Emperor, "two or three cardinals endeavour to obtain the election; now all aspire to it." The news must have been generally known

[1] III. 1869. Campeggio himself was a candidate, but never obtained more than seven votes.

in Western Europe within a fortnight after Leo's decease. It was certainly known to the Emperor before the 15th of December. On that day Margaret of Savoy sent the news from Oudenarde to Wolsey, adding that, if he desired it, she would gladly write to the Emperor in his behalf. She was generous enough to add that she thought she should be doing a kindness to her nephew by assisting in Wolsey's promotion.[1] As Charles also wrote on the same day, from the same place, it will be thought that, had she been sincere in her professions, she would have taken time by the forelock, and consulted with the Emperor at once.[2] Charles, in his letter,[3] avoids all allusion to the Papacy. But the day after he wrote to the Bishop of Elna, his ambassador in England, instructing him to inform the Cardinal and his royal master of Leo's decease. "You shall say," he continues, "to Mons. the Legate, that as we always keep his advancement and exaltation in our good remembrance, and retain a faithful memory of the promise we made to him at Bruges touching the Papacy, in conformity therewith and for the accomplishment of the same, we are resolved to assist him to the best of our power, both in this affair and in all others which may concern him. You shall, therefore, request him to be good enough to let us know his wishes, and what are his inclinations that way; and we will exert ourselves very willingly in his behalf, and spare no pains. However, we are of opinion that the affair will not soon be settled, and he has already a very good chance of success. Had we been much nearer Italy than we are, and as we should have liked to have been, we could then have shown him more effectually what we would have done for him." In the end he charged his ambassador to employ all his dexterity in this matter, in order to gain the Cardinal's good will; for he made no doubt that Francis would assail Wolsey with all sorts of fair offers, though it is notorious, he says, that the French King can render him no effectual assistance.

Nothing could apparently be more cordial, or more condescending; and so gracious an intimation lost nothing in its transmission through the Bishop of Elna. At that conjuncture it was more than ever necessary for Charles to secure

[1] III. 1868.

[2] It is, I think, highly improbable that both Margaret and Charles should not have known of the Pope's death, and discussed the matter before the 15th.

[3] III. 1867.

the good offices of the Cardinal. He was in great distress; he had no means to prosecute the war against France. The advantages he had lately acquired in the north of Italy were in danger of being lost by his inability to follow up his conquests. In short, he wanted a new loan from England of 200,000 ducats, and a body of 3,000 foot—such was the phrase; in other words, the pay of 3,000 footmen, besides the ducats already demanded. These troops were to be raised by the Emperor and the Lady Margaret, and employed at their discretion.[1]

And what, it will be asked, were Wolsey's feelings at this event? They who have been accustomed to judge of him by popular traditions will be ready with an answer. They will entertain no doubt that, as personal aggrandizement was the ruling motive of his actions, the Papacy must have offered him irresistible attractions. Happily, we know the thoughts of those who had the best opportunities of observing him, and the least inclination to flatter him. They are recorded in the following extract from the Spanish ambassador's despatch to the Emperor.[2]

"Most sacred Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty.

* * * "On the 16th day of this month, after dining at Richmond, where the King and the Cardinal were present, the Cardinal informed me that he had received letters from the king of France, the originals of which he showed me; and the contents of which I will hereafter submit to your Majesty. He told us, besides, that he had received a letter from the English ambassador in France,[3] informing him of the death of the Pope, and that cardinals Sion and De Medici had left the camp and gone to Rome; that the army of your Majesty and of the Pope had been broken up, and the affairs of the French in Italy had returned to their former channel. All this the said ambassador had written to him on the information of the king of France. The king of England is troubled at the news beyond measure, and is in a great state of alarm. Two things, he says, must be provided for with the utmost speed: 1st, that no harm befall the kingdom of Naples * * 2ndly, that due provision be made for the election of such a Pope as is devoted to your Majesty and the king of England; and he must be one on whom you can both rely for advancing your interests. For success in these two points the King and the Cardinal consider that the integrality of your Majesty's army in Italy is of great importance, both for the defence of the said kingdom and for securing the election.

"As to the person to be chosen for the Papacy, the King is fully

[1] See III. 1862, 1891; and compare No. 1905.

[2] Mon. Habsb., p. 507. This interview took place on the 16th, the date of the Emperor's letter. That letter did not reach the Bishop's hands until the 24th; that is, eight days, a very long interval in coming from Ghent to England. Mon. Habsb., p. 523. On the other hand, Margaret's letter, dated the 15th, reached London on the 18th. The Emperor was in no unnecessary haste to fulfil his promises.

[3] This letter from Fitzwilliam is not now to be found.

inclined and resolved in favor of the most reverend cardinal of York. He is desirous, more than I can express, that your Majesty should concur in this opinion; and in order that it may take effect he will employ his power to the utmost, and will omit nothing that may conduce to that end. For this reason he has resolved to send a person (Pace) to Rome, with letters (the tenor of which I will explain hereafter) to induce and persuade the cardinals to give their votes to the cardinal of York, and condescend to the election of the same.

"But as the king of England most constantly affirms that he does not intend to attempt anything without the knowledge and advice of your Majesty, with whom he is united in fortune and affection, he does not propose to send his ambassador to Rome, in the first instance, but to your Majesty, to take your advice upon his instructions, and follow your directions."

The ambassador then proceeds to say that, as in the conduct of this negociation great caution would be required, and in the event of Wolsey not being elected it would be desirable that the choice should fall on Cardinal Medici, the King had prepared two letters—one to be used in favour of Wolsey, the other in favour of De Medici, if Wolsey's advancement proved hopeless. He had also requested the Emperor to write letters of a similar tenor, and give the necessary instructions to Don Manuel, his ambassador at Rome, to carry out their wishes. To show how much the King was bent on securing the Papacy for Wolsey, the ambassador informed his master that Henry had resolved to send his own secretary, Richard Pace, "as if," to use his own expression, "he sent his very heart." As Pace, he adds, is in great favour with the Venetians, it is thought that he will be of great use in detaching them from the French. "The secretary," he adds, "has accepted this task, as he hopes he can be of service to your Majesty; and I dare assure your Majesty that, unless I am mistaken in the man, there is no better imperialist. I think, besides, that if the most reverend cardinal of York, by obtaining the Papacy, or by any other cause, should not continue much longer about the King's person, Pace will attain the highest post with his master. I wished to explain all this, that your Majesty might understand what kind of a man you have to deal with, and be ruled accordingly."

The ambassador then details his conversation on this occasion with Wolsey. "He assured the King," he says, "in my presence, with the most solemn oaths and protestations, that he had no intention to accept this election, unless his master and your Majesty should consider that in so doing he could best promote the welfare and honor of both of you. If it appeared to your Majesties that he was a person who could

be serviceable to you, and one in whom both of you might repose confidence, he would not shrink from any labor; asseverating that the chief benefit and emolument he expected to reap from this honor was to contribute to your Majesties' exaltation.—Here the King solemnly protested on his royal word that you might trust the Cardinal implicitly.[1]—And so," continued he, "your Majesties, like father and son, shall dispose of that see, its authority and power, as if they were your own, and give laws to the rest of the world!"

"To tell you my own opinion," adds the ambassador in confidence, "I do not believe that the most reverend Cardinal has any great expectation of succeeding, although he does not entirely despair. But he evidently contemplates two results: one is, that he will be able to ascertain your Majesty's real sentiments in this matter, how far your Majesty is to be trusted in case of need, and what faith he may repose in your promises; seeing that De la Roche and I, last year, promised him your Majesty's support at this election—an offer he refused at the time, but now he reminds us of it. In the other case, if, with your Majesty's active co-operation, success should prove impossible on this occasion, he will be enabled to put matters in a good train for the next opportunity. I speak this as of myself, and it is my own inference only; not but what I have said has some foundation in words he has casually dropped. I doubt not but that, if the Cardinal were fully satisfied that your Majesty would really favor him, he would use his power to the utmost with the King in furthering your Majesty's interests, inasmuch as even now he is most zealous in fostering and encouraging his master's affection for you, and in exciting his indignation against the French; so that whatever a Frenchman writes is considered no better than falsehood. * * * London, 19 Dec. 1521."[2]

Charles was in some perplexity. The writer had warned him that if he had determined on the election of any other candidate than Wolsey, the greatest caution and dexterity would be needed to avoid the resentment and blind the suspicions of the Cardinal.[3] Had he believed that his imperial master was sincere in proffering his services to Wolsey on this

[1] Either there is some slight confusion in the original, or the King suddenly breaks in with his asseveration, interrupting Wolsey's speech.

[2] III. 1884.

[3] "Nunc vero majestas vestra maturissime debet rem istam tractare et uti magna dexteritate, ut huic Cardinali possit satisfieri, et si alius fuerit eligendus, non perdatur." Bp. of Elna, *ut supra*, p. 510.

occasion, or that he had not in fact already decided on some other candidate, this warning and the general tenor of his despatch would have been out of place. Nor, indeed, could any one who reflected a little on the subject entertain much doubt on that head. Was it probable that, if Charles could influence the election, he would be so blind to his own interests as to raise an English Cardinal to the papal throne instead of a staunch imperialist, or prefer an uncertain and imperious friend to a humble and responsible subject? Against such a temptation his most solemn promise was worth nothing; nor would he have permitted it to stand in the way of his own interests for a moment. To make promises and to break them as easily, to incur the most solemn obligations without any serious intent of fulfilling them, was no unusual thing with the Emperor. At that very moment, when he had bound himself by a much more sacred vow to marry the Princess Mary, he was meditating a breach of it, and dictating instructions to De la Sauch, whom he was sending to the King of Portugal to explain away his obligations to the English Princess. Was a promise to a cardinal, whom he always suspected and sometimes hated, likely to be more binding on the Emperor's conscience? Neither at this nor at any other time had he any serious intention of promoting Wolsey to the Papacy. Notwithstanding all his professions of zeal and sincerity, it is questionable whether he ever wrote to his ambassador at Rome in favour of Wolsey; if he did, no notice of such a letter is to be found in Don Manuel's despatches—and they are not scanty—nor did the imperial ambassador exert his influence in Wolsey's behalf.[1] He had arranged his tactics already, and had given the Emperor due notice of his movements.

On the 24th the Bishop of Elna wrote again to the Emperor, describing a second interview he had had with the Cardinal. The Bishop had assured Wolsey that his master would employ all his influence to promote his election, and could only have wished to have been nearer Italy for the welfare of the Cardinal and the good of Christendom. "He heard all I had to say," continues the Bishop, "attentively, and received it gratefully; and he thanked your Majesty

[1] Charles wrote on Dec. 28 to the King and the Cardinal, professing to send them the copy of a letter which he had written to Don Manuel; but whether the letter was ever sent, or sent in time to be of use, is the question.

with such professions of humility as if he had been elected Pope already through your instrumentality. Perceiving that your Majesty had not forgotten your promise at Bruges, he was in great hopes of success, and began to repeat to me Pace's commission, of which I wrote to you by the last post, adding one thing at which I was greatly astonished; and, however strange it may seem, I will repeat it to your Majesty. He said that, to secure the election, which he desired for no earthly reason except for the King's exaltation and yours, it would be very important that your Majesty's army now in Italy should advance to Rome; and then, if, after liberal monition and offers, the Cardinals continued refractory, they should be compelled to elect him by force in order that the French faction might be excluded, and Naples and Sicily be saved." He added, that if 100,000 ducats were required to accomplish this object, Wolsey had told him they would be forthcoming; that the King of France reckoned on having twenty-two cardinals at his disposal;—"from which I inferred," says the Bishop, "that the king of France had made him an offer of his votes and his assistance."

Whether Wolsey was serious in this extraordinary proposal, so much at variance with the popular notions of the freedom of papal elections, or whether he urged it as a touchstone of the Emperor's sincerity, my readers must decide for themselves. If he spoke seriously, the reckless sincerity with which he expressed his disregard for the conclave, and his total disbelief in its independence, are remarkable. The Pope as a temporal sovereign had ceased, in Wolsey's estimation, to be more than an instrument for securing certain political advantages. But, as the Head of the Church, his authority was still paramount in spiritual matters. He would have been shocked, as much as any of his contemporaries, at the propagation of opinions derogatory to the Pope's ecclesiastical supremacy, had such acts of insubordination been prominently brought before his notice. But he had seldom been accustomed to regard the Papacy in that light. Immersed in politics, and engrossed by diplomacy, it was only the political side of the Papal orbit which presented itself to Wolsey's vision. To him the Pope was little better than a temporal ruler, a unit, by no means the most important, in those combinations of which the chief factors were the King, the Emperor, and their formidable rival. The temporal co-operation of the Pope was to be secured like that of any other

temporal power—freely, if possible; if not, by force. Doubtless Wolsey would have made little scruple of handling his cardinal brothers as roughly and unceremoniously as he proposed. How could he respect those of whose venality he had such overwhelming evidence? Was dictation backed by arms more culpable than intrigue supported by bribery? And though the Bishop of Elna professed to be shocked at his disregard of the conventional independence of the conclave, he forgot that only a minute before he had expressed his master's regret for being no nearer Italy, that he might have personally interposed his authority with the cardinals, and have corrected the Electors according to his wishes. He was ignorant, perhaps, at the date of his astonishment, that the Neapolitan army had already received orders to march, if the conclave proved refractory, and that Civita Vecchia was filled with armed Neapolitan galleys watching the course of the election. Though Wolsey was not the only person who thought that cardinals could be bribed or intimidated, he was the only person who had the honesty and the boldness to avow it.

The cardinals should have entered the conclave on the 18th of December, but the time was delayed until the Cardinal of Ivrea, who had been taken prisoner on his journey from Savoy, had regained his liberty. In the interval Rome became the prey of every intriguer. By the death of the Pope not only the Church lost its spiritual head, but the States of the Church their temporal ruler. The conclave was divided into two factions, headed by Cardinal Colonna and Cardinal De Medici. So obstinate was the strife, the parties so equally balanced, that there seemed little probability of any accommodation between them. Out of forty-nine or fifty cardinals De Medici counted on fifteen[1] votes; with the rest he was extremely unpopular, for his power was dreaded, and his unlimited influence over the late Pope was remembered with some resentment. Next to the Colonnas, the Soderini, of whom the Cardinal of Volterra was both the most eminent and the most acrimonious, signalized themselves by their animosity against De Medici. "This Cardinal," says Clerk, speaking of Volterra, "is a stout man and a wise, and a well spoken, and a man of good authority and reputation here in this court; and now at his coming, perceiving a great number of these cardinals sore bent to make the cardinal De Medici Pope, first

[1] Don Manuel says 18; then, in a despatch of a subsequent date, he says 15; thus confirming the accuracy of the English ambassador, Clerk.

did severally solicit each of them to the contrary, declaring against the said Cardinal that if he should be Pope, that should mar their reckoning to have no new Pope, for he had been Pope now a long season; and how that they have had good experience what manner a man he is; with many evil words of the Cardinal's bastardy, tyranny, and how that he had already undone the Church." [1]

De Medici, it was clear, could not succeed. It was equally clear that no other candidate could be elected without his consent. This gave Clerk, the English ambassador at Rome, on one side, and Don Manuel, on the other, an opportunity of interesting De Medici in behalf of their respective candidates; but either Don Manuel was the better diplomatist, or the offers he made were more tempting. Clerk did his best to insinuate the great merits of Wolsey, and obtain from De Medici some hint of encouragement and support. But the wily Italian pretended not to understand, and turned a deaf ear to his intimations. He tried his hand with Colonna. "Sir," said Clerk,[2] "I do perceive that you be thus right well minded towards cardinal De Medici, that at the least wise you would be contented to do for any friend of his so that the person had qualities thereafter. May I be so bold as to axe of you what friend of the cardinal De Medici's, being qualified, is there in this college upon whom you may find in your heart to bestow your favour?" "He answered me," says Clerk, "that there were divers aged men, and each of them were very meet for the room;" and he concluded by saying that he would so endeavour to control the election that he might come to this feast and marriage once again;" whereas, if they were to elect a young man, the Pope might survive them all.

To discover his intentions Clerk proposed Cardinal Campeggio. Colonna made no open objection, but bade him consult with De Medici. Returning to De Medici, Clerk exhorted him not to be too precise in standing out for one of his own nominees, as Colonna was resolved to oppose him; "seeing that I knew right well that there were other persons right well qualified, in whom he might as well trust as in any man;"—of course meaning Wolsey. Campeggio's name was only a stalking-horse; no one was more distasteful to De Medici.

The disorders rapidly increased in the States of the

[1] III. p. 805. [2] III. p. 807.

Church, and the election could be delayed no longer. On Friday, St. John's Day, the 27th of December, the cardinals entered the conclave. Some little difficulty was raised at first as to the place and its guardianship. Volterra complained that armed galleys of the Imperialists had filled the harbour of Civita Vecchia, and that 500 of the late Pope's Swiss guard had been stationed in the Palace where De Medici lodged, eager to advance his claims out of love to their late master.[1] The danger apprehended from the Swiss was neutralized by raising a thousand foot, and committing the custody of the conclave to the combined troops. The cardinals assembled in the forenoon at the Basilica of St. Peter, in the chapel of Sixtus IV. Mass was sung by Colonna; after a Latin sermon they proceeded, thirty-nine in number, to the conclave, singing in procession *Veni Creator*. Here each took possession of his cell. These cells, sixteen feet long by ten feet broad, were arranged in a chapel in the Pope's palace. This done, each went to dinner where his fancy led him. Two hours before nightfall, the whole body met again in a chapel within the conclave, and after the bull of Pope Julius against simoniacal practices had been read, every cardinal, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, took his corporal oath upon the Holy Evangelists to observe the bull to the best of his abilities. The ambassadors and others were then summoned to their posts. Of the wards, which were three in number, the outmost was held by the Roman lords and nobility; the second or middle ward, by the ambassadors; the third, nearest the assembled cardinals, was committed to the charge of certain prelates, who had likewise in their keeping the keys of the conclave.

Of the number of the ambassadors thus engaged, and who took up their residence for the time in the palace, were those of Hungary, Portugal, and England; among them Clerk, to whom we are indebted for these curious particulars. Don Manuel, the Spanish ambassador, was not present. Clerk assigns advanced age as a reason for his absence. A better excuse is extant under his own hand. He had already caused offence by personally canvassing the Electors, and was therefore given to understand that his presence would be construed into an infraction of the freedom of the conclave. Besides, his market was already made, and he was not solicitous to avail himself of a privilege more onerous than useful. Ascanio

[1] See Hadriani Annal., p. 146.

Colonna, the Bishop of Algieri, and Enkenvoert, zealous imperialists, were his active and efficient substitutes.

Outside the walls of the conclave all was restlessness and intense anxiety to catch, if possible, the faintest hint of the proceedings within. Every plausible rumour, however false, was eagerly caught up, and spread like wildfire through an excited populace, whose sole occupation from daybreak to night was to assemble about the doors of the palace, and speculate on the chances of the election. Friends, partizans, and relatives of expectant Popes, now elated, now dejected, as their hopes rose and fell by some vain report, pressed to the gates or scanned the windows, watching for some sign from those within of the coming decision. Not less interested, but for very different motives, idle multitudes stood on tiptoe to catch the name of the favourite cardinal, that, according to usage, they might anticipate their fellows in plundering his house and ransacking his property, an offence tolerated and overlooked in the general joy and licence of the election. The creaking of a door on its hinges, or the opening of a window, shot through the mass like a spark of electricity. A large body of troops stationed in front of the palace protected the conclave and kept the excited multitude at bay, which otherwise would have stormed the palace, and dispersed the affrighted cardinals.

Within all was silence. No noise of their proceedings could pierce the triple fold of prelates, ambassadors, "lords and barons," who kept guard in the three wards with jealous ears and watchful eyes. No letters or tokens were allowed to pass; meats, pots, and platters—all things, in short, by which intelligence could either be conveyed or indicated—were diligently scrutinized. By an ingenious contrivance, the food of the assembled cardinals was delivered "at a round turning wheel made in the wall," preventing all personal intercourse with those outside. The very offals—happily it was winter—were placed under the same rigid interdict. Once passed the gates, the broken fragments remained, or had to be disposed of by those within as best they could. To add to their discomfort (for without some pressure the reluctance of the cardinals to arrive at any decision, where one only could enjoy the prize, would never have terminated), their dishes after a few days were restricted to one kind of meat, with the prospect of further diminution if they failed to agree within a reasonable time. To some of the cardinals who were sickly,

to others who were advanced in years, such privations were intolerable; to all the strict confinement was a severe trial, from which they were glad to escape, even at the chance of sacrificing their ambition. None but the stoutest and most resolute could endure so rigid a restraint without discomfort. From day to day the conclave met to go through, without success, the same round of intrigues, the same disputes, combinations, opposition, voting, and revoting, weariness at last producing that unanimity which reason and persuasion failed to effect. Of this one cardinal at least was well aware, and had taken his measures accordingly.

The first night was passed in comparative quiet. Next day, in spite of all precautions, rumours were afloat that watchwords and tokens had passed from those within, indicating that Cardinal De Medici had no chance of the election. On the third day three cardinals requested, in the name of the College, to have the doors of the conclave opened, "that they might avoid such filthiness as they had there within of the fragments of meat and drink; the savor whereof, they said, was so great that they could not abide it."[1] The ambassadors and others in charge called a meeting to consider this important proposal; but concluded on refusing it, leaving the cardinals to find their own remedy. On Thursday, the 2nd of January,[2] and the sixth day of the conclave, their food was diminished, and every one had to make his choice whether he would henceforth have boiled meat or roast; "after which," says Clerk, "they shall get no more." Two days before, Cardinal Grimani, who had come post from Venice to take part in the election, was carried out almost dead from the conclave. One of Cardinal Farnese's servants, in the bustle, took the opportunity of calling to "one of his company, and said to him that he should bring a bigger pot of his master's wine in the morning, for the cardinals liked much that wine everich of them."

The words were caught up immediately, and interpreted as a secret watchword between Farnese and his friends, of his success at the election. Farnese was a Roman, of ancient descent and noble connections. He was, besides, one of the most wealthy and influential of the cardinals, and before entering the conclave was considered by all parties as not

[1] III. p. 828.

[2] See Hadr. Annal., p. 148. As Clerk was present at the time, I have generally followed his account of the election.

unlikely to succeed to the papal chair. But though a man of great learning, and no inconsiderable abilities, he was haughty and choleric, and inclined to covetousness. Unfortunately also for his advancement, he had formerly espoused the cause of the French; and though he had now abandoned their interests, and professed neutrality, his professions were not considered sincere. His name was inserted last on the list arranged by Don Manuel and Cardinal De Medici. The former had even gone so far as to exact a promise from Farnese, that, in the event of his becoming Pope, he should give security for his good and faithful behaviour to the Emperor, by sending one of his sons as a hostage to Naples.

When Farnese had twelve votes Cardinal St. Quatuor, his adherent, cried aloud, *Papam habemus*. He was joined by De Medici, Campeggio, and five imperialists; others followed their example. But the quick eye of his enemy Colonna, casting a rapid glance over his supporters, detected the manœuvre. Seeing his partizans remain firm, he told his opponents with a loud voice that they were bad arithmeticians, and had made a false reckoning. His assertion was confirmed on a scrutiny; Farnese was baulked of his chance; from that day his fortunes declined, and he never again obtained the same number of voices. But Farnese had to pay dearly for this momentary vision of a papal tiara; for upon the bruit of his election his house was ransacked by the populace. He was famous for his architectural taste, and his magnificent palace in Rome would have shared the same fate had it not been defended by a body of troops and seven or eight great pieces of artillery.

Hitherto Farnese, Fiesco, and the Bishop of Ostia, a Spaniard, had been the favourites. At no time had De Medici obtained more than six votes. Now Colonna was put into nomination. The battle raged between the two rivals with undiminished violence and obstinacy. The Romans grew impatient; doubts were entertained whether the conclave would ever come to any determination. Their food was then further diminished with prospect of greater severities.

Up to this time little notice had been taken of absent cardinals. On one occasion only had the Cardinal of Tortosa been proposed, and received eight votes; and about the same time seven votes were given to Wolsey. Too clever a diplomatist to waste his efforts, De Medici reserved his strength whilst the contention was raging at the highest. According

to Clerk,[1]—whose testimony is of great weight whenever he speaks from personal observation—after the defeat of Farnese, Wolsey was proposed, and had in the first scrutiny nine, in the second twelve, in the third nineteen votes. But if the ordinary accounts of the conclave are to be trusted, Wolsey was put forward on one occasion only, and then received only seven votes. And this is more probable; for Campeggio, who had no object in depreciating his own services, tells Wolsey, in a letter written when the election was over,[2] amidst the confusion of people bursting into the conclave, that he had concerted measures with De Medici in his favour; and he adds that Wolsey had as many as eight or nine votes at every scrutiny. In another letter,[3] written the day before, he assures Wolsey that he was often proposed and was readily supported; but that the cardinals feared Wolsey's youth, in spite of Campeggio's assertion that he was nearer sixty than fifty. It was not reasonable to expect more; nor is it probable that Campeggio or De Medici, both candidates for the papal throne, would have heartily supported the claims of Wolsey. Wolsey himself could not have anticipated success. We have Clerk's assurance that he would have stirred earlier, and with greater effect, had the King and the Cardinal's pleasure been made known to him sooner; "but at my departing," he says, "your Grace showed me precisely that ye would never meddle therewith." Too cautious to express all that he thought, he knew well the real cause of his failure; and that was, in his own words, that Wolsey "favored not all the best the Emperor."

But if Clerk exaggerated the number of votes obtained by Wolsey in the conclave, he was confirmed in his mistake by that great adept in dissimulation, Cardinal de Medici, afterwards Clement VII. De Medici assured Pace, on his arrival at Florence,[4] that in every scrutiny in the conclave he gave his vote for Wolsey, and caused seventeen or eighteen of his friends to do the same. The statement agrees with Clerk's assertion, but, like his, is inconsistent with Campeggio's letters, and the official accounts.[5] The facts of the case are

[1] III. 1960.
[2] III. 1952.
[3] III. 1945.
[4] III. 1981.
[5] It is remarkable with what pertinacity this story was repeated. Cardinal Sienna, another imperialist, and earnest supporter of De Medici, told Pace that Wolsey had divers voices in the late conclave, by means of De Medici, his own among the number; but they could never succeed in their object, the cardinals alleging that Wolsey was *nimis potens*. III. 1990.

now for the first time clearly ascertained, and the additional evidence lately discovered helps us to dissipate the obscurity which has hitherto hung over these events, and divided the opinions of historians. On the 24th of December, three days before the conclave assembled, Don Manuel had informed the Emperor that he had made an arrangement with De Medici that in the event of his election proving unsuccessful, he should give his own vote and the votes of his supporters to the candidate to be nominated by the Spaniard. Four days after he wrote again to the Emperor to say, that, in the event of the choice not falling on De Medici or any other cardinal present in the conclave, he had proposed Tortosa as the imperial candidate. Tortosa was named by the friends of De Medici, and had fifteen votes; afterwards twenty-two; on the eleventh scrutiny twenty-six; and then, by the concurrence of both parties, the requisite number, to the astonishment of all, and the disappointment of many.

The election had lasted fourteen days, and was concluded on the 9th of January, 1522. According to Campeggio's assertion, in his letter to Wolsey,[1] the cardinals had been entirely influenced in their choice by Tortosa's integrity, for few had ever seen him. Others affirmed that the result could only have been brought about by the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The Roman populace were less pious and less complaisant. On leaving the conclave, the cardinals were greeted with screams, whistling, and shouts of derision; their pretensions were ridiculed, their persons in danger. What could induce them to elect a stranger, an old man, the Emperor's schoolmaster, and pass over so many able, noble, and wealthy Romans? The reader can now judge for himself how far Charles V. fulfilled his promise to Henry VIII. and to Wolsey, and furthered the Cardinal's election. He can also judge what degree of credit is due to the Emperor's solemn asseveration that Don Manuel had no sort of commission to favour the election of De Medici or of any other candidate, with the exception of Wolsey, in whose behalf he had written to his ambassador. But he added hypocrisy to insincerity when he stated, "It is not probable that the said Don John made interest for De Medici in particular, judging from the result. On the contrary, the election fell on a party never contemplated, and appears to have been rather the work of God than of man!"[2]

[1] III. 1945. [2] III. 2024.

He gained nothing, however, by this stroke of policy. If he expected to find in Adrian VI. a zealous partizan or a convenient instrument, he found himself egregiously deceived. Unlike his predecessor, the new Pope was a man of strict, reserved, and ascetical habits. Leo X. had spent his time gaily, surrounded by poets, by artists, and musicians. He delighted in hunting, hawking, and fishing. A hundred lackeys lounged in his apartments; half a score of cardinals lent splendour to his ante-rooms. If the patronage of the fine arts, if the cultivation of polite learning, if the love of architecture, statuary, antiquities, the most costly marbles, the most refined paintings, could have reformed the age or repressed heresy, Leo might have gone down to posterity embalmed in the odour of sanctity. His successor had no taste for these things. A Flemish monk, of poor parentage, habituated to the frugality and discipline of the cloister, he retained to the last much of its asceticism, and something of its narrowness. For the arts which entranced Leo he showed little or no indulgence; and poetry was his abhorrence. As a student at Louvain, he had trodden the old and thorny round of scholastic philosophy, with the phlegmatic perseverance of his race, and the regularity of a temperament never bewildered by unruly passions. He rose at a fixed hour, he prayed at a fixed hour; he had fixed hours for his meals and his repose; and he regulated his affections and his intercourse with his friends by the same excellent and unvarying rule. His speech was slow, his voice placid and equable, his manners grave; no irregular enthusiasm flushed his sedate and dignified countenance, or disturbed the lustre of his small gray eyes.[1] Qualities such as these were inestimable for success in life, especially in the court of Charles V.

From a regular and respectable dean of a college he rose to be tutor to Charles, then a boy of seven years old. To the day of his death Charles V. could never translate an ordinary letter written in simple Latin, or master the elements of that language in which all public documents were composed, and all princes at that time corresponded. Yet, though Adrian had never succeeded in furnishing the heart of his imperial disciple with the rudiments of learning, though Charles knew no Latin, and not much French, Adrian contrived to impress his imperial pupil with a sense of the worth of outward decorum—a virtue for which Charles was always remarkable.

[1] See Moring. Hadriani Vit. ch. 5.

At the diet at Worms, in 1521, the young Emperor overheard —what was by no means uncommon—one of the German princes spluttering out horrible German oaths, in more than German profusion. Turning to one of his attendants, Charles is reported to have said, "What would Adrian have thought had he heard us cursing and swearing after this fashion!" Sent into Spain, appointed a member of that council of which the great Ximenes was the soul and the dictator, Adrian was honest, plodding, and industrious. But his modest intellect was crushed by the capacious genius of the grand Cardinal, and found no room, no opportunity, for expansion. It was eclipsed a second time, as it had been before by the great minister Chièvres, his associate in the education of Charles V. Now created Cardinal, and appointed to the government of Spain whilst Charles was away for his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, it was Adrian's misfortune to have the task of quelling an insurrection of the *Communeros*—a task to which he was wholly unequal. But though he had no influence with the mass in restraining their excesses, such was the respectability of his character that they undertook to bear him harmless, provided he did not interfere with them.[1]

With such merits and such services, backed by the intrigues of Don Manuel and the still greater recommendation of advanced years—for he was then sixty-four—Adrian was advanced to the Papacy. The official announcement of his election reached him at Vittoria, on the 9th of February; but six months elapsed before he made his appearance at Rome. From the despatches of the English ambassadors we gather many particulars of his personal history and proceedings, hitherto unknown; for he was attended from Vittoria to Rome by John Hannibal, afterwards Master of the Rolls. On the state of the great city during the protracted absence of the Pope, the factions among the cardinals, the spoil of Leo's jewels and plate, amounting by report to 300,000 ducats,[2] the horrible ravages of the plague by which the city was devastated during Adrian's absence, I forbear to enlarge: all these details will be found in the letters of Clerk and Pace. The sea was swarming with Saracens; the Turk gathering up his strength for a final struggle with the unhappy Rhodians; disaffection was spreading rapidly through the states of the Church. "The cardinals," said Don Manuel, not without some appearance of justice, "had with them at the election

[1] See III. 976.

[2] III. 2046, 2105.

the Holy Ghost, but since they have come out of the conclave they have the devil."[1] Still Adrian came not; and at Rome rumours prevailed that he was dead or would never come, or would transfer the seat of the Papacy to Spain. He was apparently in no hurry to set out. Leo had bequeathed to his successor a debt of 800,000 ducats. In his anxiety to drive the French out of Italy, he had impoverished his finances by hiring Swiss mercenaries, and fettered himself with pecuniary engagements he was not able to fulfil. Charles expected that Adrian would walk in the steps of his predecessor. But the new Pope entertained no such intentions. He had either taken it into his head, or had been persuaded by the opposite faction, that Don Manuel had endeavoured to hinder his election. The suspicion ripened into fixed aversion, as it will do in men of Adrian's temperament, and extended from the minister to his master. Resenting this suspicion, the haughty Spaniard treated both Pope and cardinals with undisguised and unmeasured contempt. Nor were matters improved when Charles, seeing the inexpediency of retaining at Rome a minister so unpalatable to the Sovereign Pontiff, superseded Don Manuel by the Duke of Sessa. Unhappily for the projects and future conquests of Charles, Adrian from the first had conceived the idea of re-establishing peace, and of turning the united armies of Christendom against the Turk. The project was chimerical, but it was not the less obstinately cherished on that account; and Adrian was encouraged in it by the Archbishop of Bari, one of the few cardinals to whom, in his inexperience, he lent a ready ear. The Archbishop, though a Spaniard, belonged to a party, still numerous, who regarded with dislike the English alliance, and were anxious to establish peace between France and the Emperor.[2]

Nor were their hopes without foundation. Charles, unable to follow up his late successes in Italy from want of funds, seemed not unwilling to temporize. His English allies hung back, obstinately bent on extorting the hardest conditions; and the offers of Francis were tempting. More than once he was inclined to recede. Probably, could a complete view be had of the Emperor's policy, from the imperial despatches,

[1] III. 2046.

[2] Much curious information for these times will be found in M. Gachard's "Correspondance de Charles V. et d'Adrien VI." The numerous abstracts made from the letters of Don Manuel, the Duke of Sessa and others, in the archives at Simancas, by M. Gachard, have been of great service. Since then Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar has appeared, and added to our information.

his professions of attachment to his "good uncle" and "good father," the King of England, would be found to be as sincere as most of his other professions. But French influence was now on the wane in the councils of Charles V., in consequence of the death of Chièvres. Though fettered with many conditions agreeable neither to his pride nor his penury, an alliance with England offered him the best chance of obtaining that which he needed most, and made no scruple to ask—a loan of some thousands of ducats, munitions of war, and the aid of the Swiss to be subsidized by Henry. Besides, whilst Charles was away pacifying his Spanish subjects, the defence of the Low Countries might be safely entrusted to his future father-in-law. Troops of Spaniards and Burgundians to fight his battles on the border territory of the Netherlands, an English invasion of Picardy, a partnership, in short, of which the advantages should be his, and the burthens his ally's—these were the conditions he hoped to exact. If he experienced some difficulty in realizing so pleasant a vision, it arose not from the modesty of Charles, but the obstinate punctiliousness of Wolsey, as the Spaniards called it.

To carry his project into execution, it was necessary for him to obtain from Henry an open declaration of war in his favour. Such a declaration had been hitherto delayed under various pretexts; chiefly, that the English shipping would be endangered by untimely hostilities with France, and the instalments due for Tournay, now some months behindhand, would be lost. Suspecting the intentions of England, yet unwilling to hazard a rupture, Francis had delayed these payments from time to time. Repeatedly pressed by the English ambassador to make good his engagements, he had as frequently excused himself, until at length both parties, weary of dissimulation, threw off the mask, and openly prepared for war. The event long foreseen was precipitated by disputes between the ships of the two countries. Satisfaction was demanded and refused. Nothing remained but defiance, and that defiance was delivered by Clarencieux Herald to the French King at Lyons, with the usual formalities, on the 29th of May.[1] It was flung back in the herald's teeth with the proud assurance that if any man said the French King had failed to keep his word, he would give his maligner the lie; and if Henry took the field he was ready to meet him.

Charles was in England at the time. He had been received

[1] III. 2292.

there with unbounded demonstrations of delight. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of May he landed at Dover,[1] accompanied by the Duke d'Alva, the Prince of Orange, the Count of Nassau, the Marquis of Brandenburg, and a numerous retinue of Spanish and German nobility. As he touched the shore he was received by the Cardinal on the sands, attended by 300 lords, knights, and gentlemen. Taking the Cardinal's arm, he passed on to Dover Castle. Here he was visited, on Wednesday the 28th, by the King, who had arrived at Canterbury the day before. The next day was spent in religious solemnities; Friday on board the *Great Harry*, then lying with the rest of the fleet at Dover. The same afternoon both monarchs started for Canterbury, and were met at the city gates by the mayor and aldermen with the usual speeches. Passing on between two rows of the clergy and religious bodies which lined both sides of the street as far as Christ Church, they were received by the Archbishop and twelve mitred prelates, and made their offerings at the minster. Next day (Saturday) they lodged at Sittingbourne; the Sunday at Rochester, where they were entertained by the Bishop and his convent. Arriving at Gravesend on Monday, they found a fleet of barges gaily decked, ready to convey them to Greenwich. By six the same afternoon they reached Greenwich amidst salutes of ordnance planted on both sides of the river. As Katharine and her daughter Mary stood at the great gates of the Palace to welcome the Emperor, Charles dropped on his knee in the Spanish fashion, and craved his aunt's blessing. Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th of June, were spent in masks and revelry.

On Friday the whole company set forward to London, "in great triumph," as the Emperor wrote to his favourite La Chaulx, "not only like brothers of one mind, but in the same attire." They were met on the road by John Milborne, the Mayor, and the City Companies, Sir Thomas More making the oration.

The procession advanced to Southwark. As it passed the Marshalsea and the King's Bench the Emperor requested free pardon for the prisoners. Amidst pageants and devices strangely blended, intermixed with Biblical allusions, stories of the Round Table, the classics, and ancient mythologies; amidst fantastic decorations of flowers, fish, and indescribable animals; amidst fair ladies representing the cardinal virtues;

[1] III. 2306.

galleries filled with men, women, and children singing and playing or reciting verses in honour of the auspicious event;—the procession threaded its way to the conduit at Gracechurch Street, thence to Leadenhall, next to Cornhill, through the Poultry to the great conduit in Cheapside. At St. Paul's the royal party dismounted, and made their offerings at the high altar; that done, the Emperor retired to his lodgings in Black Friars. After high mass at St. Paul's on Whit Sunday the King and the Emperor went by water to Westminster Abbey. Here "the sanctuary men cried 'Mercy and pardon.' They were so hasty, and pressed so near, that the serjeants-at-arms could scarce keep them from touching the Emperor and the King." [1]

On Monday the 9th both monarchs dined and hunted with the Duke of Suffolk in Southwark. Next day to Hampton Court; Thursday to Windsor; Friday and Saturday were given up to hunting; Sunday night to a play in the great hall, of which the French King formed the burthen. An unruly horse was introduced upon the stage. *Amity* (Henry and the Emperor) sent out their messengers *Prudence* and *Policy*, and when they had tamed the horse (France) *Force* bridled him and reined in his head.[2]

Enough of pageants and feastings; more, perhaps, than was palatable to the Emperor, who counted the expense, and thought it would have been better bestowed in the shape of a loan to himself, or of wages to his soldiers.

On Monday the 16th, and the following days, the articles of alliance, the marriage with Mary, the invasion of France,[3] and the partition of its dominions between the expectant conquerors, were arranged, in secret conclave, by the King, the Emperor, and Wolsey. On Friday, the afternoon of the 20th, Charles left Windsor for Winchester; and on Sunday, the 6th of July, embarked for St. Ander at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Before his departure the Princess Mary, then seven years old, was brought to Windsor to take leave of her affianced husband. The Spaniards said that she promised to grow up a handsome lady. What the Emperor thought of her he was wise enough to keep to himself. He had not visited England to think about ladies; and in all the vicissitudes of his policy he remained constant to one idea—the union of Spain and

[1] Hall, p. 640.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 641.
[3] See III. 2322, 2333. War was proclaimed on the 16th.

Portugal. When the battle of life was nearly over, weary of the cares of government, and a martyr to ennui and the gout, when he had nothing to gain, and nothing to hope for, he offered his hand to Mary, then Queen of England, whom he had slighted as a girl of seven years old. But he had other projects in view when he took his last leave of her at Windsor in July, 1522.

Yet tardy as England had been in drifting into war, and firmly as Wolsey had resolved not to precipitate the final and fatal stroke at the importunities of the Emperor or of the Lady Margaret, when the blow fell at last the nation was not prepared for hostilities. A moderate navy had been got ready for sea under the command of the Earl of Surrey, son of the victor of Flodden, and his vice-admiral Sir William Fitzwilliam, the late ambassador at the French court. So long as the commerce of the country was restricted, so long as no crops were raised beyond what was necessary for average consumption, adequate provision for a navy, still more for an army, with the indispensable requisites of bread, biscuit, beef, fish, and beer—for other supplies were out of the question—was a matter of considerable difficulty.[1] Bread, beef, fish, and beer, in the national economics of that time, involved a multitude of intricate arrangements, not to be grasped at once by the genius of a consummate statesman, or mastered off-hand by the most indefatigable industry. If the barley could be collected with no small labour and cost in different counties, it had to be malted; like the wheat, it could only be ground in small quantities in windmills, or at best in water-mills. Wind and water were sometimes as perverse as the French, and far less submissive than they to the meagre mechanics of the age. It was now midsummer, and the heat was excessive. Salt beef (without which no English sailor could be made amenable to discipline) could not be hastily procured, or, if procured, transported by the slow conveyance of those times to the parts required. There was a hue and cry in all directions for hoops, casks, and barrels. The energies and resources of the nation were taxed to the utmost for hoys, for beer, for fish and beef barrels. Men burning with ardour to fight the French, such was their confidence, admirals, officers great and small, saw their advantages lost, and felt their energies grow cold, owing to that perverse and invincible obstacle—lack of victuals.

[1] A gallon of beer was the daily allowance of every soldier and sailor.

Thus, on the 23rd of June (when the summer was rapidly advancing) Surrey writes to the King bitterly:[1] "The whole complement for 5,000 men, the beer from Portsmouth and the rest from Southampton, was promised by the last of May, and by this date we have with much difficulty been provided with flesh, fish, and biscuit for two months from Hampton, and we can get no more than one month's beer from Portsmouth. The Vice-admiral was promised his whole complement before to-day; but few of his ships are victualled for more than three weeks, some only for eight days, and most of them for a fortnight. The victuallers say they have been hindered about the beer for want of casks, but are as far behindhand with flesh, fish, and biscuit as with beer. We cannot do what we intend unless we are better furnished; and it would be a pity to spend so much without doing some great displeasure to the enemy, which we see good likelihood of doing if wind and victual serve, *doubting much more of the victual than the wind.*"

In Calais, the general rendezvous for the English forces, matters were no better. It was impossible to keep the troops at sea, and equally impossible to disembark them, for at Calais there was no accommodation, and no provisions. "There is great scarcity here," writes Sir Richard Wingfield;[2] "there has been no wind for grinding wheat and malt, and there is a deficiency of wood for the bakehouses and the brewhouses." And in another letter, "The country is ill provided both with malt and water to brew, by reason of the great drought; but there will be no lack of Rhenish wine and other victuals." But that "small creature," "Rhenish wine and other victuals," could ill supply the place of English beef and beer. English yeomen with greatest appetites for the fight had accustomed those appetites to the strong and staple diet of the country. On English beef, salt fish, and beer, they ploughed, they sowed, they reaped, they wrestled, pitched the bar, drew the bow, went to bed, and rose at four in the morning, with quiet consciences and contented stomachs. Two or three weeks of salt water, with nothing but "Rhenish wine and other victuals," was too severe a trial for any admiral to face, and hope in that interval to keep an efficient crew together.

Such practical and ignoble difficulties produced, however, one good effect: naval warfare exclusively, and military armaments in a great degree, were necessarily restricted to

[1] III. 2337, abridged. [2] Aug. 20, III. 2454, 2456, abridged.

brief manœuvrings. The fleets could rarely keep the sea beyond a few days' duration. They scoured the Channel at brief intervals, making hurried descents on some defenceless port or maritime town, and the rest of the time was spent in harbour. An army, on the other hand, though furnished originally with scanty stores, was able to maintain itself in the enemy's country, until, by its own wasting fire, and destruction, it was compelled to decamp, and either return home, or find some new scene for its destructive energies. The horrors of war cannot be exaggerated; yet a few men only, like Sir Thomas More or Erasmus, seemed sensible of the magnitude of the evil, or had the boldness and the wisdom to denounce it. Famine and desolation followed the course of the invaders, whose object was, not rapid and decisive victory, that is, war in its most merciful form, but repeated acts of plunder and devastation, until the enemy, bleeding at every pore, succumbed through sheer exhaustion. Barns, corn-fields, churches, villages, and castles were indiscriminately given to the flames. What became of the inoffensive villagers, whose houses were thus burned over their heads, and their whole means of livelihood destroyed, was deemed a matter of no moment; such considerations never troubled the thoughts of the invader. Here is a specimen of a military bulletin, sent to the King of England from Surrey, then commanding the English forces in France:[1] "The Boulonnois (all the country round Boulogne) is so burnt and pillaged that the French have good reason to be angry. Vendôme, the French king's lieutenant, has seen his town and castle of Hughelere burnt, he being at Montreuil, seven miles off. All the country we have passed through has been burnt; and all the strong places, whether castles or fortified churches, have been thrown down. I have agreed with the Emperor's council to go to-morrow towards Dorlance (Dourlens), where we hope to be in four or five days, doing meanwhile great displeasure to the French. When we have burnt Dorlance, Corby, Ancre, Bray, and the neighbouring country, which I think will be in about three weeks, I cannot see that we can do much more." Four days after, he wrote again to say that he had already, since his last, thrown down and burned "the goodly castle of Frewges," and intended to do the same with the castle of Fresyn to-morrow. "To-day we lay siege to Hesdin; the French have abandoned the town, where the pestilence is

[1] III. 2540; abriged.

raging. The Emperor's council are willing it shall be burned, which shall be done within three hours." And he adds, it must be thought very needlessly, "there is universal poverty here, and great fear of this army. I trust the King's grace and you (Wolsey) will be content with our services here."[1]

Wars carried on in this spirit could have no other effect than that of brutalizing equally invader and invaded. The extravagance of Francis I., the methods employed by him for maintaining his numerous armies, his oppressive exactions, his insensibility to the calamities thus inflicted, had alienated from him, in a great degree, the patient and enduring loyalty of his subjects. Churches, consecrated plate and jewels, even relics, could plead no exemption from the hand of the spoiler. Apostles were consigned to the melting pot, chalices to the furnace; until, as a writer of the time expresses it, "his people were eaten up to the bones, and the Church cried for vengeance upon him."[2] In this state of things the unhappy population were comparatively indifferent whether they suffered under the rule of a native prince or of a foreigner, and they offered less resistance than otherwise they would have done to the advance of the English troops. But if Henry had employed all his study in devising means for alienating their affections, or making English domination as odious and detestable as possible, he could not have hit upon a more effectual method than war conducted on Surrey's principles, and sanctioned by himself. If the French languished under the legalized oppression of a native sovereign, they had much worse to fear from the cruelty and injustice of a stranger. The spoliations of their own kings faded into nothing when compared with the sullen barbarity of English troops, who spared neither church nor house, rick nor barn. Thirst for retaliation, as well as the necessity of defence, braced up the sufferers to exertions which could never have been extracted from their loyalty. In such wars every step adds to the danger and the difficulty of the invader; a solitude of his own creation all around him, a barren and smoking country at his back, in front stern resistance growing every day more desperate, enemies increasing every day in numbers and

[1] III. 2549, abridged.

[2] III. 2707. "In the base, exile, and poor estate," says Wolsey, of the French King, he has "molten the garnishing of St. Martin's corpse, and founded (melted) the twelve apostles, with other jewels and sacred ornaments of the churches."—p. 1091. Their is a touch of grand irony in these expressions.

exasperation. Cruelty gives birth to superstitious terror, a Nemesis from which invading armies are rarely exempt. Their fears mirror for themselves the terrible earnestness of an implacable foe watching his opportunities for vengeance with fierce eyes and panting heart. Happily the approach of winter suspended hostilities, and gave the English commander an excuse for returning. He had been tardily supported by the imperialists, who did not want to see France in the power of their ally. Each of the two contracting powers had different objects and conflicting interests.

Meanwhile an event had taken place which was destined to alter the whole complexion of the war.

Charles Duke of Bourbon, by blood, by marriage, by alliance, by feudal rights and territories, by position, by military rank, and personal influence, the most formidable subject, and scarce a subject, of Francis I., had taken affront at the conduct of his sovereign. The invasion of France by the Emperor and the King of England appeared to offer him an opportunity for revenge. What might be his ulterior hopes he did not live long enough to develop; nor, if he had lived, would he have had sufficient influence to accomplish. French historians have assigned various reasons for his discontent:—his ambition, his disputes with Louise of Savoy, her jealousy and her greed. Others have sought a reason for Bourbon's disaffection in the affront offered him by the King, when the command of the vanguard was assigned to the Duke of Alençon, and the rear to himself and Vendôme.[1]

Unconscious or careless of the Duke's displeasure, Francis had sent him in January, 1522, into Languedoc, near the imperial frontiers, with orders to place that part of his dominions in a state of defence.[2] How long he remained there—how his time was occupied—no records remain to tell. But if at this early period, far removed from surveillance, in close proximity with the Emperor's officers, Bourbon already entertained treasonable intentions, he had excellent opportunities for carrying out designs so disastrous to his thoughtless and precipitate sovereign. It is certain that long before

[1] The Constable, in his own statement to Beaurain, justified his revolt by the following reasons:—1st, that after his services in Italy he had been deprived of his pension by Francis; 2ndly, in the last war in Champagne the van had been entrusted to the Duke of Alençon in preference to himself; and, 3rdly, by the King's command sentence had been given against him in the matters of Burgundy.—See III. 3392; cf p. 779, and No. 2817.

[2] See III. 1971.

the end of that year he had been negociating with the Emperor the terms of his disaffection. For on the 8th of September Charles wrote to his ambassadors in England,[1] informing them that the charge of the French army intended for Italy had been offered by the King to Bourbon, and refused by the latter; that Francis and the Queen-mother had eagerly sought for a reconciliation with Bourbon, but without effect. "Francis," he adds, "spends his time in the chase with the cardinal of Lorraine, and leaves all business to his mother, the admiral (Bonnivet), and the chancellor (Du Prat)." The resentment of Bourbon and his smothered indignation were aggravated by this preference of his rivals and antagonists. In what negociations he was occupied during the next few months, we are not informed; but before the close of September, 1522, the Emperor had improved his opportunity so well that the terms of Bourbon's treason were already arranged, and were known to Wolsey.[2] They must already have been some time under discussion, for Boleyn and Sampson were instructed to tell the Emperor that the King was informed "by such advertisements as were lately given to the King's admiral (Surrey) by M. Beaurain, that Bourbon, not being contented with the inordinate and sensual governance that is used by the French king, is much inclined, and in manner determined, to reform and redress the insolent demeanors of the said King, and such other indiscreet and light counsellors as have induced him to this great folly and danger that he now standeth in." They are further informed that the Duke is minded to have in marriage one of the Emperor's sisters; and that the King had been given to understand that this offer, often made before, had lately been renewed by De Cares (D'Escars),[3] cousin german to Bourbon. Moreover the Duke,

[1] III. 2522.

[2] See III. p. 1091 and No. 2450, which should be placed under the same date. The instructions from which the facts mentioned in the text are taken reached Boleyn and Sampson, then in Valladolid, on the 16th of December (cf. No. 2772). They had been long under consideration, and were first intended for Spinelly; but on the news of his death, which happened in Spain, 31st of August, the names of Boleyn and Sampson were substituted in Spinelly's place. The paper must have been drawn up in September or October.

[3] In order to communicate with Beaurain without exciting suspicion, D'Escars had arranged with him that a servant of the latter should advance so far beyond the lines as to be taken prisoner, and brought to Beaurain. It appears that Suffolk was in the camp at the time, to whom Beaurain communicated this important information. Months had elapsed, and yet Charles had never breathed a whisper of this negociation to the King or to Wolsey. It is scarcely possible that he was not aware of it. This, I think, is the hidden meaning of the circumstantial and expansive candour dis-

it is added, was unwilling at first that his proposal should be made known to the King of England; but now, in consideration of his union with the Emperor and his title to France, Bourbon had consented to join with 500 men-at-arms and 10,000 foot. The King further proposes that the Emperor should send Beaurain in disguise to negociate with Bourbon; for, if this affair succeeded, he thought that most part of the nobles of France would follow the example.

The English ambassadors found the Emperor at first little inclined to be communicative. He made excuses; complained of poverty; declined to raise more than the ordinary number of men; said that half the expenses of the Duke ought to be borne by the King; that as to giving Bourbon the hand of one of his sisters, he must deliberate, for one of them (Catharine) had been promised already to the Duke of Saxony with 200,000 florins. Therefore, he proposed to compound with Bourbon, and offer him in lieu 100,000 florins, of which he thought it reasonable the King should pay half. But though Catharine might be engaged, his other sister, Eleanor, now a widow by the death of her husband, Emanuel of Portugal, in 1521, was at the Emperor's disposal. But here again the indifference of Charles to all other considerations except those of his own political advancement was conspicuously shown. Eleanor's widowhood exposed her to the importunities of her step-son John III. Her residence in the court of Portugal was too advantageous to be lightly dispensed with. "The queen of Portugal," say the same ambassadors, "is not coming," that is to Spain; "the king of Portugal (John III.) is in love with her, and will not suffer her. She has a daughter (Maria) by the King's father, and therefore refuses him!"[1] On the same day[2] the ambassadors wrote again to say that, notwithstanding the desire expressed by the Emperor "speedily to set forth the matter of the duke of Bourbon, whom he calls his kinsman, he has delayed it from the 17th December to this day." The delay, they thought, arose from his want of money.

Meanwhile Bourbon had returned to Paris. Upon his entering the court at dinner-time, he was invited by the Queen, with whom he was a favourite, to join her table, for she dined apart from the King that day. "Francis hearing

played in the King's communication. It is evident from the whole tenor of it that Wolsey suspected the Emperor of foul play; not without reason.

[1] III. 2772.

[2] Jan. 14, 1523; III. 2773.

of his being there, the more shortly ended his dinner, and came to the Queen's chamber. The Duke, seeing the King, was rising to do his duty. The King commanded him to sit, and not to rise from his dinner; and then saluted him with these words: 'Senyor, it is showed us that you be or shall be married. Is it truth?' The Duke said it was not true. The King said that he knew that it was so; moreover saying that he would remember it, and that he knew his traffic with the Emperor; eftsoons repeating, that he would remember it. The Duke answered and said, 'Sir, then you menace and threaten me; I have deserved no such cause;' and so departed. And after dinner the Duke went to his lodging, and all the noblemen of the court with him." The next day he left Paris abruptly. Such was the account of the rupture which the English ambassadors took down from the Emperor's lips, and transmitted to Wolsey.[1]

Never was more culpable weakness shown by a sovereign than at this interview of Francis with his powerful subject. His upbraidings were altogether untimely. Too late, if he had evidence of Bourbon's treason; too early, if he had not. But, like the obstinacy of the weak, the indecision of the rash is often more fatal than their rashness. Treason, "like the word of a lie," is the hardest stone a sovereign can throw at a subject; and, therefore, should be the last. If his suspicions were strong enough to justify so odious a charge, they were strong enough to justify and demand the apprehension of Bourbon.

It was not thus that Henry VIII. would have acted. No reckless generosity, no chivalrous disinclination to take an unfair advantage, would have prevented him from at once securing the person of his enemy under such circumstances. He would not have presumed on the innocence of the man he had once openly accused of guilt. The culprit must have produced satisfactory evidence to substantiate his innocence, or have suffered if he could not.

Boleyn and Sampson expressed their astonishment at Bourbon's escape; and well they might. Perhaps they were thinking of the fate of Buckingham.

At the urgent request of the English ambassadors, the Emperor consented, on the 14th of January, 1523, that Beaurain should be sent with letters to the Duke; within a few days he altered his mind, and Beaurain was despatched

[1] III. 2879.

to England.[1] "Since the coming of De la Sauch," wrote Boleyn and Sampson to Wolsey, "we have perceived no small change in the Emperor." They were at a loss for the reason. Perhaps it is not so difficult to divine. In the spring of 1523 De la Sauch (La Chaux) was despatched with secret instructions to the court of Portugal. To avoid suspicion he was ordered to take England on his way; to communicate to the King and Wolsey the ostensible purpose of his mission; that is, to take their advice about the marriage of the new King of Portugal with one of the Emperor's sisters. But there was a secret article in La Chaux's instructions, which he was not to communicate to any one—not even to the most intimate of his English friends. It was of so delicate a nature that, if the King of Portugal inquired about the proposed marriage of the Emperor with the English princess, La Chaux was to tell him that the Emperor reserved it for himself alone, to explain this mystery. Yet, in spite of the Emperor's dissimulation, his secret became known to Wolsey. Strangely enough, he had received a hint of it from the Emperor's aunt, Margaret of Savoy. Why Margaret should have betrayed it, I do not understand. As a Fleming, was she jealous of Spanish influence? Did she regard the Portuguese alliance with aversion?

"There was now of late," says Wolsey, writing to Boleyn and Sampson, "a matter of right weighty importance disclosed by the lady Margaret to Sir Robert Wingfield in great secresy, to be notified unto the King's highness, which in effect was this: that the King of Portugal had not only determined to send a great man, being in most authority about him, to the Emperor, but also the Queen of Portugal,[2] with the King's sister, who is named a marvellous fair lady, to accompany her to his presence. And forasmuch as it is

[1] Beaurain did not return to Valladolid until the 12th of March, 1523. On the 8th of that month, Charles wrote to his ambassadors from Valladolid, that if Beaurain had left England without succeeding in his charge, his despatches must be returned to the Emperor. The affair, he said, had already been so badly managed that it had come to the ears of the French King; Bourbon had retired from court. As, therefore, it would be dangerous to continue the negociations, the Emperor thought it advisable that Henry and himself should manage their affairs apart, each by his own ambassadors.

This is a sufficient answer to M. Mignot and others, who tax Henry with caprice in first desiring that Beaurain should be sent to Bourbon, and then authorizing his own ambassadors to undertake the task. That was the Emperor's own arrangement. "La mobilité soudaine," in his plans and his alliances, with which this able historian charges the English monarch, was forced upon him by the versatile policy of his ally.—III. 2773, 2799.

[2] The Emperor's sister Eleanor.

doubtful, what hath been treated in Portugal by M. de la Shawe (Chaux), and that the sight of so fair a lady being of mature age with the dote of 800,000 ducats, and the inclination of the nobles of Spain, might be a great temptation to the Emperor, he being also in his flourishing youth; therefore she thinketh right expedient that the King should take a right vigilant eye thereunto, in avoiding the alteration of purpose, by blindness of love, which oftentimes not only breaks the laws of man, but also the laws of God." [1]

It is refreshing to find in the barren sands of diplomacy even so small a tribute to nature as this;—a tiny green leaf pushing out, as it were, its verdure in some unexpected and repulsive nook. It is pleasant to see grave statesmen admitting that there is a touch of nature stronger than green wax and inky parchment. On one side was Isabella of Portugal, "a marvellous fair lady," with 800,000 ducats; on the other, a princess young but not fair, an exacting father-in-law, an imperious Cardinal, obligations more convenient to assume than to keep. Charles had not fulfilled any one of his promises. In the late war the English troops had been feebly supported; they had been left to bear the brunt of the invasion. The pay of the Spanish troops had been allowed to fall in arrears, and they were ready to mutiny. At the moment when their presence was most necessary they had been suddenly withdrawn. In addition to these well-founded causes of complaint, the Emperor had not refunded a single ducat of the indemnity he had promised to the King and Wolsey; [2] and there was little prospect of his doing so. Recriminations followed. Wolsey, irritated and impatient, reproached the Emperor with breaking his promises; Charles retorted by asserting that he had failed in nothing except in deferring the indemnity, which Wolsey told him at Bruges was insisted on merely as a form to satisfy the Council. He proposed, with consummate coolness and effrontery, that the King should borrow the money, and he would engage to repay it, principal and interest, within a year. Such a proposal was little better than an insult.

Charles wavered. Could he have retracted with dignity, or consistently with his own interests, he would, even at that late hour, have broken all his engagements, and made peace

[1] III. p. 1091.

[2] He had engaged by the treaty of Windsor to pay 150,000 g. c. advanced by Henry VIII. as indemnity for the pensions hitherto received from France. See III. 989, 990.

with France. As early as the middle of February the same year, in violation of his arrangements with England, he had taken some steps in this direction. He had sent ample powers to the Pope to conclude a treaty with his formidable rival.[1] Through the Archbishop of Bari, tempting proposals had been made to him at the same time by Francis I.; who was willing to deliver Fontarabia, and resign all his claims on Novara and Naples, on the sole condition of retaining Milan. That one condition disconcerted the project. Sore pressed as he was on all sides, Francis refused to abandon his Italian confederates. But for this, Charles would have accepted the treaty, and have left his English ally to shift for himself.[2] By the obstinacy of Francis the treason of Bourbon was crowned with success. Thus the way was paved to the ruin of France and the captivity of its King.[3]

Shut out from this hope, Charles consented at last to enter seriously into negociations with Bourbon; but on one condition, that the King of England should contribute half the expenses. That meant, in effect, as it always did mean, that Henry should pay whatever was necessary for maintaining the war against France, and preserving the integrity of the Emperor's dominions. Strange as it may appear, the finances of the empire were exhausted. Notwithstanding the vastness of his dominions and the treasures of the New World, it was only by incredible exertions and capacious promises, never doomed to be fulfilled, that Charles contrived at this period of his reign to keep an army on foot. The despatches of his ambassadors are filled with reiterated complaints of poverty. Spanish troops, Neapolitan troops, Swiss mercenaries, German lanzknechts, are in a chronic state of insubordination, for lack of wages. At one time Francis of Sickingen, the friend of Hutten and Luther, the most efficient and unscrupulous

[1] This is confirmed by Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar of Spanish State Papers. The Emperor was scarcely ashamed to avow his perfidy.

[2] III. 3031.

[3] It is stated by Mr. Bergenroth (Pref. p. clxxvi.) that Henry and Wolsey, instead of availing themselves of the treason of Bourbon, "tried *to dissuade the Emperor* from espousing the cause of the rebel;" and that long negociations were required to prove to them "that they were utterly mistaken in Bourbon's intentions." He insists upon the necessity of this, in order that the correspondence may not be misinterpreted. This assertion of Mr. Bergenroth's is the reverse of the facts, as may be seen by the correspondence of the English ambassadors with the Emperor. But then, in Mr. Bergenroth's volume, documents relating to Bourbon are comparatively rare; and he had not consulted our English archives for this and other hypotheses put forth in his preface.

supporter of imperial claims, is on the point of throwing off his allegiance, and recovering arrears by pouncing on Luxemburg; at another, Margaret of Savoy falls into despair at the obstinacy of the Flemings, who refuse to contribute so much as a beggarly denier. English money advanced for the Spanish navy and the confederate cause disappears in an unaccountable manner. What has become of it? Wolsey cannot tell. "I have in good manner," he writes to the King, "showed unto the Emperor's ambassadors the lack of wages as well for his army in Picardy, as also the like lack of wages and victuals for his army by the sea. As for Lastano (the Spanish admiral), since the provision of money for his victualling by my means, I never heard word from him, neither of the going of his ships northward ne of the division of the same, to my no little marvel."[1] "The right moment is come," writes the Abbot of Najara, treasurer to the Emperor,[2] "to ask for 200,000 ducats from the King of England for the Italian army. He can easily spare them by reducing his armaments in England, which are greater than is necessary." Harsh as the imputation may seem, it was the Emperor's purpose to make the most of his rich ally; to fight his battles at the cost of England; to keep the French King sufficiently occupied at the least possible sacrifice to himself; and thus secure Navarre, Naples, and the North of Italy. The conquest of France he never seriously intended; least of all, to share it with England. Not he.

But the obstinacy of Francis, and his unwillingness to relinquish the Duchy of Milan as his rightful inheritance, compelled the Emperor to digest, much against his will, the stinging reproaches of Wolsey, and hasten forward the arrangements with Bourbon. On the 29th of May, Beaurain was sent a second time to England, charged with a commission for opening negociations with the Constable. What private instructions he might have carried besides we are not informed. If any, due care was taken that they should not be communicated to the English court, for Charles insisted that each power should treat independently of the other. Provided that England would engage to contribute 500 men-at-arms, and 10,000 foot, not omitting its share in the support of the Duke, Beaurain was empowered to enlist the Duke in the cause of the confederates; to treat with him for a marriage with one of the Emperor's sisters; to arrange the amount of her dowry,

[1] State Papers, i. 104. [2] March 23. See Bergenroth's Calendar.

taking care to make "as small concession" as might be on the part of the Emperor. In what way his services could be most efficiently employed, was to be left to his own discretion.[1]

Beaurain had no sooner started on his mission than a despatch was forwarded by Wolsey to Knight, then resident in the court of the Lady Margaret, with orders to follow him without delay. At this juncture Bourbon was at Burgus (Bourg en Bresse), whilst the French King with his Queen and his mother the Regent were idling away their time in Paris, little aware of what was passing. The precious hours were spent in visiting St. Denis, and performing a round of devotions. After a splendid and solemn mass, the King made his confession to the prior of the Celestines at Paris, in the presence of the court and nobility. Next day, Friday the 24th of July, he left his lodgings at the Tournelles, early in the morning, and proceeded, "à grande devotion," to Ste. Chapelle du Palais, to visit the holy place and the relics. This done, he returned to dinner; after dinner he started from Paris on his way to the frontier, accompanied by the Queen, the Regent, and all the nobility. Two days before his departure he visited the Hotel de Ville, to take a solemn leave of the city. Thanking the provost, the *échevins* and the citizens for the aid they had afforded him, he recommended to their loyal protection his affairs and his kingdom, the persons of his Queen and his mother, whom he left regent during his absence.[2] In the midst of these leave-takings and affecting solemnities Beaurain and Bourbon were hatching rebellion.

It was late in the evening of the 17th of July, 1523, when Beaurain arrived at Bourg. Restless, suspicious, dreading discovery, Bourbon, under pretence of a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Puy,[3] had left Bourg, and withdrawn into the more mountainous and inaccessible parts of his estates, establishing himself at Montbrison. Informed of Beaurain's arrival, he despatched two of his retinue to bring the imperial agent to his presence. Here for two days Beaurain was not permitted to leave his apartment openly, stealing out of his chamber by night, for fear of detection, to visit the Duke.

Among the articles stipulated, it was arranged that the Duke should espouse either the Queen of Portugal or her

[1] See III. 3055.
[2] Journal de Paris, 139.
[3] Mignet, in Revue des Deux Mondes, for Feb. 15, 1860, p. 887; from the depositions of witnesses examined on the trial.

sister Katharine, with a dowry of 200,000 crowns. A simultaneous invasion of France by the three powers was arranged at the same time. An attack on Narbonne by the Constable, and on Picardy by England, was to be supported by a rising in the interior, as soon as Francis should have turned his back upon Lyons. He was expected to reach Italy about the end of August. The day after Beaurain departed, and despatched on the road his secretary Chasteau to acquaint Henry with the result of his mission.

Knight, who had been ordered to act in concert with Beaurain, never contrived to reach his destination. To escape observation he had taken the road to Basle, under colour of a mission to the Swiss. From Basle he proceeded to Geneva; crossed over the Jura, and arrived within ten leagues of Bourg on the 13th of July, hesitating to push on through fear of the plague. His movements had been anticipated. Beaurain, after his interview with the Duke, had started already on the 13th, reached Pomiere, a castle in Bresse, and left the next day for Genoa, intending to take ship and return to the Emperor.[1]

The failure of Knight's mission was unfortunate. If England was to contribute half the expenses for the services of Bourbon, it was necessary to know their precise nature, and not leave them to be adjusted entirely at the Emperor's option. It did not promise well for his sincerity and fair dealing, that in a matter of such intimate concern to both parties he had insisted that each of them should make their arrangements with Bourbon apart. The English court was not satisfied. It could place no reliance on the Emperor's words, or the promises of his ambassadors. Convinced that it was the sole object of Charles to secure his own interests, Wolsey refused to listen to excuses or explanation. Resolved to judge for himself, when Knight's mission failed, he despatched Sir John Russell on the 2nd of August, in disguise, with orders to discover the Duke's real intentions.

It was the main purport of his mission to obtain from Bourbon a recognition of the King's title to the throne of France—a project which Beaurain, of course, was little interested in urging. Further, Russell was to insist, if possible, on the suspension of warlike operations for the

[1] These dates, it will be seen, are not reconcilable with the authorities quoted by M. Mignet; but as the information is furnished by Knight, who spoke only from hearsay, he may have been misinformed.

present year.[1] Motives for this delay were pressing. To create a diversion in favour of France, Albany had for some time been preparing to pass into Scotland, supported by French troops and assisted by French pay. The energies of England, already severely taxed by loans to the Emperor, by his failure and incompetence to keep an efficient army on foot unless backed by continual aid from England, were now to be further tested by a subsidy to Bourbon of 100,000 crowns, and the transport of an army into Picardy. The summer was rapidly waning. Long before their united preparations could be ready, the time for warlike operations would have passed away. In those days an autumnal or winter campaign was out of the question. Two wars at the same time—one with France, the other with Scotland; the one of choice, the other of necessity—were an insupportable burthen. Therefore Wolsey proposed to settle one before he entered on the other. The propriety of such a course could not be doubted. Of Bourbon's artifices to elude the vigilance of Francis I., of the incredible hesitation of the latter in taking the necessary and extreme measures for securing his powerful and traitorous subject, of the escape of Bourbon in the disguise of a merchant, and his final arrival at Genoa, I forbear to speak. The events connected with his treason and escape have been described with great ability by M. Mignet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which I refer my readers.[2]

[1] Mr. Bergenroth condemns the Cardinal for vacillating between two courses; now advocating the war, and at another time denouncing it, according to the caprice of the moment or the dictates of his avarice; whilst Henry, he says, "a vain and self-indulgent prince," was victimized by his minister, and sacrificed to his selfish manœuvres. Mr. Bergenroth quotes, in support of his assertion, documents as contemporaneous, which were, in fact, written at widely different intervals, and referred to different stages of the negociation. Thus, at p. cxxiv. of his preface, in proof of Wolsey's duplicity, he quotes a letter of Du Prat, dated Jan. 20, 1522, as if it referred to 1522; and yet he has elsewhere quoted the same letter, rightly enough, under 1523. The changes in Wolsey's policy were necessitated, partly by the change of circumstances, partly by the uncertainty of the Emperor's proceedings.

[2] For Feb. 15, 1860. The documents referring to the subject, besides those already mentioned, are III. 3254, 3297, 3307, 3308, 3399, 3546, 3601, 3652.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PARLIAMENT OF 1523.

For England to carry on a war of such magnitude with its ordinary resources was impossible. Therefore, once more, after an interval of eight years,[1] the King thought right to summon a Parliament. There was no wish on the part of the nation to throw obstacles in the King's way. Not only was Henry popular with his subjects, but if his popularity had been on the wane, no more effectual means of restoring it could have been devised than the prospect of a war with France. In addition to the strong feelings of aversion created by national rivalry and antipathy, popular animosity had been stimulated by the bickerings and disputes between the commanders of English and French merchant ships, and their incessant conflicts in the Channel. Old claims for reparation of injuries had stood over for the last five years without any satisfactory adjustment. The English merchant fleet, accustomed to trade with Bordeaux for most of the wine then consumed in England, had been either stopped in the passage or seized in the port. Wine was not to be had at any cost; the gentry and nobility of England were reduced for the present to their native beer, or to the small quantity of sweet wines imported from the Levant in the Venetian galleys. And, as if these wrongs had not constituted provocations enough, there was the damning fact that Francis I. was aiding the Scots to invade England, and was attempting to set up a rival claimant to the throne in the person of the exiled De la Pole. That was an offence no Englishman would or could forgive or forget. So the Parliament met in great good humour.

Its history is more than usually interesting. It brought together for the first time, and into personal contact, three of the most remarkable men of the reign—Wolsey, Thomas More, and Thomas Cromwell. It is the first, I believe, in our par-

[1] In round numbers; viz. Dec. 1515, to April, 1523.

liamentary annals, of which something beyond the regular official report has been preserved in the correspondence of the times. As will be seen in the sequel, the personal views, the genius, the character of its more prominent members, now rise into a significance of clearness such as is not visible in the meagre accounts of earlier parliaments.

The Commons assembled in London,[1] in the great chamber at Blackfriars, on the 15th of April; and on Saturday, the 18th, Sir Thomas More was presented to the King as their speaker. It is probable that their choice fell upon More as much out of deference to the King's wishes as respect for More's abilities and unblemished independence. He stood high in the King's favour. To the infinite regret of Erasmus, he had forsaken the primrose path of classical literature for law and diplomacy; he had wilfully turned his back on the tempting prospect of becoming the first Ciceronian of his day. But there is no reason for supposing that at this period of his life More regretted the change. His old literary associates looked upon his advancement with feelings not wholly exempt from envy, and wondered at the elevation of his fortunes. But no man grudged More his promotion or emoluments. He still retained his affection for literature, was still the loving friend and correspondent of Erasmus. To no other did men more readily or more frequently defer as arbiter in disputes, too common at that age, among rival scholars and theologians; and his never-failing wit, his kindliness, his integrity, his strict impartiality, undiminished and unimpaired by his high position, gave weight to his opinions and decisions. No one, perhaps, ever wore his honours with less haughtiness than More; no one was less dazzled by the favours of a King. He was now under-treasurer of the Exchequer; was either employed in negociations abroad, or attended on the King as his secretary, especially during Pace's absence. "For the pleasure the King took in his company," says Roper, "would his grace suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him; whither on a time unlooked for he came to dinner; and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck."[2]

Such condescension was not peculiar, was not improbable. Unlike his father, Henry, in the earlier period of his reign, treated his nobles and his ministers with an easy confidence,

[1] III. 2956.

[2] Page 21, Singer's edition, 1822.

wholly at variance with modern notions of court etiquette. Though he tolerated no diminution of services and respect, was harsh and severe at the least omission of duty and observance, he would at times descend from his dignity, and play the equal with men of his own choice, such as More and Pace, and even Wolsey. But if careless observers imagined from such instances of familiarity that Henry bated his dignity or surrendered his judgment to his favourites, none knew better than those favourites how little they dared presume on this condescension.

But Roper has preserved an anecdote of More's conduct as speaker, generally repeated in our English histories, which cannot easily be reconciled with authentic documents. After reporting the apology made by More on his presentation to the King, Roper proceeds to tell his readers how Wolsey felt aggrieved that nothing was done or spoken in the House "but that it was immediately blown abroad in every alehouse." To express his dissatisfaction, adds Roper, the Cardinal ventured on the liberty of soundly rating the members for their lightness of tongue, and declared his determination to be present at their debates: "Before whose coming, after long debating there, whether it were better with a few of his lords, as the most opinion of the House was, or with his whole train, royally to receive him there amongst them, 'Masters,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'forasmuch as my lord Cardinal lately ye wot well laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his poleaxes, his crosses, his hat, and the great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay blame on those that his Grace bringeth hither with him.'"

The Cardinal made his appearance; was received as More had proposed; and after a long oration in which he advocated the necessity of the subsidy, he proceeded to ask the opinion of various members of the House, all of whom, by a plan preconcerted with More, had agreed to return no answer. "Masters," quoth the Cardinal, "unless it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your speaker, whom you have chosen for trusty and wise—as indeed he is—in such cases to utter your minds, here is without doubt a marvellous obstinate silence;" and thereupon he required answer of Master Speaker. Then More, "reverently

on his knees," excused the silence of the House, as abashed by the sublimity of the Cardinal's presence among them, and showed him that it was neither expedient nor agreeable, with their ancient privileges to comply with the Cardinal's demands. "Whereupon," adds Roper, "the Cardinal, displeased with Sir Thomas More that had not in this Parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed."[1]

To conclude Roper's narrative. After the close of the Parliament, Wolsey, meeting accidentally with More in his gallery at Whitehall, expressed his displeasure at More's conduct in the chair, exclaiming, "Would to God you had been at Rome, master More, when I made you speaker!" "Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord," quoth Sir Thomas. Then artfully turning the Cardinal's thoughts in another direction, More contrived to mitigate for a time Wolsey's displeasure; but Wolsey took his revenge by assiduously urging the King to send Mr. Speaker on a distant embassy to Spain.

The story is so characteristic of the two men, the dry humour of the reply so like More's wit, that I feel more than usually reluctant to challenge its authenticity. And yet there are grave reasons for suspecting its accuracy. Allowing that, at a time when the functions and privileges of the House of Commons were not so well understood as now, the Cardinal, not accustomed to respect too scrupulously the rights of others, might take upon himself to lecture the assembled Commons, he had certainly no cause for animosity against More. Far from it. More, as will be seen hereafter, supported the measures of the court throughout, and entitled himself, for his services on that occasion, to the gratitude of the King and Wolsey. It was no other than the Cardinal who recommended the King to grant More the ordinary fee of 100*l.* for his conduct as Speaker, and a reward of 100*l.* for the better maintenance of his household: and he rests his recommendation on More's activity in promoting the measures of the court. "The faithful diligence of the said Sir Thomas More in all your causes treated in this your late parliament, as well for your subsidy right honorably passed, as otherwise considered, no man could better deserve the same than he hath done." And he adds weight to this recommendation by saying, "I am the rather moved to put your highness in remembrance thereof, because he is not the most ready to

[1] Roper's Life of More, p. 18.

speak and solicit his own cause;"—words as honourable to More as they are to the writer, but wholly irreconcilable with Roper's account of the Cardinal's displeasure.[1]

From the following scattered notices we now possess of this memorable Parliament, a more accurate judgment may be formed of More's and of Wolsey's conduct on this momentous occasion.

The House commenced its sittings on the 15th of April, when the mass of *Spiritus Sanctus* was sung, at which all the Lords attended in their robes. Entering the Parliament chamber the King took his seat on the throne. The Cardinal of York and the Archbishop of Canterbury sat at his feet on the right side; Tunstal, then Bishop of London, took his station at a railing behind, and made the usual oration. After some general remarks on the duties of kings, and the reasons which had moved his Majesty to summon the Parliament, the Bishop reviewed, at some length and more labour, the evils of the time which called for redress. The oration ended, the Commons departed to their own house to elect a speaker. On his presentation to the King, More, according to the old usage, "disabled himself"—to use Hall's words, from whom these particulars are taken—"both in wit, learning, and discretion, to speak before the King, and brought in for his purpose how one Phormio desired Hannibal to come to his reading, which thereto assented; and when Hannibal was come he began to read *de re militari*. When Hannibal perceived him he called him arrogant fool, because he would presume to teach him, which was master of chivalry, in the feats of war."[2] His excuses, of which this specimen is sufficient, were of course set aside. Wolsey, as Chancellor, replied, "that the King knew his wit, learning, and discretion by long experience in his service," and thought that the Commons had chosen him as "meetest of all." More proffered his thanks in the customary phrases, and requested the usual liberty of speech, in the manner reported by Roper.

On the 29th of April, the Cardinal, attended by "divers Lords, as well of the spirituality as of the temporality," entered the Commons House; and, after insisting upon the causes of the war, and the difficulty of maintaining it without

[1] See III. 3267; and More's acknowledgment, No. 3270.

[2] It is curious that Roper should have stated that this speech of More's was "not now extant" (p. 13). And yet that More did speak to the effect stated in the text will appear by the sequel.

great sums of money, proposed a subsidy, which he thought should not fall short of 800,000*l.*, to be raised by a tax of four shillings in the pound on all men's goods and lands. This done, he left the House.

Next day the Commons met, when Sir Thomas More took up, and reinforced with more than usual energy, the Cardinal's arguments, urging that it was the duty of every man to make the required concession; conduct in a Speaker not the least extraordinary in this extraordinary parliament.

More's arguments were not acceptable to the House. The majority were of opinion that so large a grant of ready money would not only burthen the whole currency of the country, but "that there was not so much money, *out of the King's hands*, in all the realm"—a mode of reasoning which throws a new light on the economic and political history of the times. For here was a new source of power. The Tudor monarchs were the national bankers, as well as the national kings; and their numerous loans to their nobility, of which frequent examples will be found in these volumes, were not only a tie on the loyalty of their subjects, but a mode of replenishing their own exchequer. Debasement of the coinage was an easy method of doubling their property.

The Commons also further objected that as certain loans had been already granted to the King, among others four shillings in the pound by the spirituality, the demand was utterly impossible, and would reduce the nation to beggary.

It was answered, on behalf of the court, that the money demanded ought not to be considered as lost, but transferred to other hands; just as in markets, "though the money change masters, yet every one is accommodated;" and further, that no man ought to refuse to support those who fought for the honour and safety of their country. If the soldiers, it was urged, stayed at home in idleness, they would still have to be fed; and they asked no more now, when they were giving the utmost proofs of their patriotism. It might be objected, said the orator, that it would be the tendency of this measure to drain the coin from the poorer classes. Then let the rich, he exclaimed, go themselves, for the King will not refuse them this honour. But if they desire to be exempted, if they seek to impose these burdens upon others, it is not reasonable in them to grudge at paying so small an amount of wages, which even their servants at home would scarcely accept to stand bareheaded before them. If it be objected

that the money will be carried out of England, and left in France, will it not carry with it the men also? And thus the expense of their support, be it at home or abroad, remains the same. But in truth, he proceeded to argue, there is no force in such an objection; for if "the French had invaded us, would the money they brought over, think you, enrich our country? Should any of us be the better for it? The worst then that can happen to you will be to eat your beef and mutton here, and wear your country cloth, while others are fighting for your liberty and security." In conclusion, urged the orator, "you need not fear the scarceness of money; for the intercourse of things being so established throughout the world, there always will be a perpetual circulation of all that is necessary. Let us, therefore, do what becomes us, and for the rest entertain so good an opinion, that the war, instead of impoverishing our country, will add new provinces to it." [1]

In the end a committee was appointed to represent to the Cardinal the sense of the House. But Wolsey remained inexorable, as might have been expected. The committee meekly requested him to move the King to accept a lower sum. He replied he would rather have his tongue plucked out of his head with red-hot pincers than induce the King to take less than he demanded.

The debate was resumed, with little apparent hope of unanimity. Then took place the scene upon which Roper's anecdote is founded. The Cardinal entered the House of Commons, and desired to debate the matter with the assembled members; but he was told that "the fashion of the nether house was to hear, and not to reason but amongst themselves." Foiled in his purpose, the Cardinal endeavoured to remove the objections urged by the committee, insisting, by a reference to the augmentation of the customs, the increase of dress, plate, servants, and luxuries of all kinds, that the riches of the kingdom were greater than they had been represented. His conclusions, warranted by facts, were very unpalatable,

[1] Mr. Hallam, who refers to this debate in his *Constitutional History of England*, is inclined to think that we are indebted to Lord Herbert's imagination for these speeches; and he accuses the noble historian of taking similar liberties on other occasions. The speech has certainly a modern air; but though I know not on what evidence this particular passage of Lord Herbert's history rests, I have generally found that he had good authority for his statements. It is not always easy to trace his sources of information. He was often indebted to documents, the originals of which have since been lost; and the abstracts alone are preserved in a volume of his collections, kindly lent to me by the society of Jesus College, Oxford.

as might be imagined, to the audience whom he wished to conciliate.[1]

At last, after an obstinate debate, it was proposed to grant the King two shillings in the pound from incomes of 20*l.* and upwards; from incomes under that amount, but above 40*s.*, one shilling in the pound; and from incomes under 40*s.*, where the possessor was sixteen years old and upwards, fourpence in the pound; the whole to be paid in two years. The proposal was creditable to the discernment and liberality of the House of Commons. Not so thought Wolsey. "The grant," says Hall, whose accuracy is remarkable on this subject, "was reported to the Cardinal, which therewith was sore discontent, and said that the lords had granted 4*s.* in the pound; which was proved untrue, for indeed they had granted nothing, but hearkened all upon the Commons."[2]

It will appear strange to those who have taken their views of the functions of the House of Commons from modern practice, or the claims put forth by the House in its controversies with the Stuart kings, that not only this grant should have been objected to by the Cardinal, in his capacity of Lord Chancellor, but that his veto should have been deemed sufficient to invalidate a money grant of the House of Commons. More than this; whatever the practice or the theory be at present, however ancient the date of its privilege, in the reign of Henry VIII. the concurrence of the House of Lords in a vote of supplies was something more than a mere formality. It may be objected, that the reign of Henry VIII. was of too exceptional a character to be drawn into precedent. Without examining the ground on which this objection is founded, it is enough for me to observe, that this House, of which More was the Speaker, was by no means ignorant of its peculiar privileges. The most violent opposers of the court measures never insisted on the unconstitutional nature of the proceedings. In fact, whatever the authors of the Petition of Rights

[1] Hall's comment on this speech is highly curious. He is not struck any more than others of his contemporaries with the unconstitutional proceeding of the Cardinal in entering the House of Commons, but with the arguments employed by him, which would now be considered as strictly parliamentary. When the Cardinal "was departed out of the House," he adds (p. 656), "it was proved that honest apparel of the commodities of this realm (*i.e.* home manufactures), abundance of plate, and honest viands, were profitable to the realm, and not prodigal." So the old sophism which puzzled the moralists of the 18th and the political economists of the 19th century, is somewhat older than has been generally imagined.

[2] Hall, p. 657.

might afterwards allege against the arbitrary acts of the crown under Charles I. as contrary to "law and custom," they could not have justified their assertion by appealing to the reign of Henry VIII. By the practice of the sixteenth century, it would not have been difficult to show that every one of the measures denounced by the Parliament of 1628 were in ordinary use among the Tudors. But that age was more antiquarian than historical.

To return. Whether any attempts were made by Wolsey to form a party in the house, as was common enough in after times, I have not been able to discover. Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Wm. Sandys, Sir Maurice Berkeley, all of whom had been frequently employed by the Crown, and most of whom still held offices under it, were summoned as peers to the Upper House.[1] We must add to their number Sir Henry Marney, created Baron Marney, and Sir Arthur Plantagenet, created Viscount Lisle, of whom more will be heard hereafter. In the Lower House, a party consisting chiefly of those who were knights of the shire, and in the King's service, made a resolute stand for the measures of the court. Sir John Hussey, of Lincolnshire, afterwards executed for the part he took in the Lincolnshire rebellion, then master of the King's Wards, appealed to the country party: "Let us gentlemen," he said, "of 50*l.* land and upwards"—the expression "us gentlemen" is worth noting—"give to the King, of our lands 1*s.* in the pound, to be paid in three years."[2] When the question was put, ten or twelve gentlemen said Yea; and when the Nay was put, "the Commons," that is the members for the boroughs, declined to vote upon the question, leaving the gentlemen to tax themselves if they pleased; "and so by ten or twelve persons the gentlemen were burthened with 1*s.* more than others; for the which grant Sir John Hussey had much evil will."[3] This motion was carried on the 21st of May.

Whilst the question was still under discussion, the following account of the debates was sent on the 14th of May to

[1] III. 2982. This is remarkable, for more reasons than one, as bearing on the claim, lately revived by the descendants of the Berkeleys, to sit as barons by tenure. The information is found in a letter of Sir Richard Lyster, the solicitor general, to Lord Darcy. At that date (April 28) no Acts had as yet passed the Lords and Commons.

[2] As I understand it, "for three years."

[3] A letter from this Sir John Hussey, referring to the proceedings of Parliament, will be found in the Calendar, III. 3164.

Lord Surrey, then commanding the English forces against the Scotch.

"Please it your good lordship to understand, that sithens the beginning of the parliament there hath been the greatest and sorest hold in the Lower House, for payment of two shillings of the pound, that ever was seen, I think, in any parliament. This matter hath been debated and beaten fifteen or sixteen days togiddir; the highest necessity alleged on the King's behalf to us, that ever was heard of; and of the contrary, the highest poverty confessed, as well by knights, squires, and gentlemen of every quarter, as by the commoners, citizens, and burgesses. There hath been such hold that the house was like to have been dissevered; that is to say, the knights being of the King's counsel, the King's servants and gentlemen of the one part, which in so long time were spoken with and made to say Yea;—it may fortune contrary to their heart, will, and conscience.

"Thus hanging this matter, yesterday the more part, being the King's servants [and] gentlemen, were there assembled; and so, they being the more part, willed and gave to the King two shillings of the pound of goods or lands; the best to be taken for the King; all lands to pay two shillings of the pound from the lowest to the highest; the goods to pay two shillings of the pound from twenty pounds upwards; and from forty shillings of goods to twenty pounds to pay 16*d.* of the pound; and under forty shillings every person to pay 8*d.*; this to be paid in two years. I have heard no man in my life that can remember that ever there was given to any one of the King's ancestors half so much at one grant, nor I think there was never such a precedent seen before this time. I beseech Almighty God it may be well and peaceably levied, and surely paid unto the King's grace without grudge, and specially without losing the good wills and true hearts of his subjects, which I reckon a far greater treasure for a king than gold or silver; and the gentlemen which must take pain to levy this money amongst the King's subjects, I think, shall have no little business about the same.

"My lord Cardinal hath promised on his faith that the two shillings of the pound loan money shall be paid with a good w[ill] and with thank; but no day is appointed thereof.

"I think now that this matter is so far passed that the parliament will soon be ended.

"Also the Convocation amongst the priests, the first day of their appearance, as soon as mass of the Holy Ghost at Paul's was done, my lord Cardinal accited all them to appear before him in his Convocation at Westminster; which so did. And there was another mass of the Holy Ghost, and within six or seven days the priests proved that all that my lord Cardinal's Convocation should do, it should be void, because that the summons was to appear before my lord of Canterbury; which thing so espied my lord Cardinal hath addres[sed] out of new citations into every country, commanding the priests to appear before him eight days after the Ascension, and then I think they shall have the third mass of the Holy Ghost. I pray God the Holy Ghost be amongst them and us both.

"I do tremble to remember the end of all these high and new enterprises, for oftentimes it hath been seen that to a new enterprise there followeth a new manner and strange sequel. God of His mercy send his Grace of such fashion that it may be all for the best.

"I ascertain you of the king of Denmark's being in Flaunders with xvii. ships with his wife and children. Me seemeth I should not write it unto you, because I think ye be advertised thereof by post.

"How this two shillings of the pound shall be levied, of what manner or at what days it shall be paid, in good faith I know not as yet.

"Out of Spain, we have news that there is a truce or abstinence of war taken between the Emperor and them of France, and I think now that this money is granted so shall it be with us.

"Under your good favor mesemeth, and if ye think it best, it were a gracious deed for you to be mean unto the King's highness that ten or twelve thousand pounds of this money might be bestowed on the building up again of the piles and castles of our English borders, specially now that they of Scotland be prostrate by your good and high policy.

"As other news or affairs shall change, so shall I be glad with diligence t'advertise you of from time to time.

"My lord Privy Seal (Ruthal), my lord Vaux, and Sir Thos. Lovell be all three right sick at this present day; and as it is said, lord Vaux in great danger.

"Written at London on Ascension Day, by him that during his life shall be glad to be at your commandments with his service."[1]

This letter, evidently written by one who was strongly opposed to the grant, and clearly no friend to the Cardinal, is curious in many respects. The author of it would never have ventured to speak with so little reserve, nor have addressed such a communication to Surrey, had he not been aware that the Earl in his secret heart bore no great good will to the Chancellor. From the whole tone and tenor of the letter, from its sarcastic notice of the priests and the Convocation, it may be justly inferred that the writer did not belong to the court or the clerical party. A feeling of discontent was then springing up, destined afterwards to display itself with much greater animosity, against the higher clergy and Wolsey in particular. In fact, the high hand with which the Cardinal had carried his measures, both in Parliament and Convocation, influenced solely by a wish to please the King, tended more than any other cause to increase his unpopularity with all classes. In his zeal for the King's service he had shown too little consideration for the feelings of the nation, too little regard to the remonstrances of the House of Commons. It was natural that, when their opportunity came, they should resent such arbitrary conduct, and involve in the passion of the moment the whole order of which Wolsey was the most eminent member. Alone and unsupported, the Cardinal had reached a dangerous eminence; how long he should maintain his position depended exclusively on the gratitude of a master who never suffered too strong a partiality for his servants to stand in the way of his policy.

Parliament was prorogued to the 10th of June. The nation was in a ferment, and the spirit of discontent was the more to be dreaded as nine-tenths of the population, not

[1] See III. 3024.

understanding the questions under discussion, assured themselves that nothing less was intended than a general confiscation of their property. I subjoin a specimen of the popular rumours sent up to the Privy Council from the distant county of Norfolk, by Sir Roger Townsend and others, in the month of May.

On Tuesday "before the Cross days last," Peter Wylkynson, in the vicarage of Geyton, in the presence of Sir William Pygote, vicar, Sir John Worme, parish priest, and Agnes, wife of Wm. Whitmore, said he heard it reported that every man of the value of 40*s.* should pay 20*s.* to the King; and every man of 20*s.* should pay 10*s.*; and every man of 10*s.* 5*s.*; and that if every man would do as he would, he would take him by the head and pull him down. The vicar asked him whom would he pull down; and Wylkynson answered, "Harry with the crown." When he was cautioned against using such language, Agnes Whitmore remarked, "And I had spoken any such words, I were worthy to have been brent."

According to the deposition of the said Agnes, Wylkynson further said, "And if it be as my master say, we must have three more taxes, and every man will have to pay half what he is worth. But, and every man would do as I would, we should get him by the head, and bring him down." [1]

Such rumours, greedily reported, and evidently received, as in this case, with the lively sympathy and secret concurrence of the hearers, even when compelled to turn King's evidence, show how unsettled was the temper of the times, and how dangerous the ground on which the Cardinal was treading. A volcano was smouldering at his feet, ready to burst forth at any moment, and at the touch of any accident to break forth with uncontrollable fury. In London, as the borough members emerged from the House, they were greeted with signs of disapprobation they had certainly done little to deserve. "We hear say, my masters," exclaimed the angry crowd with ironical cheers and shouts of derision, "that you will grant four shillings in the pound. Do so and go home, we advise you." [2] In the temper of the nation and the House of Commons at the time, the first dawnings of that spirit of independence may be discovered which afterwards manifested itself more clearly in the Parliament of 1530. But I cannot agree with the statements of certain modern historians that such increased vigour and independence of the Commons was

[1] III. 3082. [2] Hall, p. 657.

exclusively due to the novel circumstances in which the nation found itself after the death of Wolsey; or that freedom of discussion, and the right of members to originate measures, unfettered by the Crown, were then for the first time acknowledged and allowed. In 1530 new ideas undoubtedly came with the discussion of new and graver questions; questions more profound and more important than any that had ever been submitted to the discussion of the House; but it was essentially the same Commons of England, whether discussing war, peace, and subsidies in 1523, or the Royal supremacy, and the relations of Church and State, ten years afterwards.

When the House re-assembled after the recess, the knights and gentlemen who, by the shortsighted and selfish policy of the borough members, had been allowed to tax themselves, and impose a shilling in the pound upon land assessed at 50*l.* and upwards, resolved to take their opponents at disadvantage, and moved that a similar rate should be levied from goods of the same amount in the fourth year. The motion was obstinately resisted by their opponents; an angry debate ensued; fierce recriminations passed from one side to the other. The advocates of the motion were taunted with being the enemies of their country. The house divided: the knights of the shire voted to a man in favour of the question; the burgesses with equal unanimity against it. The dispute was carried on with so much passion and vehemence, that one half of the house was prepared to impeach the other half, and drive measures to extremity. At last, by the persuasion and management of Sir Thomas More, peace was restored, and the measure passed.

In its complete and final shape the whole Act stood as follows:—For the first and the second year a rate of 5 per cent. was imposed on all lands and goods of the value of 20*l.* and upwards: 2½ per cent. on goods between 20*l.* and 2*l.*; and 1⅔ per cent. on goods of 40*s.*, or on yearly wages averaging 20*s.* In the third year 5 per cent. on all land of 50*l.* and upwards; and in the fourth or the last year, 5 per cent. on personal property of 50*l.* and upwards. These rates were doubled in cases of aliens. The Act was not to extend to Ireland, Wales, Calais, to the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, to Chester, to the bishopric of Durham, or to Brighton in Sussex.

It was with no small feeling of satisfaction that Wolsey announced the result of the measure to the King. He had been

watching for some time, with no small anxiety, its slow and precarious progress through the House, aware that any hitch or failure could scarcely fail of being most perilous to himself. "Sir," he says, "though it was thought by the speaker (More) and others of the Commons' House that the book (bill) for the grant now to be passed should have been perfected and brought unto me as yesterday, yet nevertheless the same cannot come till to-morrow at the hithermost. And forasmuch as after the [introduction of the bill] into the Upper House, it will require a good tract [of time to] oversee and groundly digest the same to your most profit, and that it [will not be expedient] after the repair of your Highness unto Bridewell to remain long, the [extremity] of sickness reigning somewhat thereabouts considered, it may therefore please your Grace to give commandment for ordering of your provisions . . . the certain time of your coming to Bridewell, till such season as [your Grace be informed of the] exhibition of the said book."[1]

But though this debate upon the subsidy excited, as might be expected, the greatest passion, and was contested with the utmost vehemence, it was not the only subject, nor for modern readers the most interesting, on which the House was occupied. In a speech delivered by a member of no less eminence than Cromwell—for to no one else can it well be attributed—the whole policy of the Government was carefully reviewed. For what borough he sate I have not been able to discover. The accounts of his early career, hitherto accepted, without examination, on the authority of Foxe the martyrologist, cannot easily be reconciled with the authentic information now furnished by state papers.[2] His employment as a military adventurer under the Duke of Bourbon, his presence at the siege of Rome, his subsequent travels as a commercial agent to a Venetian merchant, are either wholly fictitious, or so much perverted as to be no better than fictions.[3] One part

[1] State Papers, I. 116, mutilated.

[2] Foxe's notions of chronology are not the least extraordinary feature in his work.

[3] His knowledge of Italian, intimated by the anecdote of his conversation with Cardinal Pole on the writings of Macchiavelli, might seem to countenance this supposition. But Italian was probably not so rare as French in those days among Englishmen; partly owing to the constant intercourse with Rome and Italian prelates, partly to our commercial relations with Venice. With the classical languages Cromwell appears to have had very little acquaintance. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, alludes to this with a sneer, in his letter to the protector Somerset. Giving an account of a conference with the King, at which he was challenged by Cromwell, he intimates that Cromwell affected a scholarship he did not possess. "As the lord Cromwell was very stout, 'Come on, my lord of

only of this biographical romance, in which he is represented as beginning life as a clerk in the English factory at Antwerp, carries with it some appearance of probability; and yet even that is far from certain. That he traded with Antwerp and Middelburgh is clear; but this he might have done without ever leaving England. The statement of Cardinal Pole, who was evidently well acquainted with Cromwell and hated him, is perhaps not far from the truth.[1] He reports that Cromwell was born of poor parents in a small village near London (Putney), where his father carried on the business of a cloth-shearer,[1] an employment in which he was certainly succeeded by his son.[2]

The earliest authentic notice that I can find of him is as a servant in the family of the Marquis of Dorset (Grey). Cecily, the dowager marchioness,[3] daughter of Edward IV., writes to him to send in haste her trussing bed, and deliver the tents and pavilions in his custody to her son Leonard Grey.[4] The exact date of this letter is uncertain, but it was certainly written some years before 1522. In 1518 he was certainly residing in London. In 1522 he is addressed as "Mr. Thomas Cromwell, dwelling by Fenchurch in London;"[5] sometimes with the honourable addition of "worshipful" or "right worshipful."[6] At this period of his life (1522) he combined the employments of merchant, cloth-dyer, and scrivener;

Winchester,' quoth he; for that conceit he had [that] whatsoever he talked with me he knew ever as much as I, Greek or Latin, and all." Foxe's Martyr, ii. p. 3 (ed. 1640).

[1] The rest of Pole's story I subjoin, as being probably the foundation of most of the misrepresentations already noticed. "*I have heard*," says Pole, "that Cromwell was a common soldier in Italy, that he was even a merchant, but made no further progress in the business than to be a merchant's clerk, and keep his master's ledger; and I know a merchant very well, a Venetian, to whom he was servant. Tired at length of this life he returned home, and took up the business of a lawyer." In which, adds Pole, his foreign employments were of great advantage by rendering him more acute and subtle than ordinary Englishmen. Apolog. § 28.

[2] From some very interesting investigations among the court rolls of the manor of Wimbledon, by Mr. John Phillips of Putney, it appears that not only did Cromwell succeed his father in this business, but that it had descended from his grandfather, John Cromwell, who established a fulling mill at Putney. At the same time, the received story that Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith is not without foundation; for his father, Walter Cromwell, was not only apprenticed to that business (and indeed is often mentioned in the court rolls under the *alias* of Walter Smyth), but combined the vocations of smith, brewer, and hostelry-keeper with that of fuller and shearer of cloths. See the "Antiquarian Magazine" for August, 1882. Such combinations, strange as they may appear, were not unfrequent in those days.—Ed.

[3] Widow of Thomas, fourth Marquis of Dorset.

[4] III. 2437.

[5] III. 1963, 2461, 2577.

[6] III. 2394, 2441, 3081.

lending money at interest in the last capacity, and acting as an attorney.[1] In the year 1523 he sate as burgess in parliament, and in the December of that year he served on the inquest of the wardmote, in the ward of Bread Street.[2] In 1524 he came into Wolsey's service. He had a wife and mother-in-law, named Prior, living at this time.[3] Of his sister's family there are many later notices. Among his acquaintances I find the names of the great Italian merchant and banker, Antonio Bonvixi, and of Richard Pynson, the celebrated printer, but no mention of Frescobald. Even at this early period of his life, Cromwell was remarkable for the fascination of his manners and the attractiveness of his conversation, as appears by the following letter addressed to him by an English factor named Creke who followed the Emperor Charles V. into Spain when he left England in the summer of 1522. After addressing Cromwell as "Carissimo quanto homò in questo mondo," the writer continues, "My love toward you resteth in no less vigor than it did at our last being together. My heart mourneth for your company and Mr. Woodal's as ever it did for men. As I am [a] true Christian man, I never had so faithful affection to men of so short acquaintance in my life; the which affection increaseth as fire daily. God knoweth what pain I receive[d] in departing. When I consider our ghostly walking in your garden, it make[s] me desperate to contemplate. I would write longer, [but] my heart will not let me."[4]

In his speech[5] in Parliament, after touching upon the topics insisted on, "as well by the mouth and report of my lord Legate's good grace, as by the recapitulation of the right worshipful, best assured, and discreet Speaker," he expresses a hope that the preparations for war will be prosecuted with vigour, and that their debates will be made known to the King by their "discreet and excellently lettered Speaker." Then, after apologizing for addressing an "audience of so many sage

[1] It appears from his accounts at the Record Office, that he was in the habit of lending money as early as 1518; but these were small sums. In 1523 there is an entry of money due to him from P. Deornanter, a Hanse merchant and a spy, to the amount of 80*l.*; in 1526, from Charles Knyvett, of 40*s.*; and in 1527, from the Lord Henry Percy, Anne Boleyn's supposed suitor, of 40*l.* See also III. 2447 and 2754.

[2] III. 3657. The presentments are extremely curious.

[3] III. 1963, 2394, 3015. His wife's name was Eliz. Wykys. See No. 3502. His family consisted of one son, Gregory, and two daughters, Anne and Grace. He had two sisters, Elizabeth and Katharine, the former of whom married William Wellyfed. John Williamson or Williams married his wife's sister Joan, and afterwards assumed the name of Cromwell.

[4] III. 2394.

[5] III. 2958.

and notable persons," he proceeds to detail the advantages already gained by the confederate arms, and the successes of that "fortunate and sage captain, the earl of Surrey, who remained in the French dominions with a small number of men for six or seven weeks, when all the power of France durst not give him battle. I trust," he says, "the same valiant captain will subdue the Scots, whom the French have so custuously entertained against us."[1]

He then proceeds with great earnestness to deprecate the proposal of the King to conduct the war in person, of which the Cardinal had informed the House. "I am sure," he argues, "that there is no good Englishman which can be merry the day when he happeneth to think that his Grace might perchance be distempered of his health; so that, albeit I say, for my part, I stomach as a sorry subject may do the high injuries done by the said Françoys (the King of France) unto his most dear sovereign, yet, rather than the King should go forth, I could, for my part, be contented to forget [them] altogether."

Then enlarging on the dangers to the army, and the nation in general, if any mischance should befall the King, he insists on this part of his subject in a strain of loyalty, which in any other period of our history would be deemed fantastical. But, in justification of the earnestness of the orator on this head, it must be remembered that he probably spoke the feelings of most of his countrymen at that time. Personal attachment to the King was one ingredient in the general loyalty; for, in spite of his many failings, it cannot be denied that Henry was popular with his subjects. The remembrance of a past century of civil war, and the dread of an uncertain succession if the King were cut off or his life were in jeopardy, justified any extremities, as afterwards in the reign of Eliza-

[1] The successes of Surrey against France seemed to have produced something of the same effect on the popular imagination as did the wars of Marlborough at a later period. They are thus referred to by Skelton, in his satire against Wolsey, *Why come ye not to Court?*—

"Yet the good earl of Surray,
The French men he doth fray,
And vexeth them day by day,
With all the power he may.
The French men he hath fainted,
And made their hearts attainted:
Of Chivalry he is the flower,
Our Lord be his succour!
The French men he hath so mated,
And their courage abated,
That they are but half men.
Like foxes in their den," etc.
Ver. 150, *sq.*

And then the poet insinuates, as a partizan of the Howards, who were evidently leading the opposition to the great minister, that these successes would have been greater had it not been for the bribes received by Wolsey from the French.

beth, not in arguments only, but in actions. The King *de facto* was a state necessity; a law indispensable to all laws. As the speaker urged on this occasion: "How needful it is for us (considering in what case we be) to entreat our sovereign, for our sakes and his daughter's, upon whose wealth and circumspect bestowing, next his noble person, *dependeth all our wealths*, to restrain his high courage!"

Then, applying to himself More's illustration of Hannibal and the sophist, the speaker proceeded to discuss the ways and means for war, and more especially that most difficult of all problems, the commissariat; insinuating that the harm which could be done by the army in France would not be so great as the expense incurred at home by its support. His arguments on that head are curious. He assumes that before three summers were past the necessities of the army would exhaust all the coin and bullion in the realm, which, according to his conjectures, could not much exceed one million; for if, he continues, the value of the whole realm exceed not four millions, as my lord Cardinal has told us plainly, of which the possessions (the goods and chattels) are to be reckoned at one million, there can be no doubt that the corn, cattle, commodities, apparel of men and women, which were never so sumptuous as now, added to the native productions and imports, which are more abundant than in any past period of our history, amount to two millions more. So, he argues, we should be reduced to coin leather, "as once we did." And if the King were made prisoner, such money would not be taken for his ransom. "If they will nought for their wines but gold, they would think great scorn to take leather for our prince."

After conjuring up this imaginary danger, he proceeds to discuss with great caution the hazards of a French campaign in all its aspects. To march upon Paris, he argues, would expose the army to the danger of being cut off in detail, and to the greater peril of leaving strong garrisons in its rear. An invasion of Normandy, Brittany, and the neighbouring provinces would involve the necessity of diminishing the main army by placing troops in the conquered towns; and the difficulty of victualling them while they remained there must not be overlooked. Past experience, he told the House, furnished a very useful lesson of the danger and expense attending such warfare, of which the King himself had too good experience in the winning of Terouenne, which "cost him more than twenty such ungracious dog-holes could be worth."

Throughout the course of his argument the speaker insinuated that little real help could be expected from the Emperor or his council, who were either in the pay of France or devoted to French interests. "Even my lord of Chièvres, who was most bound to the Emperor, I heard my lord Cardinal say, was corrupted by their policy and gifts; and since his majesty's return to Spain, the governors of his archdukedom have granted safe conducts to French and Scotch merchants; which is a marvellous hindrance; for if our commodities had been as well kept from them as theirs from us, many a thousand French artificers, who have no living but by working our wools, would have been compelled to cry to the King for peace."

When the speaker had thus, with great ingenuity and little appearance of opposition to the King's wishes, demonstrated the unadvisableness of a foreign war with France, he proceeded to enunciate his own policy. He proposed that the King should devote all his efforts to the subjugation of Scotland; for if Scotland were once conquered, then both kingdoms would be brought under one obeisance, law, and policy for ever. This, he said, would procure for his Majesty higher honour than had ever yet been attained by any of his predecessors, and prove "the greatest abashment" of France. And though, he continued, it be a common saying that in Scotland there is nothing to win but strokes, there is another saying, "Who that intendeth France to win, with Scotland let him begin." It is, he urged, mere folly to think of keeping possessions in France, severed so far from us by the sea, while we allow Scotland, belonging to our island, to recognize another and an independent Prince. Let it be once united to England, and all other possessions will be easily retained.

Making allowance for occasional extravagance and over-refinement, pardonable in an orator, the speech is remarkable for the vigour of its style, the breadth of its view, and the general soundness of its policy. In all these qualities, in the accurate knowledge it displays of contemporary and past history, it rises far above the general oratory of the times. It gave evidence, moreover, of more than ordinary foresight; for the anticipations of the speaker were justified by the events of this war, and of many wars in centuries to come. It clearly bodied forth the policy pursued by the Tudors towards Scotland, and furnished its only justification. But what he is here satisfied with slightly enunciating as a passing caution

became with the Elizabethan statesmen a fixed idea—an undoubted maxim: It is folly for England to aim at political aggrandisement abroad, and suffer Scotland—in effect, a part of England—to pay homage and allegiance to an independent Prince. So, if Mary had been a saint, if she had established her innocence ever so triumphantly—a consummation English statesmen never could have sincerely desired or sincerely endeavoured to aid—the result would have been the same. It was the policy of Henry VIII. to intercept all communication between France and Scotland; to bring his nephew to England; to detain him in honourable captivity—foreshadowing in this the perpetual incarceration of his daughter Mary.[1] But James, more cautious than his daughter, or more popular with his subjects, gave no such opportunity as Mary did for admitting English interference. Consolidated under Roman Catholic rule, the Scotch sacrificed their nationality to Knox and presbyterianism, furthered the designs of English statesmen, which their fathers had triumphantly defied, and lost their independence.

If this speech is rightly attributed to Cromwell—and I know of no one else to whom it can be assigned with greater probability, it would justify him, as a burgess, in voting with his party against a measure fatal, in their estimation, to the prosperity of the country. Yet the moderation of its tone, the loyalty of its sentiments, the deference paid throughout both to the Cardinal and the Speaker, must have gone far to disarm any resentment that might otherwise have been felt at an opposition so vigorous and so skilful. In heart, also, Wolsey must have acknowledged the force and accuracy of the speaker's reasoning. No one knew better than he the difficulties of the design in which he was engaged, or the hazard of trusting to any earnest aid or hearty co-operation on the part of the Emperor. In violence to his best convictions, he had departed from the policy he had formerly pursued in 1517 and 1518. He had been compelled to give way before a powerful combination, to relinquish a peaceful alliance with France for an offensive league with the Emperor; a step from

[1] Abundant evidence for this assertion will be found in the Calendar. But it was, in fact, so notorious as to be openly advocated by Skelton:—

"What say ye of the Scottish king?
That is another thing.
He is but a youngling,
A stalworthy stripling.
There is a whispering and a whiding
He should be hither brought;
But and it were well sought, (If it be not well managed,)
I trow all will be nought."

Why come ye not to Court? ver. 343.

which no possible advantage to his honour or interest could be derived. The opposition had been humbled by the death of the Duke of Buckingham; but the ambition of Henry VIII. remained, stimulated by Pace, by Suffolk, by Surrey, and, not the least, by Katharine; in short, by every one who enjoyed the King's favour, and wished to usurp his confidence. In this perplexity the Cardinal was compelled to give way, or perish. He chose the former; a more circuitous, but equally certain, road to destruction. For not only the death of the Duke of Buckingham and the imperial alliance, but the exaction of the loans and subsidies required by the war, and the part taken by Wolsey in this Parliament, laid the foundation of that unpopularity which, fomented by nobles and by satirists, eventually prepared the way for his fall.[1]

In the speech delivered by Wolsey, as Chancellor, to the two Houses, at the prorogation of parliament, after expressing his Majesty's satisfaction for the manner in which they had taken into consideration the propositions submitted to them in his behalf, the Cardinal thus proceeded: "Whereas for the furniture of the said war, both defensive and offensive, ye have, after long pain, study, travel, great charges, and costs, devised, made, and offered an honorable and right large subsidy which ye now have presented, in the name and behalf of all the subjects of this his realm, unto his majesty, his Grace doth not only right acceptably and thankfully receive, admit, and take the same, but also therefor giveth unto you his most hearty thanks; assuring the same that his Grace shall in such wise employ the said subsidy and loving contribution as shall be to the defence of his realm and of you his subjects, and the persecution and pressing of his enemy; for the attaining of good peace, recovering of his rights, and redress of such injuries as hath been done to you his loving subjects, in time past. And semblably, my Lords, both spiritual and temporal, the King's highness giveth unto you his most cordial thanks, as well for that ye have agreed and given your assents to the said subsidy,[2] as also by taking long pain, travel, study, costs, and

[1] There is an obscure allusion to this in Skelton's contemporary poem, whose satire in its bitterest form dates from the year of this parliament:—

"But there is some traverse
Between some and some,
That makes our lyre (Wolsey) so glum.
It is somewhat wrong
That his beard is so long;
He mourneth in black clothing."
Why come ye not to Court? ver. 384.

[2] So, in the parliament of 1510, the Commons, *with consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal*, grant a supply of two-tenths and two-fifteenths; and in that case also the Chancellor

charges in devising such statutes, acts, and good ordinances as be for the common weal of this his realm." [1]

The words are remarkable; for though formally the proceedings of the Crown might appear in many respects irreconcilable with modern notions of the independence of the House of Commons, and fatal to its control over the public expenditure, this explicit assurance that the money they had granted should be employed only for constitutional purposes, that the King's cause was the cause of the nation, and the injuries to be redressed as much theirs as his, was in effect a distinct acknowledgment of the great principle on which all the rights and privileges of the House are founded. That the sovereign was as much a part and representative of the nation as the Lords or the Commons themselves—that the Commons, therefore, "as the express image" and concrete expression of the feelings and principles of the nation as a whole, should reflect the wants, opinions, and feelings of the whole, and not of a mere part, however large—was a juster view of its functions and constitution than is to be found in the speeches of many modern politicians. Nor would there ever have been any necessity to have fenced and guarded its just rights with so many ordinances had this truth been always as clearly recognized and acted on as it was on this occasion.[2]

In a brief and lively letter to his friend Creke, Cromwell thus sums up the history of this parliamentary session: [3]

"Supposing ye desire to know the news current in these parts, for it is said that news refresheth the spirit of life; wherefore ye shall understand that by long time I, amongst others, have endured a parliament which continued by the space of seventeen whole weeks, where we communed of war, peace, strife, contention, debate, murmur, grudge, riches, poverty, penury, truth, falsehood, justice, equity, &c., and also how a commonwealth might be edified and also continued within our realm. Howbeit, in conclusion, we have done as our predecessors have been wont to do; that is to say, as well as we might, and left where we began. Ye shall also understand the duke of Suffolk, furnished with a great army, goeth

returns thanks, and dissolves it, in the King's name. See Parry's "Parliaments of England," p. 198.

[1] III. 2957.

[2] It is stated by Mr. Parry, that when the King was informed of the opposition made by one of the members to the vote of supply, he threatened to take off his head. "On the next day," says Mr. Parry, "the bill passes." Parl. of Eng., p. 201. I can find no authority whatever for this statement; and it seems to me quite irreconcilable with what is known of the debate.

[3] III. 3249, Aug. 17.

over in all goodly haste, whither I know not; when I know I shall advertise you. We have in our parliament granted unto the King's highness a right large subsidy, the like whereof was never granted in this realm."

This, of course, is not to be interpreted strictly. Besides various private acts affecting the family of the late Duke of Buckingham, Sir William Compton, and others, the House had been employed in regulating the sale of woollen cloths, the dressing of worsteds, the reform of the coinage, the incorporation of the physicians of London, and the privileges to be conceded to those who took part in the war.

From this detailed account of the parliament of 1523, it will be seen how far the assertion is correct, that a new spirit was infused into the House at a later period of the reign, which had no existence in Wolsey's administration. So little jealousy, it has been urged, was entertained of the power of the Crown before 1530, so distasteful was a residence in London to the burgess and the country gentleman, that they were comparatively indifferent to their parliamentary duties. Measures, it has been stated, were rarely submitted to discussion, but accepted unchallenged from the hands of authority; and further, that, to enforce their attendance, the expenses of the members until 1530 had to be defrayed by considerable salaries, and their presence secured by compulsory enactments.

But, in the first place, these "considerable salaries" were not confined to the reign of Henry VIII. They reach as far back as the reign of Edward I. In the time of Edward IV. they were fixed at four shillings per day for knights of the shire, and two shillings at least for burgesses, in addition to the charges of going and coming; and they continued to be made long after the whole line of the Tudors had been gathered to its rest.[1] Secondly, as to the statute of 6 Henry VIII., to which reference has been made as enforcing the attendance of reluctant members, the exact words of the enactment will show more clearly its true character and purport. "Forsomuch," says the statute, "as commonly *in the end* of every parliament divers and many great and weighty matters, as well touching the pleasure, weal, and surety of our sovereign

[1] According to Mr. Parry, Andrew Marvel, M.P. for Hull in the reign of Queen Anne, was the last person who received these wages. (Parliaments, etc., p. 200, note.) As they were levied by the sheriffs on the places represented, it is not likely that they would be uniformly paid. Besides, what member would enforce them if they fell into arrears?

lord the King, as the common weal of this his realm and subjects, are to be treated, communed of, and by authority of parliament to be concluded; so it is that divers knights of shires, citizens for cities, burgesses, &c., long time before the end of the said parliament, *of their own authority*, depart and go home into their countries, whereby the said great and weighty matters are many times greatly delayed;"—be it enacted, that from henceforth no member shall depart or absent himself without licence of the Speaker and the House, on pain of losing his wages.

The object, then, of this enactment was not, as has been represented, to bring reluctant members of distant boroughs and counties to London, and secure their attendance in parliament, but to prevent them, when there, from departing before the session was ended, without leave of the House. Before 1514 the members returned to their homes before the sessions closed without leave, as at a later period with leave. Undoubtedly then, as now, their zeal and attendance would be quickened when questions of the deepest and widest interest fell under debate. Burgesses and country gentlemen who might think that discussions about cordwainers or "draping of worsteds" could very well be settled in their absence, would require no threat of forfeiting their wages if they refused to attend in their places when the papal supremacy, or the impeachment of the clergy, constituted the exciting topics of the day.

Convocation, as usual, was summoned by the Archbishop concurrently with the parliament, and assembled in St. Paul's. On the first day of its meeting, the Cardinal, after mass, cited the clergy, by virtue of his legatine authority, to appear before him at Westminster.[1] An objection was raised against the legality of these proceedings, on the ground that the clergy had been previously cited to appear before the Archbishop. The objection was allowed; a new summons was issued for the 7th of May.[2] The convocation, consisting of the two provinces of York and Canterbury, again met at Westminster on the 2nd of June, and granted to the King a moiety of one year's revenue of all benefices in England, to be levied in five years.[3] Of that grant I shall speak presently.

This assertion of his legatine authority exposed the Cardinal to great obloquy.[4] Skelton, at that time the most

[1] III. 3024.
[2] III. 3013.
[3] III. 3239.
[4] See III. 3024.

popular poet in England, the most audacious and unsparing critic of the Cardinal's fame and conduct, expressed his own sense, and that of many others, in an epigram repeated from one end of England to the other:—

> Gentle Paul, lay down thy sweard,
> For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy beard."[1]

Nor did so large a grant pass without fierce opposition. It is stated on the authority of Polydore Vergil[2]—and we may trust him for the facts (since, as Dean of Wells, he would have taken his place in convocation), though not for the malicious insinuations he mixes up with them—that the grant was energetically opposed by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Rowland Phillips, the celebrated vicar of Croydon, the most eloquent preacher of his age, signalized himself at first by his determined hostility; but by the machinations of Wolsey, says Vergil, was induced to absent himself, much to the loss of his reputation. It had been computed that the subsidy granted by the Commons would produce 800,000*l.* It would be important to discover on what data this estimate was founded; for, whatever may be thought of its policy, this first attempt at taxation on a scientific and impartial basis is a conspicuous proof of the genius and extraordinary audacity of Wolsey. After all the studies of the economists during the last two centuries, we have reverted to the principles and almost to the practice of the great minister, who, with no complete statistics, no means, no organization, such as modern financiers can abundantly command, struck out in the necessity of the moment, under the pressure of a great war, a financial scheme, which has never yet been surpassed in the sweep and fairness of its operation, or the general correctness of its theory. That he should have stood alone, that alone in spite of all opposition from the clergy and the laity he should have carried this project, are indications of confidence in his powers, and in the fertility of his resources. Three measures had to be passed—all equally difficult, in the fairness and equity of their incidence, all alike sure to provoke strong opposition, and encounter the pressure brought against them by the most influential classes in the realm. To no clamour and no combinations did Wolsey yield. That he was justified in his anticipations, although, in the strong prejudices of his opponents, the

[1] Preserved in Hall, p. 657. [2] Page 72.

burthens imposed by him were considered fatal to England, is clear from the fact that the national prosperity was not impaired by them.

Of these measures, the subsidy granted by the House of Commons consisted of a graduated tax on real and personal property, commencing at five per cent., to be paid in four years. The tax fell much more heavily on the clergy, being no less than fifty per cent. income tax, to be paid by instalments in five years. But besides these grants, a property tax, in the shape of a loan, had been already arranged, before Parliament met, and its execution entrusted to certain commissioners appointed under the King's sign manual.[1] These officers had orders to distribute themselves in different hundreds and wapentakes. Without creating alarm, or betraying their intentions, they were empowered to make a survey of every man's property, and receive declarations on oath. If such declarations were not satisfactory, they could examine the neighbours of the declarator as to the value of his possessions by common report, extending their inquiries to spiritual dignities, benefices, brotherhoods, guilds, hospitals, merchandise, implements, including property of every kind; church plate, jewels, and shrines excepted. Artificers and journeymen moving from place to place were to be included in the returns. Spiritual persons were appointed to take, in the presence of one or more of the commissioners, the oath of such spiritual men as objected to take an oath before temporal men. The scruples of masters and fellows of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, bound by their statutes not to divulge their property, were duly regarded. They were exempted from the inquisitorial powers of the commissioners, and Wolsey himself determined the rate of their contributions; with what unsparing equity will be seen below.

On property of 20*l.* and reaching to 300*l.* (in modern equivalents, 200*l.* to 3,000*l.*,) the rating was fixed at 10 per cent. On property from 300*l.* to 1,000*l.*, it was 13⅓ per cent. On higher sums than these the rating was left to the discretion of the commissioners. They were, besides, to urge, if possible, the immediate payment of the loan, on promise of repayment out of the grants to be made in the forthcoming Parliament.

It was calculated that the maintenance of the war in Flanders and Scotland, with the expenses for the navy, would

[1] III. 2484.

amount in six months to 372,404*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*[1] The subsidy granted by the clergy was estimated to produce in one year 24,000*l.*; of the laity, if there be no mistake in the figures, 104,285*l.* 18*s.* 5½*d.*[2]

Many of the items of the loan thus levied on the clergy deserve the reader's attention. It is clear that Wolsey had no intention of sparing his own order. The charge upon himself amounted to 4,000*l.* (from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* in modern computation); on the Archbishop to 1,000*l.*; on Fox, Bishop of Winchester, to 2,000*l.*; on London (only lately consecrated), to 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Norwich, Ely, Lincoln, Lichfield, Exeter, and Chichester, paid 1,000*l.* each; the rest smaller sums.

The Abbots of Abingdon and Bury paid 1,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; Westminster, Reading, Ramsay, and Glastonbury, 1,000*l.* each; St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and Gloucester, 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each; the rest, sums varying from 500*l.* to 20*l.*

Each of the priories of Christ Church, Canterbury, St. Swithin's, Winchester, and Ely, were taxed 666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; Lewes, 500*l.*; Leeds, Durham, Coventry, Worcester, Walsingham, 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; the rest, in smaller sums.

The Abbess of Shaftesbury was charged 1,000*l.*; of Wilton, Sion, and Barking, 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; and the rest, sums varying from 200*l.* to 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Of the cathedral chapters, Salisbury was taxed at 500*l.*; Lincoln, Exeter, and St. Paul's, 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; the others in smaller sums.

Of collegiate churches, St. Stephen's, Westminster, and Windsor paid 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; Eton and Winchester, 200*l.*

In the university of Oxford the highest sum of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was paid by Magdalen and New College. All Souls was charged 200*l.*; Merton and Corpus, severally, 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The rest paid sums varying from 100*l.* to 40*l.* At Cambridge, King's and King's Hall were assessed at 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each;

[1] That is, for the army in Flanders, consisting of 26,000 foot and 8,000 horse, 292,689*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; for the army against Scotland, 47,460*l.*; for the navy, 27,302*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*; for the garrison at Calais, 4,953*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* See No. 2743.

[2] See III. 2483. The subsidy in the province of York, being the first fifth, produced 3,932*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* Supposing the same rate was observed, the clergy of the northern province would pay, in the course of five years, 19,664*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, in addition to the loans.

Queen's, at 200*l.*; St. John's and Christ's, at 100*l.*; 'Benet, at 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

On individual clergymen the burthen must have fallen with extreme severity. The Archdeacons of Richmond and Lincoln, Dr. Chambre, the King's physician, and our old friend Peter Carmelianus, poet and lutanist, had to contribute severally 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; whilst Polydore Vergil, the historian, Dr. Denton, chaplain to Mary the French Queen, Dr. Taylor, clerk to the Parliament, Mr. Larke—whose connection with Wolsey is well known—were severally rated at 200*l.*[1]

In judging of the magnitude of these sums it is necessary to bear in mind that they must not only be increased tenfold in order to raise them to their present equivalents, but that they had to be paid in current coin. Whatever the scarcity of the precious metals, or the difficulty of procuring them, it does not appear that the commissioners had any power to make any change in the mode or date of payment; and as there must have been at times a scarcity in the currency, the sums paid rather exceeded than fell short of the nominal rates. There are no exact means at present for deciding on the amount contributed by the laity; but in a paper of a later date than 1522 or 1523 the following sums are set down against the names of the nobility and gentry, whether representing the whole or a part of the loans contributed by them I cannot decide. Lord Arundel, Lord Dacre of the North, the Duchess of Norfolk, Master Palmer, the Steelyard of London, are charged 1,000*l.* each; the Italian merchants, 2,000*l.*; Sir William Saye, Lady Parr, Lord Clifford, the executors of Sir Thomas Lovell, 1,000 marks each; the Earl of Northumberland, 500*l.*; Sir Thomas Boleyn, Lord Marney, and others, 200*l.* each;[2] and so of many others.

Taxation so oppressive, and yet so general, argues either the greatest boldness in the minister who projected it, of which we have no parallel in history, or his well-founded belief in the prosperity and elasticity of the nation. Perhaps both. If also it be remembered that this pressure was to last five years, at a period when agriculture was less assisted by science than it is at present, and when a bad harvest entailed distress which no commerce could relieve, it will appear impossible to exaggerate the magnitude of the hazard incurred by Wolsey. Whatever might be the hardship or the temporary evils entailed by these measures, the whole weight of their

[1] III. 2483. [2] *Ibid.*

responsibility fell on his shoulders. He might urge in his own defence that he was one only of the King's advisers, that the Council and the Parliament sanctioned and shared in those proceedings. Such a defence availed nothing; it was felt that in reality his brain alone had conceived and concerted these measures, that to his energy and to his authority they owed their existence. Whilst the King, from policy or dislike to business, was scarcely seen, often spent whole days in the chase,[1] and, Tudor-like, incurred no responsibility, he could, like a *Deus ex machina*, when the storm beat too vehemently, graciously interpose, and exclaim, in language suited to the gods of Epicurus—

> "Taxation!
> Wherein? And what taxation? My lord Cardinal,
> You that are blamed for it alike with us,
> Know you of this taxation?"

[1] See III. 942, 950, 957, 1558, 2049.

CHAPTER XVII.

INVASION OF FRANCE.

THE war with France was now resumed with great animosity and vigour. In August, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was appointed to the command of the troops destined for the invasion. Cooler and less interested heads than Henry VIII. might have reckoned on the fall of that kingdom as imminent, and the coronation of an English sovereign at St. Denis as more real than a day-dream. In one of his most characteristic letters to Wolsey, More has touched off this settled persuasion of the King in his graphic way. When More was acting as secretary, and was soliciting the King to sign certain papers just received from the Cardinal which required expedition, "his Grace laughed, and said, 'Nay, by my soul, that will not be, for this is my removing day soon at (to) Newhall. I will read the remnant at night.'" At night, that is, six o'clock, after the King had dined, More again presented himself with his portfolio. The King signified his readiness to sign. "Whereupon," continues More, "at my parting from his Grace yesternight, I received from your Grace a letter, addressed unto his, with which I forthwith returned unto his Grace in the Queen's chamber, where his Grace read openly my lord Admiral's[1] letter to the Queen's grace, which marvellously rejoiced in the good news, and specially in that, that the French King should be now toward a tutor, and his realm to have a governor. In the communication whereof, which lasted about one hour, the King's grace said that he trusted in God to be their governor himself, and that they should by this means make a way for him, *as king Richard did for his father*."[2]

By various letters received from French correspondents

[1] Surrey.

[2] State Pap. i. 110. More's remark is honourable to his good feelings and sagacity: "I pray God," he says, "if it be good for his Grace and for this realm that then it may prove so; and else in the stead thereof I pray God send his Grace an honourable and profitable peace." And this when the war had barely commenced.

and spies, the King had been led to believe that France was greatly dissatisfied with its monarch; that the old dynasty in Normandy and Guienne, as in the days of the Plantagenets, would be more palatable to the inhabitants, worn down by oppressive taxation and the violence of mercenary troops, than the rule of their native sovereign. Such reports appeared to be countenanced by the revolt of Bourbon and other noblemen of his party. Resisting all the offers of Francis for accommodation, Bourbon had persisted in his sullen resolution. Trusting either to the generosity of Francis I., or his unwillingness to proceed to extremities, Bourbon had fluttered in the rear of the King's army, now far advanced on its road to Lyons in the direction of Italy. Escape had been easy at any time, yet Bourbon did not attempt to escape. His capture was no less easy, and yet Francis made no effort to detain him. He was certainly aware of the Duke's treason. To what, then, must we attribute such apparent irresolution on one side, such audacious disregard to safety on the other? If conjecture may be allowed, Francis was reluctant to offer violence to one so nobly allied and so popular as Bourbon. Perhaps, also, he was yet uncertain of the full extent of his conspiracy, and how far other nobles were implicated in it. There still remained enough of the old spirit of feudalism in France to make it perilous to seize a suzerain of Bourbon's wealth and importance in the midst of his estates. Bourbon at a distance from the Bourbonnois could not so easily elude justice. Lured into the King's presence under the promise of commanding the vanguard in Italy, he would be removed from the neighbourhood where his strength was greatest, and might then be safely apprehended. On the other hand, Bourbon himself, powerful in the midst of friends and dependants, could only dictate terms to Charles V. and Henry VIII., marry the sister of one, and take the pay of the other, if he was able to set Francis at defiance, and persuade others to join in his defection. In September he threw off the mask. While Francis was staying at Grenoble, a page betrayed Bourbon and his confederates.[1] Francis returned instantly to Lyons, apprehended St. Vallier and others; "and for the time of their being in his presence showed unto them good visage, as though he had nothing known; but before they came to their lodgings they were attached." The head and leader was still at large. One Perrot[2] was despatched to apprehend the

[1] III. 3392.

[2] Perrot de Warthy.

Duke, and bring him into the King's presence. The Duke returned for answer, "that right shortly the King should both hear of him and see him also." Within a few hours after he had escaped in disguise, and the opportunity which Francis failed to take at the flood, now ebbed away, never to return.

When the treason was known, France was in an uproar. It was impossible to ascertain at first how far the defection had extended. Uncertain of his movements, distrustful of his nobles, Francis shut himself up for a time within the gates of Lyons.[1] Vendôme, next in authority and influence to Bourbon, was detained in a sort of honourable imprisonment.[2] Lorraine was suspected. Arrests were made from day to day. Not only the expedition into Italy, on which Francis had set his heart, was now effectually stopped; but the Duke, popular wherever Francis was unpopular, proved a formidable accession to the hostile combinations by which France was menaced. It was necessary to dissemble. To win the Duke back at any concession, Francis offered Bourbon the hand of Madame Renée.[3] He proposed to meet Bourbon with six gentlemen only, and settle the terms of their agreement. He promised never to trouble Bourbon in any way, to allow him undisturbed enjoyment of all his lands in France, and even to let him serve the King of England or the Emperor, provided it was not against himself or his kingdom. But Bourbon remained inexorable. The King, he replied, and the Emperor, might do as they pleased; but as for himself, nothing should ever induce him to trust Francis again, or make peace with him on any terms. To put an effectual end to all further communication, he bade the envoy depart at once, with this assurance, that if any more such messengers were sent to him from the French King he would certainly hang them.[4]

While these difficulties and dangers sprung up Hydra-like in the court, the camp, in Paris, and the provinces, the allied sovereigns had been actively and successfully employed in surrounding the perplexed monarch with a network of hostilities. The aid of the Swiss had been effectually neutralized; Venice, formerly the faithful ally and humble dependant of France, had been induced by Pace to abandon its former faith, and join the league against the Christian King.

To detach the Venetians from France was a measure of

[1] III. 3380.
[2] III. 3533.
[3] III. 3532.
[4] III. 3498.

prime necessity; not so much for their mercantile importance as for the influence of their example on the rest of Italy. They had always been the warmest and most constant allies of France. They had frequently been solicited and threatened by the late and the present Emperor, but without effect. The imperial ambassadors at Venice had spent weeks in alternately menacing them with the Emperor's displeasure, or alluring them by the promise of his gratitude. In vain. The Seignory remained unmoved; it despised the one, it distrusted the other. As usual, the imperial envoys haggled for money. They desired a loan—"a recognition," as Pace calls it—"of 500,000 ducats to be made to the Emperor." The Venetians offered 200,000 ducats, to be paid in ten years. The smallness of the sum was bad enough, the delay worse. At last they consented to abandon France, and join the confederacy against her; but not until they had extorted a promise from Pace that he would obtain a commission from the King of England to act as conservator of the peace and mediator in any difficulties that might happen to arise. They desired the English ambassador to signify to his master, that nothing had induced them to this agreement with the Emperor so much as their wish to preserve the amity of England. Let the compliment count for what it is worth; it is evident that Pace was the main instrument of the league, and without him it would never have been concluded.[1]

The decision of the Seignory had been probably quickened by a measure deemed justifiable in those days. By the usages of war, the limits of which were not then very strictly defined, an embargo was laid on the Venetian galleys trading to England on the security of mutual amity. They were detained under various pretences as if they had belonged to a hostile power. In vain Suriano, the Venetian ambassador, urged upon Wolsey the propriety of releasing them. The Venetian galleys, he wrote, detained day by day at Southampton are irreparably injured. The crews have deserted the ships; some are perishing with hunger, others are compelled to beg their bread; most of the sailors are returning in the ships of the Genoese merchants, and there will not be men enough to man

[1] See III. 284?. Even the imperial prothonotary Caracciolo, who cannot always conceal his vexation at the little estimation had of himself or his master by the Venetians, admits it would be "sacrilege" if he did not mention how much the Emperor was indebted for success to the "sagacity, prudence, and dexterity of Pace in bringing these negociations to a satisfactory conclusion." See Bergenroth's Calend. ii. No. 579; also 566.

the galleys. The masters, he said, had spent all their money during their long detention, and their goods were spoiled by worms and moths.[1] His remonstrances were unavailing. If the Venetians were not friends and allies with England, they must be considered and treated as its enemies. They must then make up their minds to redeem their losses by sacrificing their friendship with France, or redouble them if they adhered to their ancient alliance. The Seignory preferred the former alternative; and its defection for a time struck a death-blow to French supremacy in Italy. "We shall soon leave the French King without a friend," wrote Pace to Wolsey in the moment of triumph; "the Gallic eagle before long will not have a single feather to fly with."[2] The embargo was taken off before the treaty was concluded, but not before the favourable resolution of the Seignory had been known. The final adjustment of the terms between the Emperor and the Venetians was delayed by the death of the Doge, and other causes, until the 29th of July. But long before that date Francis saw his sun sinking rapidly in the peninsula. In a letter to Pace Wolsey informs him that the King had discharged the Venetian galleys, and allowed them to depart; a favour, he thinks, which ought to be "thankfully accepted and substantially regarded"! But with this agreeable intelligence he coupled the announcement, that after the enlarging of the said galleys, as the King was fitting out a fleet at Portsmouth, which lacked certain pieces of artillery, "I of myself, without any consent of their ambassadors here resident, or [of] the patrons of the galleys, willing for the love that I bore them to show a confirmation of their good minds towards the King's grace, took upon me to borrow out of the said galleys six great pieces of artillery; that is to say, of every galley two pieces, trusting that the said Duke and Senate will be contented"![3] Such are the liberties and the duties of friendship.

In the face of so formidable a combination, a king of less spirit or more prudence than Francis would have succumbed, and made terms with his enemies. And to terms of accommodation Charles was at all events ready to listen. He had no desire for the conquest of France, least of all to share it with his powerful ally, and his more powerful minister, who

[1] Nov. 23, 1522. Compare also No. 2555.

[2] "Nulla penna qua volet Gallo relinquetur."—No. 2847.

[3] III. 2863.

was too cautious to be deceived, too cold to be blinded, by the Emperor's protestations.[1] In the hours of their most intimate alliance the Cardinal never scrupled to treat as chimerical the ample professions of the Emperor, the prodigious armies he was raising, the sums he engaged himself to pay. His ambassadors fretted, bristled up, and chafed at these repeated indignities, and never scrupled to repeat them with interest to the Emperor.[2] But their anger and their explanations were alike unheeded. Wolsey was convinced that the Emperor either would not, or more probably could not, help either himself or his friends. The despatches of Sampson and Jerningham from the Emperor's court left no room for doubt on that subject.[3]

But Francis would neither abandon his enterprise, nor bate an inch of his pretensions. Though he must have known that he was not popular, and had not deserved popularity; though his extravagance, his reckless ambition, his disastrous government, joined to the avarice of Louise of Savoy, had alienated from him the affection of his kingdom;—he determined, in this most trying moment of his fortunes, to throw himself on the patriotism of his subjects. The magnitude of the danger was, in fact, his best security. The time was not so distant but that the memory of what France had suffered through the disaffection of its great feudal nobles, and their alliance with England, was comparatively recent—recent, and still bitter. Communal France and feudal France still flowed on like two parallel streams, side by side, but their waters scarcely intermingled. A war with England, a dread of dismemberment, the imperilment of their own independence in the captivity of their King; these were powerful incentives to union, irresistible arguments for consolidation, a genesis of internal strength and vigour. They carried France in comparative safety, not only through all the imprudence and excesses of such a reign as that of Francis I., but through the mad follies of Charles IX. and the devastating wars of the Huguenots. Out of the winepress of the 17th century Germany emerged weak, trembling, and disorganized; England, dismembered of its national head and national church; France, as the dictator of the Old World, and, but for the senseless ambition of its rulers, little less than absolute monarch of the New.

[1] III. 2881. [2] III. 3064.

[3] See Spinelly, No. 3532.

On the 24th of August[1] the Duke of Suffolk crossed over to Calais at the head of the largest army which, as Wolsey informed Sampson and Jerningham, had been despatched from these shores for a hundred years.[2] He was joined in the first week of September[3] by 3,000 horse of the Low Countries, 4,000 lanceknights, waggons and "limoners" for transporting the troops, commanded by Count de Buren. To assist in the invasion, 10,000 Almains, under Felix Count Furstemberg, marched in the direction of Bresse, on the eastern frontier; whilst the Emperor, as usual behindhand, had arranged to occupy Guienne.[4] As usual also, the requisite number of horses and "limoners" to be provided by Margaret of Savoy were not forthcoming at the critical moment.[5] Indifferent to the war, or more probably unwilling to bear any part in the burthens of it, the Flemish subjects of Charles excused themselves from furnishing the necessary contingents. Disaffected and ill paid, the Germans under Count Furstemberg clamoured for wages; were ready to leave their ranks and return. It had been stipulated at the outset that the Emperor should advance them their first month's pay; but it was evident that he was in no condition to fulfil his engagement. Remonstrances were useless; it was incumbent on Henry to find the money or abandon the enterprise, after he had proceeded so far and incurred so much trouble and expense. He preferred the former, and transmitted the pay for 10,000 lanceknights. Again he experienced the bad faith of his confederate. After the money had been advanced, it was found that the whole available force under Count Felix, instead of numbering 10,000 did not exceed 6,000. Many had deserted already, others were preparing to follow their example.[6] The delay, the subterfuges, the transparent apologies of Lady Margaret and the Emperor's ambassadors, proved a sore trial to Wolsey's temper.

"His Grace," writes More to Wolsey, "commanded me to write unto your Grace, on his behalf, that it might like you to

[1] III. 3281. An account of the captains and their retinues will be found at No. 3288.

[2] According to No. 3288, the army which crossed under Suffolk consisted of 10,688 foot, and of ordnance 1,648; in all, 12,336. These numbers were to be augmented by 1,700 men from Guisnes and Calais, bringing up the total to 14,036 men. Hall estimates it at 13,100. (Chron., p. 662.) To these we must add De Buren's contingent of 3,000 horse and 4,000 lanceknights.

[3] III. 3294.

[4] III. 3326.

[5] III. 3371; compare also Nos. 3347, 3324, and 3378.

[6] III. 3490; compare also 3308, 3314, 3318, 3440.

take the pain to devise a good round letter unto my lady Margaret, in your own name, to stir them forward in the provision of such things; as their slackness hitherto much hath hindered the common affairs. His Highness saith that such dealing so often used, and never otherwise, may well give him cause hereafter better to be advised ere he enter into a charge again for their defence, if this be not amended; and so he required your Grace to write unto her." [1]

All this time Francis was shut up in Lyons, with about 25,000 foot and 2,000 men-at-arms.[2] The rest of his available forces had been despatched either into Scotland to the aid of the Duke of Albany, or into Italy to recover the Milanese. With the exception of Boulogne, Therouenne, Dourlens, and other places on the frontiers, which were strongly fortified, the towns in the interior were wholly unprepared for a siege. They had neither ramparts nor garrisons. An open road to Paris offered no obstacle to the enemy's progress. To amuse his foes—to delay, if possible, the time (for the season was advancing), and retard their march—Francis sent La Tremouille into Picardy. But this able and active general found the whole country utterly defenceless. To the well appointed and disciplined troops of Suffolk and De Buren he had nothing to oppose except raw and hasty levies raised from the untrained peasantry in the pressure of the hour.[3]

The English and imperial commanders differed as to the plan of operations. Jealous of the designs of Charles, convinced that he would employ the confederate troops for his own purposes, without regarding the general interests of the allies, Henry had resolved on besieging Boulogne. "As touching the consultation of the siege to be laid to Boulogne or abandoned," writes More to Wolsey, "his Highness hath commanded me to write unto your Grace, that, notwithstanding the reasons of the lord Isilstein (Buren) with the mind of my lady Margaret and the Emperor too, his Grace is, for the prudent reasons mentioned in your Grace's letter, determinately resolved to have the said siege experimented; whereof, as your Grace writeth, what may hap to fall, who but God can tell? And all the preparations purveyed for that way, to be now suddenly set aside, or converted where they cannot serve, sending his army far off into the enemy's land,

[1] III. 3346.
[2] III. 3297.
[3] See M. Mignet (Revue des Deux Mondes, tom. xxv. p. 907), from manuscript authorities.

where we should trust to their provision, of whose slackness and hard handling proof hath been had ere this, and yet no proof had of the Duke's (Bourbon's) fastness, his Highness verily thinketh, as your Grace hath most prudently written, that there were no wisdom therein. And his Grace saith, that your Grace hit the nail on the head, where ye write that the Burgundians would be upon their own frontiers, to the end our money should be spent among them, and their frontiers defended, and themselves resort to their own houses." [1]

The Imperialists objected that Boulogne was impregnable.[2] If their opinion were well founded, the truth coincided with their interests. It was the policy of Charles to conduct the war at the expense of his ally. If his troops were employed in besieging Boulogne, he must keep other garrisons in pay to protect his Flemish subjects on the French frontier. Seconding ostensibly the designs of England upon France, he was contriving to throw upon the English king the protection of his Flemish dominions. Disengaged from the necessity of their defence, he could concentrate all his strength on the South, secure Navarre, retake Pampeluna, and extend his dominions beyond the Pyrenees. So, careful of his own interests, he fluttered between Burgos and Corunna, perplexing his English allies by his apparent irresolution, and callous to their reproaches.

For reasons not clearly ascertained—probably at the suggestion of Bourbon, from whom Sir John Russell had now returned—certainly from no undue partiality to the Emperor's interests, as M. Michelet erroneously surmises—Wolsey was induced to abandon the idea of laying siege to Boulogne. His letter to the King announcing and apologizing for that change has not been preserved;[3] but the tenor of it may be gathered from a letter written by More to Wolsey at the King's command. It is equally honourable to the great minister and his royal master, and will help to dissipate the misconceptions industriously circulated and lately revived to the prejudice of both. For that reason I give the more important portions of it at length:—[4]

"It may like your good Grace to be advertised that the

[1] Sept. 12.

[2] III. 3315–3320.

[3] Much of the royal correspondence, I presume, never made its way into the State Paper Office, but was kept at the different royal residences where the monarch happened to be at the time. When these residences were pulled down, what became of the papers?

[4] III. 3346.

King's highness, by the hands of his servant, Sir John Russell, of whose well-achieved errand [to Bourbon] his Grace taketh great pleasure, hath received your most prudent letter, containing your wise and substantial counsel and advice concerning the siege of Boulogne to be left off at the present time, and his army with proclamations of liberty and forbearing to burn, to proceed and march forward unto the places devised by the duke of Bourbon; which places, as your Grace upon credible report from all parties is informed, shall easily be taken without any resistance; wherein your Grace perceiveth great appearance of winning some great part of France or at leastwise, all that is on this side the water of Somme, which should be as honorable and beneficial unto his Grace and also more tenable than all Normandy, Gascoigne, and Guienne; requiring his Highness, therefore, that your Grace might with all possible diligence be advertised of his mind and pleasure in the premises, to the end that ye might advertise my lord of Suffolk of the same; and that it would like his Grace to take in good part your foresaid advice and opinion, without arrecting (attributing) any lightness to your Grace, though the same were of another sort now than was contained in your late letters addressed unto me; forasmuch as this declaration of the duke of Bourbon, and his counsel thereupon given, with the good semblance, and grounds and considerations thereof, causeth your Grace to change your opinion.

"The King has commanded me to write unto your Grace first concerning this point, that his Highness not only doth not arrect the change of your Grace's opinion to any lightness, but also right well considereth that it proceedeth of a very constant and unchangeable purpose, to the furtherance and advancement of his affairs. *And as his Highness esteemeth nothing in counsel more perilous than* [*for*] *one to persever in the maintenance of his advice because he hath once given it, so thinketh he that councillor very commendable which, though there were no change in the matter, yet forbeareth not to declare the change of his own opinion, if he either perceive, or think that he perceiveth, the contrary of his former counsel more profitable.* Wherefore, in the change of your Grace's opinion in this matter, his Highness not only seeth no manner likelihood of lightness, but also perceiveth, commendeth, and most affectuously thanketh your faithful diligence and high wisdom, so deeply pondering and so substantially advertising his Highness of such considerations as (the matter so greatly changed)

move your Grace to change your opinion, and to give your prudent advice to the changing of the manner and fashion of his affairs." "

For sentiments so noble and so generous, the ministers and subjects of Henry VIII. might readily forgive the occasional outbursts of a capricious and imperious temper. In the exhibition of these better qualities, though afterwards blunted by age and indulgence, yet never wholly extinguished, we divine the true secret of that fascination which, in spite of all his faults—and they were neither few nor trivial—Henry VIII. exercised over those who surrounded him. To no sovereign did ministers ever dedicate themselves, head and heart, body and soul, with more intense devotion. It mattered not whether they were reformers or anti-reformers, Catholics or Protestants; attached, like More, to ancient traditions, or, like Cromwell, identifying the prosperity of the nation and the cause of religion with the unlimited prerogatives of the Crown. No fatigue, no pains, no sacrifices, were too great. There was a heroism in serving a King who, though no hero himself, understood—none better—the true temper of manhood. If he was an exacting, he was also an intelligent, master; if he expected much, he had discernment enough to appreciate services. In his general impartiality, in the coolness and strength of his judgment, except where his passions were concerned, whenever his ministers tendered advice, they were sure of receiving that most grateful of all recognitions to those who volunteer advice—a full, patient, and unbiassed attention. Consequently his praise was coveted as famishing men crave for bread, or drowning men for deliverance, and his censure was dreaded as no King's censure ever was. Men may dislike the reproofs, but no man values the praise, of a weak or a dissolute monarch. No man sacrifices his energies, his brains, and his purposes to a blind and undiscriminating idol. Had Henry been the wilful, capricious, and self-indulgent monarch he is sometimes represented, the intense personal devotion of such men as Wolsey, Cromwell, More, Gardiner, Fitzwilliam, so unlike each other in all respects, this one excepted, would have been the most unintelligible paradox in history. Weakness is incapable of devotion; folly does not understand the meaning of sacrifice.

Fully acquitting the Cardinal of inconsistency, in the letter already referred to, the King examines the grounds on which Wolsey had changed his opinions in a minute and

masterly way. He states in clear and forcible language his reasons for adhering to his former convictions. I have not room to insert them here. This difference, however, may be observed in the King's judgment and Wolsey's, Bourbon's, and De Buren's. They trusted for the success of their plan on that most uncertain and fallacious of all calculations to which military men can surrender their judgment—the blunders and inefficiency of their enemy. The King proceeded on the sounder hypothesis that the French King would not unlikely do "as his Highness would himself, if he were in (as our Lord keep him out of) the like case;" that is, he would attack and defeat his enemies in detail before they could consolidate their powers. The one Horatius, fresh and on his own field, is more than a match for the three isolated Curiatii. Strange is it that this indisputable military axiom, the sum and generalization of military experience, should have sprung up as it were, and stood palpably bodied forth to the mind of the Roman even before his experience began. The result, at which others arrive by a long and costly process, flashed as an intuition on the clear mirror of his practical mind. And now, after three thousand years, true and fresh as ever, it is never to be transgressed without its Nemesis!

But the King's judgment, justified by the taking of Boulogne at a later period of his reign, was not allowed on this occasion to have its way. The combined forces of the English and Imperialists, numbering rather more than 20,000, advanced from Calais, and, without experiencing any opposition, devastated the country as far as Montdidier. Montdidier was surrendered on the 27th of October. After occupying Roye and Nesle, the troops returned once more to the sea-coast in the beginning of November, having accomplished nothing of substantial importance commensurate with the labour and expense of the campaign. From accident or design neither Bourbon nor the Emperor co-operated with the Duke, who returned to Calais, much to the disgust of his royal master; justifying the conviction that, whatever might be Suffolk's personal bravery, he possessed none of the qualities required in a great general.[1]

Paris, meantime, was in the greatest alarm, expecting daily the approach of the enemy. A post had been despatched

[1] If any reader wishes to trace the movements of the army, he will find a journal of their proceedings, from the time of their starting, Sept. 19, to their return, Nov. 7, in III. 3516. Compare also Nos. 3462, 3485.

to Francis, still at Lyons, to advertise him of the danger of his capital. On the 31st of October Chabot de Brion entered the city, followed the next day by the Duke of Vendôme. They had been sent by Francis to concert measures with its inhabitants for its safety. The speech delivered by Brion to the parliament assembled on this occasion was exactly calculated to inspire them with the resolution of defending themselves to the last extremity. In vehement and vivid language he denounced the treason of Bourbon. The Constable, he said, was a traitor not less to his country than his King. He had combined with their national enemies to bring France into subjection, and only waited for the time when the King had crossed the mountains, to divide its native land among strangers. It had already been arranged, he told them, that England should have l'Ile de France, Picardy, Normandy, and Guienne; and the King of England be crowned at St. Denis; Burgundy, Champagne, Dauphiné, Languedoc, and Provence were to be allotted to the Emperor; whilst the Duke of Bourbon, with a pension of 50,000 crowns, and the addition to his patrimonial estates of Poitou, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and the neighbouring counties, should be recognized as regent by Charles and Henry, and hold his office at their discretion. Then, turning his hearers' thoughts in another direction, he insisted on the deep and undying affection which their King had always entertained for his capital. "Sooner than lose Paris," he exclaimed, "our liege lord would sacrifice his life, and all that is dear to him. He is ready to defend you. He is determined to live and die with you. As he cannot be amongst you himself, he has resolved to send his wife, his children, his mother, all that he has, as pledges of his presence; for he is convinced that if he should lose all, and save Paris—Paris safe—all will be saved." [1]

It is needless to say that this speech was received with acclamation. The citizens exerted themselves to the utmost; they imposed a tax upon themselves to provide soldiers for defence; repaired the ramparts; cleared the ditches. But Suffolk in the mean time had returned to Calais.

[1] See M. Mignet, Rev., etc., 908, and the authorities there quoted by him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SCOTLAND.

Whilst the thoughts of Henry and his minister were thus engrossed by the war, an event of the utmost importance had occurred nearer home; this was the invasion of England by the Scots, under the Duke of Albany. The treaty of marriage concluded between France and England in the latter end of 1518 had left Scotland at the mercy of its ancient and more powerful rival. No alternative remained except to comply with the comprehension provided for it by France in the negociations with England.[1] But so long as Dacre remained warden of the Marches, such comprehension was little more than nominal. It did not prevent him from intriguing with the Scottish lords; it did not diminish those incursions on the borders, for which his own tenantry and his neighbours needed no additional incitement beyond the spur of traditional feuds and the inextinguishable desire of plunder. No man knew better than Dacre how to avail himself of the hot blood and evil passions fostered by these aggressions; none was more skilful than he in fomenting quarrels among the evil disposed or discontented of the Scottish nobility—"the fiddling stick," in his own expressive language, "to hold Scotland in cumber and business."[2]

Into the treaty between Henry VIII. and Francis I. a secret clause had been introduced, unknown to all parties except the principal contrahents, stipulating that Albany should not be permitted to return to Scotland during the minority of James V.[3] He was at that time residing at Paris; and although Francis could have as little right to detain him as Henry to demand his detention, it was thought, as the Duke had married a French lady, and his property was in France, still more as his influence in Scotland depended on the support and countenance he received from the French

[1] II. 4564. [2] II. 4217. [3] II. 4471.

King, that it would be comparatively an easy task to hinder his return, or at least to render it ineffectual. Whether the engagement would be strictly observed, depended entirely on the good faith of Francis himself—a slender tie at best; and Wolsey, in a letter to Dacre, commanded him to keep a sharp look-out, without relying too much on the promise made by their new confederate.[1] But though Scotland was the ancient ally of France—was not to be sacrificed at any cost, still less for want of a little duplicity—it did not serve the interests of Francis at present to violate his promise. Nor, in the face of so much danger and uncertainty, was Albany inclined to cross the sea, at the hazard of being taken prisoner by the English fleet, and of expiating his offences in the Tower. Yet every day he remained away his influence in Scotland declined. Every year brought James V. nearer his majority; and the natural authority of his mother, supported by English money and English interest, bade fair to eclipse the little power he still retained in Scotland, and reduce him to the condition of a subject.

The annals of Scotland are, unfortunately, involved in so much obscurity that it is not easy to find a firm footing, or follow any clear or steady light, in tracing the period of its history. What intrigues were set on foot by Albany (if any) to procure or hasten his return, is unknown; but it is not probable that he would tamely permit himself to be treated as an exile, and make no effort to regain his liberty and his influence. From a letter of the Estates of Scotland dated the 4th of January, 1518 (1519 by the modern computation),[2] it appears that Albany, in conjunction with Paniter, the Scotch Secretary of State, was already employing his influence with Leo X. to induce his Holiness to interfere and urge upon the French King the importance of restoring him to Scotland. The result of this application is uncertain. But whilst they were thus attempting to gain their object by an indirect course that promised little success, an accident threw into their paths unsolicited advantages which their most dexterous policy could never have secured.

In no one respect had Margaret's expectations been realized at her return to Scotland in 1517. She was mortified at discovering that her political influence was now more feeble than ever. Disgusted at the neglect of Angus, her husband, who

[1] II. 4547. This letter, as noted at III. p. 140, belongs to the year 1519; its true date is June 29. See III. 396.

[2] III. 4.

had attempted to grasp the reins during her absence, and was indifferent to her person as well as her pretensions—exasperated, if popular tradition may be trusted, at the transfer of his attentions to another lady—Margaret had resolved on a divorce. In a letter written to her brother Henry in the spring of 1519 she expatiated on her various grievances. She had been badly treated, she said, by the Scotch lords; her income ought to have been 9,000*l.* a year, and she could never obtain more than 2,000*l.*; instead of being supported by Angus, she had been much molested by him ever since her return, and her troubles were increasing daily. She complained that the Bishop of Dunkeld (Gawin Douglas, the celebrated translator of Virgil), his father's brother, and others of his kinsmen, had caused Angus to deal sharply with her; that he would have compelled her to surrender her marriage settlement, and on her refusal had seized her estates at Newark, and detained her revenues. She proposed to send a servant to inform her brother of his misdeeds, which were too long to describe; adding that she and her husband had not met these six months, and she was resolved to part with him "if she might by God's law, and with honor to herself; for he loved her not."[1]

The letter is curious, as showing the lax notions which prevailed among the Tudors on the subject of divorce, and still more for the naïve ignorance it displays of her brother's character. For Margaret expressed a hope that he would aid her in this resolution, and "be kind to her when it came to this point," avowing that she would never marry but where he wished, and would never part with him, whatever she might do with her husband. The answer she received was such as all but herself would have anticipated. Henry sent her a stern message and stinging rebuke by Henry Chadworth, an Observant Friar, remonstrating with her on her intended separation from her husband, and "her reported suspicious living." Nor did Dacre or Wolsey fail to second the King's reproaches in terms more bitter than decorous. Ostensibly

[1] III. 166. This letter has been referred by some writers to an earlier period, but I think erroneously. For the settlement to which Margaret refers in it ("her conjunct feoffment") was arranged by Dacre, Dec. 23, 1518 (see II. 4677); and Boleyn, in a letter to Wolsey, dated Feb. 28, 1519 (III. 100), mentions this disagreement between Margaret and Angus as of recent date. Boleyn might have heard of it from Albany, who was then in the French court, familiar with the King, and frequently attended him in his masquerades in the streets of Paris and elsewhere.

the friar succeeded so well in his mission that, notwithstanding the opposition of Arran and the Chancellor, to whom the Queen showed the letter, Margaret consented to be reconciled to her husband, and Angus expressed his gratitude to Henry at the result.[1]

But the reconciliation was neither sincere nor lasting; and as the quarrel grew wider between them, Margaret threw herself into the arms of Arran and the opposite party—that is into the arms of those who were opposed to England, and whose supremacy was bound up with the aggrandizement of Albany. Contrary, therefore, to her former policy, she was now no less anxious for Albany's return than she had formerly been anxious for his banishment. Nor was Albany backward in meeting her advances. He sent her a letter, stating that, as he was prevented from visiting Scotland, he wished that, with the consent of the Lords, she should take the reins.[2] Nothing could be better calculated to secure her favour and gain her confidence than such a proposal; nothing was better contrived to render Angus more unpalatable to the Queen, or her reconciliation with him more desperate. In acknowledgment of her gratitude Margaret wrote more pressing letters, soliciting his return; she expressed herself satisfied with his conduct, and was willing to entrust her own dignity, and the safety of her son, to Albany's keeping.

Such vacillation was unpalatable enough to the English court. For months had the King and the Cardinal been using their endeavours to exclude Albany from Scotland; not without hopes of success. If they prospered in their purpose, Scotland, as Dacre expressed his conviction, would go to ruin for lack of justice; the Scotch lords would never consent to be ruled by one of their peers, and their ancient feuds would be revived with greater animosity than ever.[3] To be frustrated of hopes, so near their accomplishment, and from a quarter so little expected, was a bitter disappointment. Dacre, than whom no one was better fitted by temper, by training, by the callous-

[1] III. 481, 482. These events are referred by Pinkerton (Hist. of Scotland, ii. 174) to 1518. But, if Leslie is to be trusted, the dispute between Arran and Angus did not break out until the autumn of 1519. (*De Rebus Gestis Scot.*, p. 374.) Nor is it likely that Angus would have requested Henry to write to the King of France, on behalf of his brother George, as early as Oct., 1518. It is also to be observed, that Angus dates from Dalkeith, to which place James V. had been carried by him in September, in consequence of the plague then raging in Edinburgh. (Leslie, ib. p. 374.

[2] III. 482, 416, 467.

[3] III. 396.

ness of continual Border warfare, and the roughness of hand and heart begotten of such employment, to act the part of a stern and inflexible monitor, was selected to remonstrate with Margaret on her misconduct. He fulfilled his mission duly. He expressed his astonishment that, considering the suspicious circumstances attending the death of her son, and Albany's "brutal oaths and promises," she had ventured to infringe the articles stipulated in the treaty with France for keeping the Duke out of Scotland—arrangements, as he asserted, exclusively contrived to protect her own interests. He desired her to assure him, under her own hand, for he would accept no other evidence, whether the report of her having written to Francis, desiring Albany's return, was well founded. He hoped she would be able to deny it, or give satisfactory reasons for her conduct, that he might inform her brother accordingly. If, unhappily the facts should prove to be as they were reported, he assured her that her brother would "take less aspect" to her causes, and show himself much less cordial than he had done hitherto.[1]

For an English subject, of no rank or authority, to write in such a fashion to an independent Sovereign, was a presumption few princes would have tolerated. Her reply[2] was in a milder tone than, under the circumstances, could have been anticipated. She admitted that she had formerly desired the removal of Albany, but justified herself from the charge of inconsistency on the ground that she had done so believing that the Scottish lords would have put an end to their disputes, and have suffered her to enjoy her rights in peace according to their promise. She insisted, on the contrary, that she had been treated with no consideration, and had never experienced less respect than since her last coming into Scotland. Her repeated complaints to her brother and the Cardinal, she told Dacre, had received no answer. She excused her invitation to Albany, on the plea that a letter had been indited to him in French, by his own desire and that of the lords; and when she was required to sign it she could not resist their importunity, lest she should imperil the welfare of her son and his realm. "My Lord," she continued, not without some show of reason, "I pray you remember that and you were in another realm where you should live your life, ye would do that ye might to please them, so that they should not have any mistrust of you; and so must I; for and I should refuse to

[1] III. 373. [2] III. 381.

have written when I was desired, the Duke and the lords would have thought that I had stopped his coming, and therethrough I might get evil."

But the truth is that Margaret's alliance with Albany at this time was much more intimate than she was willing to admit, or than Dacre, with his dreaded Argus-eyes, had been able to discover. She had fully resolved already, not only to part with Angus, but if possible to obtain a divorce. To accomplish this object, Albany's friendship was indispensable. As he disposed of all the ecclesiastical benefices in Scotland, and had consequently great influence in the Papal court, success would be certain, if he could be persuaded to further her suit; at all events, so long as she continued on bad terms with him, his opposition at the court of Rome would prove a formidable, if not an insurmountable, obstacle to her wishes. What steps were taken by the Duke in this matter, at what time he first lent himself to Margaret's purposes, it is impossible, in the absence of documentary evidence, to state precisely. But it appears by a letter from De Giglis, the Bishop of Worcester, to Wolsey, that the Duke had obtained leave from Francis to visit Rome, and was expected there in April, 1520.[1] He was certainly there in June the same year. He must have returned to Paris a short time after the Field of the Cloth of Gold, for he was nominally put under arrest by Francis, and was already at liberty in November.[2] Long after he had left Rome his factor was still employed at the Roman court in soliciting Margaret's divorce;[3] for, as in the more famous case of her brother, such suits were not easily or rapidly determined.

The alliance of Albany and Margaret was a perilous gash to the authority of Angus and to English influence in Scotland. As afterwards in the days of Queen Mary, it was the policy of England to neutralize the independence of Scotland, by fomenting disputes among the nobles; many of whom were ready to accept English gold, and sacrifice the welfare of their country to party vengeance, or party aggrandizement. In both cases the policy of England had the same object; it aimed at rendering the Sovereign hateful to the mass of the nation, at no time much inclined to respect the royal authority. But in Mary's case, English statesmen, either more keen-sighted or more favoured by circumstances, cultivated the

[1] See III. 720, 880.
[2] III. 1044.
[3] Oct. 10, 1521; No. 1654.

good will and courted the support of the commons; and the commons in return, trampled on and neglected by the lords, and equally indifferent which party of the aristocracy gained the ascendancy, held steadily to the friendship of England, and saw in its predominance a better chance for their own prosperity and aggrandizement than in the rule of their native sovereigns, or the arbitrary conduct of their native nobility. Henry VIII. had no such advantages, or failed to perceive and secure them; and so long as Margaret was ready to be guided by his counsels, no other arts for ensuring political predominance in Scotland were sought for or desired. Supported by her zealous but interested aid, backed by Angus and the Homes, really if not nominally possessed of the young King's person, Albany banished, the Scottish communication with the continent intercepted, the King and the Cardinal might justly consider that English influence was supreme in Scotland, and neglect all further precautions to secure it. If the Scots wished to live in peace and safety, friendship with England was indispensable. At every full moon, destructive forays carried fire and sword to their homesteads; villages, castles, and monasteries were given indiscriminately to the flames; border hate and border warfare recognized no distinction of age or sex, of things sacred or profane. Devastation, followed by famine and by pestilence, and persisted in with unrelenting severity, was the never-failing scourge by which the Scots were taught to feel the consequence of English hostility. And as this age stamps out a cattle plague, so that age stamped out religious, moral, political, and national plagues, or what they considered to be such, by fire and sword, by the rack or the headsman's axe. It was the rule of the strong; the justice and righteousness of which no one in those days thought of disputing.

But the quarrels between Angus and Margaret gave encouragement to the opposite party, of which Arran was the head. It was the policy of the latter to promote Albany's return. His presence was considered not only as a guarantee for the national independence of Scotland, but as a pledge of help from France, and a defiance to England. For these reasons various applications had been made to Francis in the Duke's favour; but without immediate success. The return of Albany would have been the signal for war with England; and Francis was already engaged too deeply in hostilities with the Emperor to augment the forces of his enemy by

acceding to the wishes of Albany's partizans.[1] To gain time, to pacify the dissensions of the nobles, and excuse himself from complying with their requests, Francis sent two ambassadors into Scotland[2] in the autumn of 1520.

War at that juncture did not suit the purposes or inclinations of either nation. England was, in fact, not less anxious for peace than Scotland. More was to be gained by policy than by the sword. Already by indirect means Henry had contrived to make the French King the unconscious instrument of his wishes. If he could be induced to persevere in his resolution, and keep Albany in France, the Duke's interests would be effectually weakened, his party divided, and Margaret, by threats or by cajolery, might be detached from the cause she had so inconsiderately adopted.[3] So Wolsey, or rather Dacre, his representative in the North, set to work to carry out this policy strictly to the letter. Money was offered to the more needy or less scrupulous of the Scottish lords; English protection, or refuge in the English borders, was extended to those whose turbulence and disaffection made even Scotland too strict and constrained a residence for their disorderly habits; and Margaret was lectured, taunted, threatened, in a style which Tudor blood was rarely accustomed to brook with patience.

The adherents of the Duke lost neither hope nor heart. They redoubled their efforts at the court of France to procure the return of Albany. Rumours circulated, no one knew how, or from what quarter, that the Duke was to land in Scotland in company with the exile De la Pole, the White Rose. Backed by the power of France, Scotland was to give a new King to England, and trample in the dust its proud and unrelenting enemies.[4] The growing discontents between the courts of France and England lent plausibility to these reports. With what anxiety and jealousy the rumour was regarded by Henry VIII. and the Cardinal; what efforts were used to throw discredit upon it; how incessant, how strict, how eager, was the watch kept upon Albany's movements—will be seen by the letters of the English ambassadors. The Duke's familiarity with Francis, his preparations, his ships, his real or imaginary projects, his threats, promises, and intentions, were all closely scrutinized, analyzed, and weighed in the sensitive balance of

[1] III. 1046.
[2] III. 1046, 1091, 1126–1127.
[3] See Wolsey's two letters to Dacre, instructing him how he is to proceed in these matters: III. 1169, 1170.
[4] III. 1403.

jealousy and suspicion. He came and went with more than feline rapidity and noiselessness. When every one felt convinced that he had started on his mission, and would be next heard of at the head of a victorious army in Scotland, suddenly, to the amazement of all, he would reappear in the French court, and falsify all anticipations. One night, about the 1st or 2nd of October, 1521, he was missed: "Albany," writes Fitzwilliam to Wolsey, on the 4th, in cipher and breathless haste—"Albany has left the court; but whither I cannot tell, nor whether he will return." Again, on the 6th, and again in cipher as before: "As for the duke of Albany, I cannot learn whither he has gone: some show me he is gone to my Lady (the mother of Francis I.), but whether it be true or not, I know not." The next time, that is some weeks later, he is heard of in Scotland; but how he got there, and when and where he landed, no one could tell.[1]

It was not without feelings of triumph that Margaret wrote on the 4th of December, from Edinburgh, to Dacre (whom, with all her professions of regard, she must have cordially detested, and not the least because of the necessity of such professions), that Albany had returned. The grammar, the handwriting, and the spelling of her letter, always very uncouth and generally unintelligible, are on this occasion more uncouth and disconnected than usual. The flurry of her spirits, her feminine delight at this opportunity of retaliating on Dacre's superciliousness, seem to have been too strong for her logic, and to have overpowered her small grasp of syntax —feeble at the best. But the reader shall judge for himself, for here are her very words. I could not think of inflicting upon him her spelling and punctuation.[2]

"My lord Dacre, I commend me to you, and wit ye that my lord duke of Albany, governor of Scotland, is come for to do service to the King my son and to the realm, and to help me to be answered and obeyed of my living, the which I have great need of; for there was never gentlewoman of my estate so evil intreated, and my living holden from me, as I have written often times to you of before. Suppose ye erar (rather) hindered me than furthered me, which had not been your part to do: not the less, since my lord Governor is come into this realm for the good of it, and will for his part help to entertain the amity and peace betwixt the King's grace my brother's said realm and this; wherefore I trust it will be siklike the King my brother's mind to do the same, as I trust it has not been his

[1] Albany, in his letters to Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, states that he landed in Scotland on the 18th of Nov.; but he studiously avoids saying at what port. See III. 1851–3. According to Leslie (p. 378), it was at the Gareloch in Lennox. He eluded his enemies by sailing round the West of Ireland.

[2] III. 1833.

mind otherwise. Suppose his servants have not done their part in the keeping of the same, but as yet I pray you my lord to do it that ye should do of reason for the King's grace my brother's and your master's honor, for he should keep it that he promised, and specially to this realm, considering the King my son is so tender to his Grace, and I never failed to him nor shall not.

"I would have thought to have had thank of the King's grace my brother, and of the realm of England, that I have kept a good part to this realm, both for his honor and mine; or else all the world might have spoken evil of me to have done the contrary to the King my son and the weal of this realm, which could not have been well guided without the duke of Albany [being] governor of this realm, for my son the King is not of age to do it himself.

"But, my lord, I know well ye have done your part to hinder me at the King's grace my brother's hand. Why may ye not fail to me, when ye fail to the King's grace my brother? And better mend in time ne to be worse. Which an ye do not, it will be occasion to this realm and my lord Governor to do such like as ye have done; which is receiving of rebels and maintaining of them; which an ye do not mend, it will be laid to your charge hereafter by the King's grace my brother.

"My lord, I write sharply and plainly to you, for I have good cause, both for the King my son's sake and mine own; for ye have fortified my lord of Angus against me, and counselled him to trouble me, in the contrary of the band that ye caused me to take of him, which ye would break again; which ye should not have done to your master's sister. And your answer, what shall be your part, that I and this world may lippen to;[1] and God keep you. Written at Edinburgh, 4 Dec.

"Your friend,

"MARGARET R."

What an outburst of smouldering wrath, what a torrent of indignation! But it fell upon Dacre with as much effect as the rain might have pattered against any of his own granite rocks. An iron man, too long accustomed, by his wild and irregular mode of life, to the tears of women and children, and the muttered curses of dying men, Dacre neither crumbled into dust at her disapprobation, nor quailed before her anger. More mortifying still, he showed himself not only insensible to her sarcasms, but careless in his own vindication, and fully prepared to repeat his offences. In the guise of a letter he read her a lecture on her own misconduct more in the style of a prince than of a subject replying to a queen. His answer is a model of consummate coolness, unflinching self-confidence, and grave rebuke. His measured tone, his stony coldness, his supreme indifference to her praise or censure, form a striking contrast to Margaret's waspish, spasmodic, and undignified attack. But under that stony coldness he contrived to convey as much contempt and anger, though couched in phrases of seeming courtesy and respect, as in his prudence he dared to exhibit. Bitter throughout, the letter culminates at its

[1] *i.e.* rely or depend on.

close in a concentrated shower of gall and wormwood, beneath which the offended woman and imprudent Queen must have shrunk and cowered, in vain regret at her own folly and misconduct. Here it is :—[1]

"Madam, I recommend me unto your Grace, and have received your writing by a messenger this bearer. And whereas ye advertise me that the duke of Albany, your governor of Scotland, is come to do service to the King your son and his realm, and to help you to be answered of your living; and that I rather hindered your Grace than furthered; and that your said governor is come for peace, and will for his part entreat the unity and peace between my Sovereign your brother's realm and Scotland; and that my Sovereign's servants have not done their part in keeping of the same; and that ye pray me that I should do that I ought to do, upon reason, for the King my sovereign's honor; and that his highness should keep that he promises to that realm; and that ye never faulted to my Sovereign, nor shall not do; and that your Grace thought to have had thanks of my Sovereign and his realm that ye have kept so great a party, both for his honor and yours, or else all the world would have spoken ill of your Grace to him, doing the contrary, for the weal of your son and his realm; and that your said son should not have been well guided without the duke of Albany your governor; and that ye are informed that I have hindered you at my Sovereign's hand, and why should not I fail to you when I fail to my sovereign Lord; and better to mend betime than to do worse, which will be occasion to the governor to do the same which I have done,—that is, receiving of rebels, and maintaining of them,—the which, if I mend not, will be laid to my charge; and that your Grace writes plainly to me because of your son's sake and your own; and that I have given my lord of Angus counsel against you for your trouble, in such things as I gave you counsel in to take of him, the which I would break again; and that I should not so do to my Sovereign's sister; and that I should give you answer what your Grace and that realm might lippen to ;—

"Madam, to make you answer of your writing, that is to me right hard and difficult, because ye have made it by the advice of the duke of Albany, for his pleasure. And what suspicion my sovereign Lord and his realm will think that the said Duke should have the keeping of the King your son my sovereign Lord's nephew, and of his realm and subjects, in rule and governance, seeing the pretended title that the said Duke claimeth to the crown, ye being so favorably assenting to the same; Madam, I fear me ye forget natural affection and provident reason, and is abused with sinister council and blind persuasions; and what desire may be imprinted in the hearts of high-minded men to aspire to high dignities, in the which case often times the fear of God and the shame of the world is laid apart; and if all this suspicion come of your Grace to the King your brother and his council, how his Highness will esteem your light dealing, so little regarding your son his nephew ;—I will refer that to his high pleasure. And as unto the keeping of the peace, and receiving of rebels and maintaining of them, Madam, I have made answer thereof to the Duke, which is, that there is none receipt to my knowledge; nor no breach nor occasion of breach of peace be of the party of England; so I have in commandment of his highness along all his marches to do.

"Madam, where ye say ye never faulted to my Sovereign, but deserved thanks of his Highness and his realm for keeping of his honor and yours, I pray God his Grace may take it so in form thereof. And where your Grace saith I have hindered you at my Sovereign's hand, and that I cannot be true to my sovereign Lord, when I cannot be true to you; Madam

[1] Calig. B. vi. 197 b. B.M.

it becomes not me to make such information as ye allege. And as to my truth and duty of allegiance, I am sure of myself; I fear not; would God in mine opinion ye were as sure of yourself, no comparison made to a great prince's birth as your Grace is, to a poor wretch and subject as I am.

"And whereas ye are informed that I should give counsel to my lord of Angus against your Grace in such things as I gave you counsel to take of him; Madam, I gave him never counsel, but that it might stand with your honor according to my duty, as I am bound to do, for your Grace. And inasmuch as ye took him to be your husband, at your pleasure, without consent or counsel of your brother, my Sovereign, or any other of his natural subjects, it were your honor to resort to him, according as ye are bound by the laws of God, or else to show the cause why, by the order of justice, for the declaration of your conscience.

"Madam, I humbly beseech your Grace to pardon me of my rude writing, for my truth leads me. If I otherwise should write, I should flatter your Grace, and not to say by mine opinion as I suppose. As our Lord knoweth, who have your Grace in keeping.

"At Norham, 8th December."

So contemptuous a letter, so disparaging to Margaret's judgment, conduct, and abilities, on which she prided herself, was ill calculated to gain her esteem or disarm her resentment in the hour of her triumph. She wrote the day after to Henry, reiterating her assertion that Albany had come into Scotland for the good of her son. Her son, she said, was young—the realm deficient in good rule and justice; and the Duke's presence would prove the best remedy for these evils. As if to insinuate the intimate nature of that alliance which had now sprung up between herself and the Duke, the latter had written six days before to Dacre, accusing him of harbouring Scotch fugitives, and threatening to disclose his misdeeds to the King of England: whilst Margaret, in a letter to her brother, complains that his subjects received "rebels and broken men;" and, to leave no doubt at whom this accusation was levelled, added that she had remonstrated with Dacre for neglecting his duty, and only received from him a sharp letter in reply. He ought to be commanded, she said, to keep better rule upon the Borders; his imputations on her actions proceeded from malice; whilst Albany ever since his arrival had paid her great deference, and consulted her wishes on all occasions.

Is it to be imagined that Margaret was so ignorant of her brother's temper as to suppose that her remonstrances would produce any other effect than a passing fit of irritation? Could she think that Henry would share her views, and mark his displeasure of Dacre's conduct by disgracing him? If her letters, as it suited Dacre's purpose to insinuate, were really

dictated by Albany, and not written freely by herself in the varying passions of the hour, the Duke deserved for these exhibitions of laborious spite and petty malice the contempt which was afterwards showered upon him by both nations. But this hypothesis is hardly compatible with the effect produced by Albany's presence on his own people. His reappearance restored fresh confidence to his adherents, and struck his enemies with unimaginable terrors. In their uncertainty and bewilderment they despatched Gawin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, to England, with instructions to represent their danger, and desiring him to learn "what supply the King's grace would do them." Their statements, like those of violent partizans, must be read with caution; but, with the largest allowance for exaggeration and misstatement, natural on such occasions, it is clear that Margaret was now closely united with Albany, and that English influence had suddenly collapsed. The Queen, they reported, was much inclined to the Duke's pleasure; the two were always together, either forenoon or afternoon; a divorce between her and Angus was in contemplation; on his arrival the Duke had visited the Queen at Stirling, had gone in her company first to Linlithgow, and afterwards to Edinburgh, where the King was then residing. Here the Duke had, on receiving the keys of the Castle, delivered them to the Queen, who returned them to Albany. They complained that to secure her favour he had enriched her servants and promoted her favourites: he had made the Bishop of Glasgow Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and advanced the Abbot of Holyrood to the see of Glasgow: whilst Cantley, so often mentioned in this correspondence, was enriched with the abbey of Kilwinning and two other benefices.

These assertions lost nothing of their pungency and significance in the mouth of the Bishop of Dunkeld. Facts were indiscriminately marshalled with fiction, the wildest surmises with probable inferences. In his memorial against the Duke, addressed by the Bishop to those who were not likely to be exact or critical in testing the accuracy of his statements,[1] Albany was stigmatized as the son of a rebel, without a foot of land in Scotland or France, incapable of being the King's tutor, or of holding any office. His conduct, said his episcopal denouncer, was actuated by the sole motive of fear, and all his measures were taken accordingly. He had removed the King "of right tender age," from the castle of Stirling, where he

[1] III. 1898.

was well at ease, "to the windy and right unpleasant castle and rock of Edinburgh." He had "stuffed" Dunbar, Dumbarton, Inchgarvy, and Stirling with Frenchmen; while the royal residences and revenues were appropriated by his favourites or foreigners, "whilk are but very knaves." "The King's rich gowns of most fine cloth of gold, furred with finest sables, he has analit" (wasted), continues the Bishop, "together with the hangings and apparellings of his chambers palit of purple and velvet cramosyn, and made clothing thereof to some of his pages and servants, and has coined in placks (groats) the King's great silver stoups, double gilt, that in the whole mounts to one right great sum." To add to his offences he had sold three of the King's great ships, worth 300,000 francs, with their ordnance;[1] had disposed of lands, forfeitures, wardships, marriages, benefices, bishoprics, at his pleasure. Since his return, continues the exasperated prelate, his wrath kindling at the recital, he has imposed a tax upon Scotland of 25,000*l.* Scotch; has made Robert Barton, the pirate, controller; "and one Master John Campbell, ane bastard briber, quhilk had not five shillings' worth of good of his own," has been appointed treasurer. By their cunning management the King had been brought into debt 12,000*l.* Scotch; and yet he was so badly clothed that until his natural sister, the Countess of Morton, took compassion upon him, he had scarcely honest hose or doublet; and when Albany and the Queen sent him cloth of silver and gold for gowns, these shameless officers had refused to furnish the lining!

Not satisfied with these grievous accusations, the Bishop proceeded to charge Albany with having poisoned or starved the Duke of Ross—a statement for which there was as little foundation as for many others contained in his memorial. He compares Albany to Richard III., who paved his way to the throne by the murder of his nephews. "Gif," he concludes, "this duke of Albany's father had died at (in) the faith and peace of his prince, and not rebel or banished, yet then he has alive an elder brother, Alexander Stewart, commendator of Scone and Inchaffray, not in holy orders, but a man able to marry, begotten on the duke of Albany's first wife, umquhile daughter to the earl of Orkney. All that he does, therefore, is without authority, and in defiance of the States of Scotland, who

[1] In 1515 Albany sold to Francis I., with the consent of the States, the famous *St. Michael*, for 40,000 francs. Of course the Bishop's statement is not to be interpreted literally.

declared he should not be reputed governor unless he had returned before the 1st of August."

Whatever exaggeration or falsehood there might have been in these details, it is clear from the general purport of them that Albany had returned to Scotland resolved to exercise plenary authority as governor, and that the Queen and the nobles had shown no desire to counteract his wishes. He deposed the officers of Angus on his arrival; summoned a parliament; cited the lords who had fled to appear and defend themselves; and acted with so much apparent vigour and resolution, that Angus was obliged to seek and obtain reconciliation through Margaret's intercession. As English influence declined, a spirit of unity appeared to prevail. With Margaret devoted to Albany, Angus and his brother George in voluntary exile, the Homes unable to show themselves, the Duke was triumphant and experienced little opposition.[1] To the poor Bishop of Dunkeld the blow was fatal. Denounced at home as a traitor, and deprived of his bishopric,[2] his mission to England, as the representative of the disaffected lords, seemed little better than a mockery. Confused, ill at ease, uncertain how far the disaffection of his relative Angus would be visited on himself, he wrote to the Cardinal in the following deprecatory and sorrowful terms :—

"Please it your Grace, sin I heard the tidings and writings of yesterday, I am and have been so dolorous and full of vehement annoy that I dare not aventure [to] come in your presence, whilk causes me thus write to your noble Grace ; beseeching the same of your great goodness to have companence (compassion) of me, desolate and woeful wight. Albeit I grant I have deserved punition, and am under the King's mercy and yours, not for any fault or demerit of my own, but by reason of their untruth that caused me labor for the weal of their Prince and their security, whilk now has (have) their own confusion and perpetual shame, and has served me, as your Grace may consider, that solicited the King's highness and your Grace to write and do for them so oftentimes and so largely, in divers sorts, as well to their support and comfort; whereof now I must needs underlie your mercy. Albeit I doubt not but your high prudence considers profoundly my part thereof, and my whole true mind all time but (without) any dissimulance, that in good faith am further deceived in this matter than any others, by reason whereof I am so full of sorrow and displeasure, that I am weary of my own life, and promise to God and your noble Grace, as your humble servant and a true Christian priest, that I shall never have nor take way with the duke of Albany, the

[1] III. 1976.

[2] The see was given by Albany to Margaret. (III. 1938.) In her instructions sent by one of her servants to Henry, she asserts very bitterly that Dunkeld was the cause of all the dissensions in Scotland, and had circulated false reports of her. "And sin," she says, "I helped to get him the benefice of Dunkeld, I shall help him as well fro the same." A truly Tudor sentiment!

unworthy earl of Angus, nor no others that assists to the said Duke, but (without) your express command and advice; nor never shall pass into Scotland, but at your pleasure, so long as this wicked Duke is therein, or has rule thereof. And I trust my brother and other my friends will use my counsel; albeit yon young witless fool has run upon his own mischief by continual persuasion of wily, subtle men, and for lack of good counsel; showing to him, I doubt not, many feigned letters and wonderful terrors, that the lord Hume and others would pass in and leave him alone; and that I would be taken and holden here; and that Galter, the Duke's secretary, had appointed with the King's highness for his destruction, and the Duke to marry the Queen. I doubt not sich things, and mickle mair, has been said."

Then, after expressing his regret that a letter which he had sent from Hampton Court to his brother had not been despatched at an earlier opportunity, he expresses a wish, the uncharitableness of which may be forgiven in the pressure of his misery—"I beseech God that I may see him (Angus) really punished for his demerits, and promise broken made to the King's highness and me his uncle, and shall be glad to solicit the King's highness and your Grace to this effect at all my power."[1]

Henry and his ministers had been inclined in the first instance to treat Albany's arrival in Scotland with contempt. They declined to acknowledge the Duke's authority, or enter into any negociations with Scotland, so long as he was permitted to remain. In conformity with this resolution, Henry wrote to the Estates, accusing the Duke of attempting to procure a divorce for the Queen, with the intent of marrying her himself, and he urged them not to assist Albany, on pain of his displeasure.[2] To his sister Margaret, for whom he never entertained any strong affection, he addressed a letter, in terms of unusual bitterness: he reproached her for being so easily abused by Albany; for her familiarity with him, unbecoming a queen and a woman; and accused her of a clandestine attempt to get rid of her husband, with a view to marry the Duke. The Estates of Scotland replied in a firm and temperate letter, declining to accede to his proposals, and denying his imputations. The Duke, they asserted, was the lawful governor of their sovereign, had been repeatedly called by them to that office, and had never interfered with the custody of the King's person, or with any appointment in his

[1] Jan. 31, 1522. III. 2007. The Bishop's wish was not gratified; he died a few weeks after of the plague, then raging in London, and was buried in the Savoy, close to Bishop Halsey. Both prelates were friends of Erasmus, and are mentioned more than once in his writings.

[2] III. 2039.

household. They expressed their surprise that Henry should believe, that one "who had been nursed with so great honor, and had so tender familiarity with popes and great princes," would contrive any harm against their sovereign's person, or induce the Queen to abandon her husband. If the King of England, they added, with great tact, and perfect knowledge of the man with whom they had to deal, still insisted on the dismissal of Albany, no other alternative would be left for them, except to publish to the world, and to all Christian princes, the necessity they were under, either of depriving Albany, unjustly, of the office lawfully belonging to him, or of submitting to the peril of being invaded by England.

Margaret's reply was couched in a different strain, but was not less resolute than theirs. Her Tudor blood was fired at the insults to which she had been exposed under the mask of advice and charity. She remonstrated with Henry for his sharp and unkind letter. In reply to his insinuations of her being so easily abused by the Duke, she taxed her brother for his credulity and weakness in trusting to false reports. He possessed but little sense, she told him, of his own dignity, in permitting slanderous reports to be circulated to her discredit, and suffering the Cardinal openly to repeat at the council-table that she loved the Governor to her dishonour. Her rumoured divorce from Angus was a scandal, forged, she said, by the Bishop of Dunkeld, and had never been contemplated by herself or Albany. Then, with something like a threat, she added, that when the proper season arrived she should be ready to justify her conduct; for she had retained copies of her correspondence with the King of England, and by them it would appear to the world that his threat of invasion was groundless and unjustifiable. Had Albany intended wrong to her son, she would have been the first to discover it. She had long hoped, she said, that her brother would have sheltered her from injury; but her hopes had been vain, and now she had found a better friend in Albany than in any other. She concluded by saying, that Scotland desired peace with England, if it could be had, but if peace could not be had with honour, it would never consent to banish Albany.[1]

If the King imagined, as he reasonably might, that these were not the genuine sentiments of the Queen and the nation, but the "abusion" of Albany, he soon found himself undeceived. Acting under this impression, Clarencieux had been

[1] Feb. 11; III. 2038.

despatched to Scotland, partly at Margaret's own desire, partly, no doubt, from a wish to ascertain more precisely Albany's influence with the Lords. The herald reached Edinburgh on Candlemas Eve, and found the Queen, not in Holyrood Palace, or in the Castle of Edinburgh (as might have been expected), but lodging in the house of a burgess. On presenting his letters, and hearing what he had to say, Margaret, to use his own expression, was marvellously abashed, saying she perceived that the King held her in great and heinous displeasure, owing to the evil reports he had received. She admitted to the English envoy that she had desired Albany's return to Scotland, confirming most of the particulars already detailed in her letters. She had been well treated, she said, ever since his arrival, her son was well kept, and neither of them had anything to fear from the Duke. This account of herself was confirmed, six days after, by the Duke, in whose presence, and in that of the herald, she repeated her expressions of gratitude to Albany.

On Sunday, being Candlemas Day,[1] Clarencieux delivered the King's letters to Albany, at Holyrood House. After dinner he sent for the herald to his chamber, and, prefacing what he had to say by some remarks on the bitterness of the King's letter, stated that he had come into Scotland at the invitation of the Lords. He had taken a solemn vow, he said, to return at a proper opportunity, and nothing should tempt him to violate his oath. But as the Lords had appointed him Governor, he would risk life and property in their service. Then glancing at Henry's coarse insinuation of his "damnable abusion" of the King's sister, and his attempt to marry her, he told the herald that when he was last at Rome Margaret had requested him to obtain for her a divorce, as she was unkindly treated by Angus; but he swore by the Sacrament, which he had seen that day between the priest's hands, he never intended to marry her; and he marvelled that the King should think so ill of his sister, and that the Cardinal should have stated openly in the council chamber that the Duke treated the Queen as if she were his wife or his concubine. He expressed his desire to be on friendly terms with England, but if he were attacked he would do the best to defend himself.

The herald met with no better success at his interview with the Lords, then assembled in parliament at the Tolbooth. On delivering his charge to the chancellor of Scotland he desired

[1] III. 2054.

that the King's letter might be read aloud, in the hope of creating a division among them or eliciting some expressions of disapprobation from those who were thought unfavourable to the Duke. But in this also he was disappointed.

He was received, as he tells Wolsey, with "grim and angry looks," both of "high and low." It requires no effort of imagination to picture the blanched and menacing features of these ancient rivals of England, exasperated to the uttermost by repeated injuries; more accustomed to war and bloodshed than counsel and debate; resembling rather a gathering of grim soldiers than a peaceful assemblage of senators. The representative of England stood before them, wearing on his tabard the insignia of that nation they most hated. He carried in his hands a letter, conceived in terms more dictatorial than any Scotchman would have tolerated from his native and lawful sovereign.

The herald was desired to withdraw; he was told, on his return, that they had unanimously invited the Duke, and would on no account dismiss him. If, as Henry said, France had joined with himself against Albany, they felt little obliged by such conduct. But, even if England, France, and the Emperor were united, they had chosen the Governor, and with the Governor they were resolved to live and die.[1]

It was impossible to mistake the meaning of this declaration, or to expect any diversion in the King's favour. If the King had believed Dacre's insinuation, that Albany was unpopular with the Lords, that he and his preparations might be treated with contempt, it was clear from Clarencieux's letters that Dacre had been mistaken. So Henry altered his tone, and deemed it wise to prepare for the worst. He sent the Bishop of Carlisle to assist Dacre in preparing for the defence of the Borders,[2] expressing at the same time his intentions to despatch some nobleman into Yorkshire, as his lieutenant, and place the country north of the Trent in a state of readiness. The fortifications of Berwick were ordered to be strengthened; the Homes were apprised that they would be supported in their disaffection, and a sharp watch was kept upon the motions of Albany. Both countries prepared for war.

But in reality neither desired war. Just then the energies of England were taxed to the utmost in preparing for the invasion of France. Every day the Emperor and his ministers were calling upon England to give proof of its sincerity, by an

[1] III. 2054.

[2] III. 2075.

open declaration of hostilities. The money due from France for the surrender of Tournay was not forthcoming; the treasury was exhausted; the loans, in spite of every effort to collect them, and induce prepayment, came in slowly and reluctantly. Border raids might be made and conducted at the expense of the Border gentlemen; but they were uncertain and ineffectual instruments for retarding the advance of an army, well appointed and led by the Scotch lords, thirsting for retaliation. On the other hand, Albany was fettered by his French engagements. He could not hope to retain his authority unless he were well supported. If the Scottish lords found the men, they looked to Albany to find the money and munitions of war. But Francis was too hardly pressed to provide either. "There are not eighteen barrels of gunpowder in all Scotland," writes Dacre to Wolsey, "and the great Lords will have no war."[1] And though Dacre's information was not always to be implicitly relied on, yet on this occasion his assertion was confirmed by evidence of no less an authority than Albany himself. In a letter of the 17th of April,[2] Albany tells his French correspondent that the Scotch parliament had been dismissed until the 12th of May; and in that time, if they did not obtain a favourable answer from the French King, they would certainly make terms with England. "The Scotch lords say that the war is merely for the advantage of France, and unless the king of France will issue a bold declaration, and send sufficient assistance, they do not care to stir, as they are weary of fighting for others."

Nor was this far from the truth. The chief object of Albany's visit to Scotland was not so much to help Scotland against its ancient enemies, to secure for himself either the Scottish crown, or the hand of Margaret, as to create a diversion, if possible, in favour of France. Francis hoped that England, hampered by a Scotch invasion, would gladly listen to the dictates of peace, and in that peace France would be comprehended as the ancient ally of Scotland. Nothing shows more completely the depth of humiliation to which France was reduced at the commencement of 1522 than that its monarch, the proudest and gayest in the world, the competitor for empire, the paragon of chivalry and *haulte courage*, should have condescended to purchase peace at such a price, and seek immunity from war, by the hand and instrumentality of his humble friend and Scotch dependant.[3] Failing of a peace, he

[1] III. 2122. [2] III. 2184. [3] See III. 1950, 2113.

might yet hope to divert England from its purpose of invading France, or divide its powers, by fomenting an insurrection on its northern frontier. Albany was disappointed in both designs. His proposals for a truce, in which France should be comprehended, were rejected by the King and Wolsey with the utmost disdain. The great English minister penetrated the flimsy disguise at once, and treated the Duke's overtures with unconcealed contempt. He regarded Albany's interference much in the same light as that of a cur interposing itself between "two fell-opposed opposites" with a folly equalled only by its presumption.[1] By short prorogations of the truce, devised by Dacre, Albany's preparations were frittered away, and he fell under the suspicions of the French King in consequence of his inaction.

In the middle of May, 1522,[2] the aid long expected from France arrived, but it was wholly inadequate to the emergency. That same month Francis had been defied by England, and he was no longer in a condition to provide for the safety of his humble ally. Later in the year (August 13) he was under the necessity of sending an ambassador to Scotland to explain the difficulties of his own position, and express his regret at his inability to render further assistance. The Scotch lords, after many delays, consented at last to an invasion of England on the 2nd of September.[3] But their resolution was formed too late. Before the close of the month Albany and Margaret had entered into negociations for peace with Dacre and the captain of Berwick.[4] After some little coquetting on both sides, cessation of hostilities was agreed upon;—by Albany, with apparent sincerity, for, from some reason not well ascertained, he thought it needful to return to the continent, either to justify himself to the King of France, or to procure additional aid;—by Dacre, from policy, to win delay, foment suspicion among the Lords, create confusion in Scotland, and invade it when disunited. He was acquainted with the country better than any of his contemporaries; was less scrupulous also than others of the means he employed, whether force or fraud. But in consequence of these very qualities he was exposed to the jealousy and dislike of all who were associated with him; and his powers of annoyance were crippled in proportion.

[1] See III. 1950.
[2] III. 2271.
[3] III. 2428.
[4] III. 2468–2470 and 2476.

Unknown to the lords of Scotland, the negociations between Albany and Dacre were carried on with great secrecy. Under a show of invading England, Albany advanced to the English borders,[1] in the direction of Carlisle. Had he pushed on with vigour he might have dictated his own terms; for Carlisle was defenceless; and the Earl of Shrewsbury, the English commander, was still at York, unable to advance for lack of supplies.[2] The Borders were wholly unprepared. The Earl of Westmoreland could only travel in a litter. Most of the chief captains were dead; and the plague had raged with so much severity in the North that in Durham alone 3,000 able-bodied men had been carried off by the infection. Through dread of its virulence, the harness in the infected houses was useless, for the soldiers refused to touch it. Besides, as was too common in these Border wars, no spirit of unity prevailed among the inhabitants of different localities. The East Marches preyed upon the West; the West on the East and the Middle Marches. Hosts of thieves, lured by hope of indiscriminate plunder, infested the markets, robbed the houses, and burned the mills, indifferent whether they belonged to Scotland or England—or rather, preferring those of the latter, as the booty was richer and more easily taken.[3] No treaty had been signed. The English reinforcements had not yet arrived; and the English border lords hung back, declining to stir until their wages were paid. Albany moved from Dumfries to Annan. A few hours' rapid march would have brought him under the walls of Carlisle, feebly defended by crumbling ramparts and ditches, and insufficient ordnance. But Albany, deficient alike in judgment and resolution, was engrossed with the single thought of truce. He suffered himself to be insulted and deceived by Dacre. Nothing shows more clearly the characters of the two men than their conduct

[1] III. 2523.

[2] Shrewsbury to Wolsey, September 8; No. 2524.

[3] See III. 2531. In a letter to Wolsey, the Bishop of Carlisle says, "There is more theft, more extortion here, by English thieves, than there is by all the Scots of Scotland. There is no man, which is not in a strong hold, that hath or may have any cattle or moveables in surety, throughout the bishopric (Durham); and from the bishopric till we come within eight miles of Carlisle; all Northumberland likewise. Hexhamshire, which belongeth to your Grace, worst of all; for in Hexham self, every market day, there are four score or 100 strong thieves; and the poor men and gentlemen see them which did rob them and their goods, and dare neither complain of them by name, nor say one word to them. They take all their cattle and horses; their corn as they carry it to sow, or to the mill to grind; and at their houses bid them deliver what they will have, or they shall be fired and burnt." No. 2328.

and correspondence on this occasion. Though the danger was great and imminent, Dacre bated not a jot of his haughty and imperious demeanour. Some little time before, in defiance of the law of nations, he had imprisoned Carrick, Albany's herald; and now, with a temerity characteristic of his nature, he ventured to send one of his own servants, without a safe-conduct, into the midst of Albany's camp, nominally under the pretext of carrying a message, really to ascertain the condition of Albany's powers. Such acts of audacity very few commanders, even of less rank and authority than Albany, would have allowed to pass without reprisals. But Albany, after a faint remonstrance, suffered his indignation to evaporate in words, and passed over the insult only to encourage its repetition.

The 9th of September had arrived, and Dacre was under the necessity of returning an immediate answer to Albany's proposals. He was then staying at Carlisle. The distance between himself and the Duke was so short that it was difficult to find any pretext for further delay. A direct refusal of Albany's terms would have brought the Duke and his army in a few hours to the walls of Carlisle; compliance was the same as accepting Albany's demand;—besides Dacre had as yet received no communications from England. To protract the time,[1] he pretended to the messenger who brought the Duke's letter with a French superscription, that he did not understand that language and sent him back to procure a Scotch translation of it, or bring with him a French interpreter.

Albany, with singular fatuity, allowed his opportunities to slip from his hand. On the 11th of September he signed an agreement with Dacre at Solam Chapel for an abstinence of one month; thus dissipating the hopes of his own party, and allowing his ememies abundant time for preparation. His chief resources were at Edinburgh; his ships at Leith. He could only procure scanty supplies by sea from Dumbarton, or transport provisions and munitions of war by land, over the roughest ground, now rapidly becoming impassable at the approach of winter; whilst the English fleet, commanding the eastern shores from Newcastle to Berwick, and the western from Chester to Carlisle, needed only time to assemble its powers, and had war or peace at its option.

Dacre might well be proud of his victory—for a victory it was—gained at a small cost, in the face of great odds, solely

[1] See III. 2525.

by his own daring and skill. His own account of the matter, sent in a letter to Wolsey the day after,[1] displays in vivid colours the boldness and genius of the man.'

"My lord, I beseech your Grace of pardon that I have not advertised you from time to time, according to my duty; but the matters were so difficult, and of so great importance, and had so long tract of time and times, that I could not certify your Grace of anything till now of the conclusion, like as ye may perceive, as everything is passed between the queen of Scots, the duke of Albany, and me, by their principal letters and mine answers again, enclosed in a packet, which your Grace shall receive herewith.

"Please it your Grace, according to my writing sent you from Norham, the duke of Albany with the main power of Scotland mustered a little from Edinburgh, the second day of this instant month of September, and so came forward, sending the earl of Arran his lieutenant with his vanward to the East Borders, who set up his tents a little from Home Castle in our sight, being within four miles of Warkes Castle; and from thence the said Lieutenant removed towards these We[st] Borders, and fell in company of the Duke, at which time I was in Berwick, where I put in 250 soldiers of the King's garrisons, and also 300 of the country, and for the same made provision of victual for their sustentation; and by reason of the said victual all corns kept the old price, and rose nothing; and I, knowe[ing] of the hasty return of the said Duke, discharged the crew of the country wh[ich] was taken in, and paid them wages for a day; and thereupon I rode from Berwick to these West Borders at post, and came hither upon Saturday last past; where, according to my said writing from Norham, there was neither gun, b[ow] or arrow in readiness, and the town assaultable, whereby there was no remedy for keeping of the same, but only strength of men; by reason whereof I was . . . enforced to despoil all mine own houses of such ordnance as was in them, and brought it thither, and appointed and put in the town 1,600 men in wages, besides the inhabitants of the same, making my son captain thereof, which was to his great danger, and to me little comfort, remembering I have but one. Albeit, for the King's honor, and for surety of his castle and town, I could [no] less do, seeing I and my brother Sir Christopher might not be spared from the f[ield], my lord Lieutenant being absent, whose wages I have paid hithertowards at the King's pleasure.

"Upon Sunday the seventh day, the duke of Albany with his army and ordnance came to the castle of Milke, within 12 miles of this said city; and by such w[ords] as passed between the said Duke and me, sent unto your Grace in the aforesaid p[acket], your Grace may perceive the time was tracted unto Wednesday at 11 of the clock, when as the said Duke set up his tents upon the Debateable Ground five miles of this said city, where I came unto his presence on Thursday, [having] certain hostages delivered for me into England, that is to say, the lord Max[well] and the treasurer of Scotland.

"At my going towards the said Duke, half a mile from him where he lay, two earls of Scotland met me, and conveyed me unto his hall, whereas he and all the lords were about him; and after my duty done unto him, I removed something backward, saying with an high voice, 'My lord, what displeasure has my Sovereign done unto you, that ye with this great army are come hither to invade his realm? marvelling that all ye my lords will be aiding to the same, remembering the nighness and proximity of blood betwixt my Sovereign and yours. I come hither for no treaty, but at the instance and desire of my lord here present.' Whereupon the Duke, with

[1] III. 2536.

certain of the lords, went into one chamber within his said hall, and took me with them; where, after long reasoning, communication, and debating, with such persuasions and sharp words as I did give them, the earls of Huntley, Argyle, Arran, and others, fearing as well the King's army, as also the continuance of mortal war which would have followed upon their beginning, gave plain answer that for no love, favor, desire, or fair promise of the French king they would in no wise attempt war against England, nor invade the same, so they might be sure to have peace of the King's highness. And so I departed, and was brought to one other tent; whereas I had good cheer made by certain lords appointed, and there fell to communication and reasoning how the matter might be best brought to pass. Whereupon indentures were drawn; whereof the one part, signed and sealed, ye shall receive in the foresaid packet.

"My lord, the army of Scotland was of so great puissance of men, above the number of 4 score thousand, and victual for the same, and so well stored of artillery, above 45 pieces of brass and 1,000 hagbushes carted upon trestles, besides handguns innumerable, that in manner, God being indifferent, it had been impossible to have withstood them; like as Thomas Musgrave, the King's servant, being there present with me, will inform the King's highness and your Grace at length, which comes up with diligence for that purpose. For I assure your Grace, our power in the time could not have been 16,000, and those that came forward came with the worst will that ever did men, and some great men there is that would not come forward, worthy punishment; and therefore, seeing the imminent danger of the castle of Warke, which William Ellerker, captain of the same, having 100 men in his retinue, after the sight of the Duke's vanward and tents set up, left waste; and so of force I was driven to suffer the Grayes of Northumberland, by the advice of my lord Warden, [to] enter in the same castle for keeping of it; and also remembering the small power that we were here, and the weakness of this city, wanting ordnance, which by all likelihood could not have been kept, afore I had seen and viewed their puissance and artillery, and over that for safeguard of this whole country of Cumberland, which all utterly had been destroyed and burnt without remedy hereafter, if the foresaid army had come in it: —therefore I condescended to the said minute of abstinence, humbly beseeching your Grace to be good solicitor and mean for me unto the King's highness, that he take no displeasure with me, being so bold to take abstinence, having none authority or commission. But inasmuch as by means thereof their army are skaled, and that they foliously have taken abstinence with me that had none authority, but only by my words, saying that I had commission, which I could not at that time come to it, it is at the King's pleasure whether he will accept it or not; and, under your correction, I think it good that this month be accepted, and upon the queen of Scots' desire, which it is thought she will make, that the King's highness condescend to the same abstinence for the space of another month, for these considerations ensuing: first, that in that time an honorable ambassade may be sent up upon the safeconduct now granted, at the request of the said queen of Scots, which shall make a great division between the Duke and the lords of Scotland, remembering their former sayings to the said Duke afore me; and further they have offered me they are glad and willing to desire peace of the King's highness and to y . . . no meddling with France, and for surety thereof to make bands or lie such hostages as reasonably shall be thought, and so the continuance of the duke of Albany in Scotland shall be neither profit nor pleasure to the French king.

"And for the sure custody of the king of Scots, out of the suspicious keeping of the said Duke, so that he be in the keeping of Scotchmen, true Scotch lords, they can be contented, upon communication at the up coming of the ambassadors, as shall be devised.

"And if the King's highness be not content with these ways, then his Highness m[ust] see money sent down for payment of his garrison's wages for the next month, [which] beginneth in the hinder end of this month, amounting to the sum of 600*l.*, like as it d[oth] appear in the foot of the declaration in the keeping of Sir John Darcy, knt.; a[nd if] he say that he has not the said declaration, then it is in the keeping of W[m.] Hasilwodd.

"My Lord, inasmuch as it is determined that at the end of the next month my lord Percy for the East and Middle Marches, and I for the West Marches, shall take the charge of them, it shall be more honor to the King that the garrison be discharged rat[her] in the time of this abstinence than when it is plain war.

"And as for the castle of Warke, which stands in great danger, as is afore specified, and the same being furnished with men and ordnance may do more annoyance [to] the Scots than Berwick, and in mine opinion there can no gun go through the wall of it; therefore I think it good that Master Hert, who is now with the lord of Shrewsbury, be commanded to come in these quarters hastily to see and view as well Berwick, Warke, and this city of Carlisle, as also all along the marches, where I shall bear him company, to the intent that he and I may make certificate to the King's highness and your Grace now at Michaelmas term, the order, form, and manner of everything at length, with our opinions on the same, what is best to be done; for 20*s.* spended in time with provision shall go as far, as well in works as in victuals, as shall 40*s.* in the time of a necessity when thing must needs be done.

"If my lord Lieutenant had come forward, he should have been deceived of such ordnance as is in Berwick, that was appointed for the field; for when I had caused all the same ordnance to be put in areadiness, and for the expedition and receiving of the same sent mine own cart wheels to Berwick, the captain would not suffer the same ordnance to be taken out of the town, notwithstanding that I showed unto him the article in the King's instructions containing his high pleasure anenst the same, but by his writing ready to be showed he gave answer that he could depart with none, but only a slange of iron, a sacre and two falcons. And the Blessed Trinity preserve your Grace. At Carlisle, the 12th day of September, at four of the clock in the morning.

"Yours with his service,

"THOMAS DACRE."

On communicating the news to the King, the Cardinal broke out into expressions of admiration foreign to his usual habits. He perceived at once the greatness of the advantages thus gained, and the total extinction of that danger which had threatened at one time to defeat the measures on which his thoughts and energies had been concentrated for the last two years. Such a signal success was nothing less than a stroke from Heaven; *operatio dextræ Excelsi*, as he termed it.[1] Yet the precedent was dangerous. Dacre had acted entirely on his own responsibility. Shrewsbury, when the news arrived, had disbanded his army without waiting for orders, and had retired sick and weary to his home. The fault was a noble one; fortunate in its results, but a fault

[1] III. 2537.

still—*felix culpa;* and as Henry, jealous of the least neglect, and severe in punishing the slightest contempt of his authority, might not regard it in a favourable light, the Cardinal, with great skill and judgment, endeavoured to anticipate and disarm his resentment. After expatiating on the loss it would be to the French King, who reckoned that this invasion of Scotland would "stand him in stead of a great army," he thus proceeds: "Albeit, Sir, this abstinence of war was suddenly taken and agreed unto without your authority or pleasure known, yet I cannot but see it is to be accounted as *felix culpa*, and that, your Grace being therewith contented, and taking respect to the state of your affairs northwards, many good effects may thereof ensue; and at the least I see no other remedy but that ye must take all that is done in good part, making virtue of necessity. Howbeit, to be plain, there hath been too much boldness on your folks' part, as well in taking truce and discharging your army without your knowledge, as in the Duke of Albany great folly in dissolving so great an army, so sumptuously set forth and advanced, without doing any manner act or exploit, upon a bare abstinence of war, concluded without any commission or authority. Nevertheless, the cause of the premises, as may be conjectured, hath only been, *quia trepidaverunt timore ubi non erat timor.*"

The King appears to have adopted this sensible advice of his minister; for, not long after, Dacre acknowledged a letter of thanks received from the King for the services he had rendered on this occasion.[1]

Disbanding his army, Albany repaired to Edinburgh, vainly endeavouring, in conjunction with Margaret, to have France comprehended in the truce. If at the head of a powerful army the Duke was unable to carry his point, it was not to be expected that Dacre or Wolsey would listen for a moment to a disagreeable proposal, backed simply by wishes or threats. After a few ineffectual efforts, made probably with a view of excusing his inability and mismanagement to Francis I., he abandoned the attempt. On the 23rd of October the Duke left Edinburgh for Stirling, appointing as regents certain bishops and lords devoted to his interests, and sailed for France from Dumbarton, on Monday, the 27th of October, promising to return before Assumption Day (August 15), or resign his authority.[2]

[1] October 7; III. 2598.

[2] III. 2645.

Scotch historians are at a loss to discover an adequate cause for so ignoble a termination of Albany's campaign. At no time in their history, with the exception, perhaps, of the battle of Flodden, had the Scots been able to bring a more numerous or better appointed army into the field; at no time had a more favourable opportunity presented itself for striking a blow at their ancient enemies with such disastrous effect. The English were not only unprepared, but the largest body which Shrewsbury had proposed to detach from his main army to meet the Scots consisted of no more than 20,000 men. Actuated by a narrow spirit of self-interest and self-defence, unwilling to stir from their own country, and leave their homes exposed to the enemy, the Border chiefs, disunited among themselves, delayed to march to the assistance of Dacre. Yet it seems unjust to attribute exclusively to the incapacity and cowardice of Albany an inglorious truce, to which the lords of Scotland were no less a party than himself. Of disunion in their councils, we have no contemporary evidence. The only explanation probable is to be found in the want of adequate support from France.[1] It appears to me that Albany never intended, from the very first, to venture a battle. Under pretence of menacing the Borders, he was covering his design of negociating with Dacre. By an assumption of warlike demonstrations he saved his credit with the majority of his adherents; perhaps, also, the number and efficiency of his preparations were exaggerated by Dacre, from whose letters the account of them is exclusively derived. Or, after all, he might have been acting on the French maxim, *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

But, whatever might be the cause, the policy of Albany was fatal to his party and his influence. His adherents, deprived of their chief, were more liable to fall a prey to the intrigues of the English government. It was no longer difficult, by flattery and fair promises, to detach Margaret from the Duke, to inspire her with the intoxicating thought that through her influence alone England had been induced

[1] This is the statement of Sir Thomas Boleyn; but he was then at Valladolid with the Emperor, and might speak from hearsay only. See III. 2697. Perhaps Wolsey's statement is nearer the truth than any other yet offered. He tells Boleyn and Sampson, at that time ambassadors in Spain, that Albany had lately returned to Francis to show him the state of Scotland, provide money, captains, and ships, and return to Scotland in the spring. He adds, that, at the Duke's instigation, the Scotch lords had failed to fulfil their engagement of sending ambassadors into England to treat for peace. No. 2764.

to make its late concessions to Albany, and would be guided exclusively in its conduct towards Scotland by her wishes and her instructions. It was easy for Dacre to insinuate that Albany's presence in Scotland was the only obstacle to the supremacy she coveted so long and so earnestly. His banishment, she was taught to believe, would free her from designs which, courteous in appearance, were intended in reality to deprive her of all authority, and render her dependent on a party unfavourable alike to herself and her son. The design succeeded; and from this period Margaret's letters betray, not only a change in her sentiments towards Albany, but a quivering, restless anxiety to impress upon the Scotch a due sense of that importance which she wished to possess, and always failed to achieve. It is amusing to watch her incessant efforts to invest herself with a factitious dignity in the eyes of her people, and make them believe that she was omnipotent with her powerful brother. She repeatedly urges upon him, in her correspondence, and at this time more frequently than ever, the necessity of letting it be known that his friendship or hostility to Scotland would be determined by her advice and her wishes. She aimed at being the sole mediator between the two countries. By her powerful intercession alone, the sword was to be sheathed or resumed.

But whilst Dacre and Wolsey together assiduously pursued this line of policy towards the Queen, the Cardinal was preparing measures for isolating Scotland completely from all hope of foreign aid, and gathering up the undivided power of England, to launch it with full and irresistible effect against its pertinacious foe. The mistakes in the last year's campaign, fortunate as it had proved to England from the folly and incapacity of Albany, had opened Wolsey's eyes to the danger of undertaking two great wars at the same time. He had been taught the necessity of providing a more efficient force than the hasty and reluctant levies of the orders; he had seen the folly of diminishing the efficiency of those forces by want of promptitude in the payment of their wages or provision of arms and ammunition. In the previous year he had evidently underrated the strength, activity, and importance of his adversary. He had never supposed that Albany would have advanced with an army so large and so well appointed to the very walls of Carlisle and Berwick. Wisely calculating the magnitude of the danger he had so providentially escaped, he resolved never again to run the same hazard, or trust to

a similar caprice of fortune. Instead of the sickly Earl of Shrewsbury, he pitched upon the Earl of Surrey, who had been engaged since 1522 in scouring the Channel, and making descents on the French coasts. There could be no fitter general than Surrey to take the command of the forces against Scotland, for Surrey had seen service in various forms and in different countries. By his influence in the North, by his high rank and family connections, he was able to exact from the turbulent gentlemen and noblemen of the Borders that obedience and respect they refused to yield to one chosen from among themselves, whatever his merits or his abilities: whilst long experience of office, unblemished reputation as a soldier, and the share he had in the victory at Flodden, seemed to point out Surrey as qualified above all others for so important and hazardous an employment.

In the choice of such a general Wolsey showed that he did not underrate the magnitude and importance of the struggle. It was the clearest and most convincing evidence of the valour of his opponents, and of the resistance he expected from them. Nor was this all. An enemy so resolute as the Scotch, and animated against England by the strongest national aversion, demanded his undivided energies. But how could this object be obtained? How, with a great continental war upon his hands, could he strike so effectual a blow against the power of the Scotch, that they should never trouble him again? Fortunately the vacillation of the Emperor furnished him with the desired opportunity. From weariness of the war or a desire to enhance his own importance in the eyes of his ally, Charles, at the close of 1522, had desired his ambassadors in England to communicate to Wolsey a copy of certain overtures for a truce which had been submitted to him by the King of France.[1] Without caring to ascertain how far the offer was

[1] With the usual duplicity characteristic of his policy, the Emperor had already made some progress in this business, before he thought fit to communicate it to England. In a letter addressed by him to the Duke of Sessa, on the 15th of Feb. 1525, he desired his ambassador to inform the Pope that he was neglecting no opportunity of effecting a truce with the King of France; and he had, therefore, sent very ample powers to his ambassadors at the court of Rome, for that purpose. At the same time, he enjoined on the Duke the utmost secrecy, telling him that neither the ambassadors of the King of England nor those of France must be allowed to suspect the existence of any such intention on his part. Though he was even then preparing to falsify his obligations, he does not hesitate to avow that he was restricted by his treaty with England from entering upon any negociations for peace with France without first obtaining Henry's consent; and he admits that it would not redound much to his honour, if it were known that he had been the first to solicit peace, seeing that the

sincere, Wolsey perceived his advantage in it. As the King of France had endeavoured to extort a truce out of the supposed necessities of England by means of the Duke of Albany, might not his own policy be turned upon the inventor? Might not France be induced, in consequence of its difficulties, to purchase peace at the sacrifice of its confederate? If the negociation succeeded, and Francis, forgetful of his honour, should consent to a truce without comprehending Scotland, then would Scotland be left to the undivided power and vengeance of England; if it failed, yet the discussion of such a proposition would create suspicion in the mind of the Scots, as if the French King valued their alliance only for his own purposes. Accordingly Wolsey instructed the English ambassadors at Valladolid to represent to the Emperor, that a "better and more politic mean" could not be imagined for avoiding superfluous charges—especially as the Emperor found so much difficulty in making the necessary preparations—than to condescend to a truce with the King of France for this year; "the same to be no other" than a mere cessation and desisting from hostility, *not comprehending the realm of Scotland.* If, however, the truce could not be had without the comprehension of Scotland, the King hoped, he said, "so speedily to advance" his enterprises on this side, that the stroke should be struck before the treaty was concluded.

To obviate unfavourable conjectures, if it should be imagined that such a wish had emanated from the King or from the Emperor, Wolsey took the precaution of writing to the Pope; suggesting that his Holiness, who was anxious for the peace of Christendom, should, as of himself, make the necessary proposition to the three powers. To quicken the

King of France had been the aggressor. The articles to which he refers were solemnly sworn before Wolsey at the treaty of Windsor in June, 1522.

We are informed by the same letter that the Emperor had already sent a copy of similar powers to England, desiring they might be forwarded to Rome in the event of their proving satisfactory to Henry. Wolsey, in lieu of them, proposed a truce for one year only between the Emperor and the Kings of France and England, excluding their confederates; aiming, of course, at the Scots. But the Emperor, disregarding his most solemn engagements, with that flexibility of which these papers furnish numerous examples, did not wait for the consent of his English ally, but took the initiative without it, consulting only his own interests and his own inclinations. See the letter in Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar, vol. ii. p. 528.

Mr. Bergenroth, in alluding to these circumstances, accuses Wolsey of dissimulation. He thinks the Cardinal blew hot or cold, as suited his own interests. He does not appear to see that the policy of Wolsey was of necessity shaped by the movements of Albany, and the vacillations of Charles V. As they shifted their ground, Wolsey was compelled to change his attitude.

sluggish resolves of the Emperor, he was given clearly to understand that, in the event of the war being continued, he would be expected to furnish his stipulated quota of men and money; and these Wolsey well knew that Charles would be unwilling or unable to provide. He was to be further informed that he must not expect any extra aid from England, as it was now so busily occupied at home. This is the key of Wolsey's policy towards Scotland; and this is the meaning of that desire of his for a temporary truce with France, which otherwise seems inexplicable.

It was scarcely to be expected that such an arrangement would be accepted by the Emperor or his council, indifferent to any interests except their own. It was more important, as it was more agreeable, to them, to have the war carried on by England against France, of which they should reap the fruits, than that the powers and resources of England should be expended in an expedition against Scotland, from which they had nothing to fear. In a long memorial addressed to his ambassadors, the Emperor endeavoured to combat this new proposal of the Cardinal's. He contended for the importance of combined and energetic operations against France now, when that kingdom was entangled in so many difficulties. He was willing, he said, to render assistance, if Henry would carry the war into Guienne, and he had collected for that purpose a million and a half of ducats. But the promises of Charles never corresponded to his performances, and Wolsey was too well aware of the value of his offers to depart from the measures he had resolved to adopt.

By Dacre's arrangement, the truce with Scotland had been prorogued from month to month only, and the last prorogation had expired. The option of extending it remained with England; the lords of Scotland desired a further prorogation; but Wolsey had other intentions. On February the 26th, the Earl of Surrey was appointed lieutenant-general of the army against Scotland, and commissions for musters were sent into all the northern counties.[1]

The Earl arrived at Newcastle on the 10th of April, intending to fix his head-quarters at Berwick. And now the same brutal and indiscriminate warfare was transferred to Scotland which the year before had marked the invasion of France. The country was devastated by incessant and furious inroads; Eccles, Ednam, Stichell, Kelso, and the whole track

[1] His appointment is in Lord Herbert's Hist. Henry VIII., 3 a.

as far as Makerston, were given to the sword. At Eccles the invaders were met by a convent of nuns, who surrendered the keys of the abbey, with a promise to cast down in a few days their walls and defences; if they failed, as Dacre informed Surrey, Sir William Bulmer was prepared to burn their abbey about their ears; so little respect was shown to the weak, the innocent, and the sacred in these terrible wars. From Home Castle to Dunse, and all along the East border, from Roxburgh and Kelso, between the Tweed and the Teviot, southward to Jedburgh, and Ferniehurst, the whole country was a smoking waste.

Should Albany arrive, wrote Wolsey on the 30th of August, to the English ambassadors with the Emperor, all Teviotdale and the March have been so destroyed, "that there is left neither house, fortress, village, tree, cattle, corn, or other succor for man; insomuch as some of the people which fled from the same, and afterwards returned, finding no sustentation, were compelled to come into England, begging bread, which oftentimes when they eat they die incontinently for the hunger past; and with no imprisonment, cutting of their ears, burning them in the face, or otherwise, can be kept away. Such is the punishment of Almighty God to those that be the disturbers of good peace, rest, and quiet in Christendom."[1]

The language of Dacre is not less terrible: "If these raids are done well," he exclaims, in a tone of triumph,[2] "2,000 of the garrison may be discharged, and 1,000 only remain on the borders." By such solitude it was hoped that no troops would be required, and the King's treasure spared: whilst a desert, more impassable than the sea, more sterile than its shore, would thus be interposed between Scotland and England. But, adds Dacre, "the captains must be told to command their retinues to burn, or they will not take the trouble to do it." Undeterred by the horror or uncertainty of border frays, some of the more sanguine or thrifty inhabitants of the Scottish borders had protected their poor dwellings with a more durable covering than the ordinary thatch. Such precautions defied the sloth or mischief of the soldiers, and Dacre desired to be furnished with 300 sixpenny axes, for distribution among his captains, as a more effectual instrument for the work of destruction.

Meanwhile, the Scotch lords, divided among themselves, and left, by the absence of Albany, without any central

[1] III. 3281. [2] III. 3098.

authority, could form no general plan of action, nor agree upon any effectual method of resistance. The commons, stung with resentment for sufferings which they had done nothing to provoke and could do nothing to prevent, turned their anger against the French and the terrified adherents of the Duke of Albany. Denounced as the authors of all these miseries, the unhappy foreigners would have fallen victims to the fury of the populace, had they not anticipated its vengeance by retreating into the castle of Dunbar with all their artillery.[1]

"The King has heard," says Wolsey in a letter to Dacre, "from the Friars Observants, who have returned into Scotland, that the Scotch, perceiving how they are deluded by the French faction, are beginning to alter their minds. The French have retired to the castle of Dunbar, where they have most of their artillery, living in great dread and fear of themselves, and doubting to be served as La Batie was," that is, massacred. He suggests to Dacre, that if any man of note would attempt the enterprise—that is, fall upon the French, as the Homes had cut off La Batie—and would undertake to hang the bell about the cat's neck, Albany's faction might be "briefly extincted."[2]

It is not needful to translate these expressions into plainer English. The Scots were enemies; they were "weasels," and were therefore to be hunted down with as little compunction as vermin. Who can doubt it? The dictates of humanity were out of the question.

Wolsey's policy was on the eve of being crowned with success. A strict and unintermittent watch at sea by the English fleet effectually prevented Albany's passage. Month after month slipped away, and nothing was heard of him. To increase the confusion, Dacre, unknown to Surrey, was negociating with the Chancellor of Scotland, in hopes of withdrawing him from his allegiance to the Duke, and inducing him, in conjunction with Margaret, to take the reins into his own hands, supported by the power of England. Margaret, more susceptible to flattery, listened readily to a plot which seemed to promise her that influence for which she had craved and schemed so long, and so ineffectually. What effects the insinuations of Dacre had produced upon her may be seen in her letters. She determined to act independently, and form a party for herself. To arrange a peace with England with-

[1] III. 3114. [2] III. 2974, 3058, 3114.

out waiting for Albany's consent, to strengthen the English interests in Scotland by keeping Albany in France, and expelling his adherents, these were the methods by which she proposed to accomplish her purpose. If peace could be secured by her mediation, and Scotland be relieved of the hostility of England, she might reasonably expect that the Scotch, out of gratitude, would acknowledge her authority; and even if Albany, supported by foreign troops, should manage to return, he would not venture to violate a peace procured through her means, and sanctioned by the wishes and interests of the people. If she failed in this object, she proposed to take her son out of the custody of the noblemen to whom he was entrusted, and escape with him over the Borders.

The protracted absence of Albany seemed to favour her designs. He was unable to keep his promise of landing in Scotland at the day appointed. One fleet in the North, another in the West, a third in the Channel, under Fitzwilliam, barred the passage. Any attempt to cross was hopeless. The Scotch lords, tired of waiting, had resolved that if he did not arrive on the last day of August, "as," says Wolsey, "I trust he shall not," they would fall from France, and make an alliance with England. But Margaret had undertaken a task beyond her powers. The Scotch lords refused to follow her bidding; their national spirit revolted from the rule of an English sovereign. Much as they might dislike the French, they were not yet prepared to sacrifice their hereditary allies to their hereditary enemies. They declined to serve under Margaret's banner;[1] and even the Chancellor seems to have withdrawn his support from her. August slipped away, and Albany came not. Yet irresolute, wavering between their hatred of England and their unwillingness to entrust the sovereignty of their nation to youthful and inexperienced hands, the lords met on St. Giles's Eve (August 31) in the Tolbooth, as the Abbot of Kelso informed Dacre,[2] "about taking forth the young King, and making peace with England." If the same authority is to be trusted, James, then a boy of eleven years, had written with his own hand to the Queen and the lords, desiring to be set at liberty, and urging an arrangement with England. His request was seconded by Margaret in person, and in all probability would have been granted, had not the French ambassadors assured the assembly

[1] III. 3305. [2] III. 3325.

that the Governor would be there in six days. "That," the Queen replied, insinuating a suspicion of their statement, "was the tidings of the Canongate." But often as they had been disappointed, and improbable as the assurance seemed, the lords determined to wait. They refused to accede to Margaret's wishes, resolving unanimously that if Albany failed to arrive within fourteen days after Michaelmas, the Prince should be left to his own disposal.

From this date Margaret's influence declined; her case, as Surrey admitted to Wolsey, was hopeless.[1] Even the dread of English invasion wrought no change in the decision of the Scotch lords. They had seen the worst. These continual and destructive inroads produced no other effect than, as the Lacedæmonian King told his countrymen more than two thousand years ago, such sufferings ever do produce—callousness and indifference. When cruelty has done its worst, it defeats itself, and dies of its own sting. Nor, if it had been otherwise, were the afflictions of the common people, as Margaret admitted to Surrey, likely to influence the conduct of the Lords. They, in her emphatic language, laughed at injuries which only tended to alienate the hearts of those who were best affected to England, without terrifying the Lords, who escaped unharmed.[2]

A letter was produced from Albany, in the same parliament, in which Margaret had failed to obtain possession of her son, excusing his delay, and desiring that the King should be detained at Stirling as usual.[3] He attributed his own long absence to a secret design he had set on foot for the welfare of Scotland, but had not yet been able to bring to maturity; that done, his brother Richard de la Pole, as Albany called him, tarried only till he knocked at the door, to come forth with an army and invade England. As a further encouragement to the lords, it was given out by the Duke's adherents that he had already embarked at some port in Picardy, attended with 200 horse, and 10,000 foot. If this were not an empty boast, and it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that it was wholly the offspring of Albany's vanity, it was evidently the intention of Francis to distract the King of England's attention by attacking him simultaneously in opposite quarters. Whilst Albany invaded the northern provinces with a powerful army, De la Pole was to effect a landing in the West. "I think," says Sir Robert Wingfield, to whom we are indebted

[1] III. 3349. [2] III. 3341. [3] III. 3315.

for this information,[1] "that France shall have tow enough on the rock, though they seek not for more work and cost in Scotland or Italy." It might have been thought that the treason of Bourbon would have compelled Francis to contract his aims, and provide for his own safety and that of his subjects, without courting fresh adventures in a distant quarter. And nothing shows more clearly the resources and elasticity of France, and the indomitable spirit of its ruler than that, threatened as he was by a general combination of all the continental powers, he still fearlessly held up his head, and bade defiance to all his enemies.

With the Duke of Bourbon "in his bosom," to use Wolsey's expressive words, pressed on all sides, by the Emperor in the South, by Suffolk and de Buren in the West, by the German troops under Count Felix in the East, reverses attending his arms in Italy, a victorious army advancing without opposition on his capital, and ready to thunder at its gates, Francis yet retained spirit and resolution enough to spare some thoughts for his ancient ally. Before the 25th of September Albany had landed in Scotland: he had contrived, a second time, to run the gauntlet of the English fleet without attracting observation, and effected his disembarkation in Scotland at a time and place equally unknown to friends and enemies.[2] The lords at once flocked to his standard; whatever promises they had held out to Margaret, to Dacre, or to Surrey were now given to the winds. No other proof is needed of the great influence exercised by Albany. "The Lords are in such fear of the Duke, looking every hour for him to arrive," writes Surrey to Wolsey, "that and they had laid four of the best of their sons in hostage to forsake him, yet if he came they would break their covenant." The evidence of that influence cannot be questioned, whatever may be thought of the motive thus assigned for it.[3]

Surrey had now been lying on the Borders for six months, and, with the exception of a furious assault upon Jedburgh, and the forays already mentioned, nothing of moment had yet been accomplished towards the subjugation of Scotland, or its emancipation from the influence of Albany. The Earl's forces, superior in numbers to the Scotch, were augmented by the retinues of the Dacres, the Constables, the Cliffords, and all the Border lords. He was well provided with a fleet,

[1] III. 2798, 2869.

[2] Probably at Dumbarton, as on the last occasion. See III. 3360.

[3] III. 3354. See also No. 3361.

artillery, large sums of money, and munitions of war. At Edinburgh Margaret was doing her best to furnish him with intelligence, and raise a party in his favour. She had impressed upon him, more than once, the uselessness of these Border wars, and the necessity of advancing and striking a blow at Edinburgh itself. She might not have been a very competent judge of military operations, yet, when she told Surrey that a thousand men with artillery would place the capital at his mercy, "if they came suddenly," it is not improbable that, had Surrey followed her advice, and, instead of wasting time and men in petty raids upon the borders, had rapidly concentrated his forces for one great and effective blow, he might have done more towards humbling Albany's party than by all his attacks on isolated forts and undefended villages. What, then, was his reason for hanging back? Was it, as he stated to Wolsey, that he had not sufficient carriage for victuals even for a single day? Was it that his forces, when united with Dacre's, would not amount, as he said, to more than 9,000 men, good and bad, and were therefore insufficient for such an enterprise? Or did he fear that whilst he was thus engaged at a distance, "leaving the country ungarnished of men," the Scotch would take advantage of his absence, and troop over the Border like hungry wolves, carrying death and devastation before them? It may be that all these considerations contributed to prevent the Earl, though a man of undoubted courage, from attempting the daring feat of a descent upon Edinburgh, even under the most favourable circumstances. But it is also clear that he stood somewhat in awe of the obstinate courage and passionate resistance of the Scots. Even when their houses were unroofed, their strongholds thrown down, their cattle driven off, their crops burnt before arriving at maturity, they contested every inch of ground, with incredible valour, against overwhelming numbers. Famine, plague, unutterable want and waste stared them everywhere in the face; yet their indomitable spirit could neither be quenched nor subdued. *Crescit sub pondere virtus;* and these terrible Border wars, which have left the stamp of their iron hoof on the face of the country ever since, served to bring out that pertinacity of purpose, that inflexible perseverance, that unswerving resolution in the Scot, which have taught him to fear no evil, to be cool and intrepid in the wildest storm, and patient under the most cruel suffering. "I assure your Grace," says Surrey to Wolsey, describing an

attack upon Ferniehirst, "I found the Scots at this time the boldest men and the hottest that ever I saw in any nation." It would be hard, he adds, to encounter them, if they could muster 40,000 as good men as the 1,500 or 2,000 who at that time kept himself and Dacre at bay.[1]

At the same time it must be remembered that Surrey had other difficulties to contend with, as is clear from his various letters, in the insubordination and mutual jealousies of the Border lords. They were divided into various factions, the Constables, the Ellerkers, the Tempests, the Savilles, and the Gowers; all of them mortal enemies to Scotland, and not less mortal enemies to each other; and all of them—to a man—ready to settle their quarrels with the sword at any moment, whenever they might chance to meet.[2] Their ill blood, heated and thickened by generations of animosity, was kept at boiling pitch by the bickerings, the thefts, the disorders and mutual disputes of their several dependants. Every man and boy, from page to henchman, was animated by the spirit of clanship, and with the name inherited the feuds of his chief. On high days or working days, at church or in the market, at home or on an expedition, their passions broke out for the merest trifle, for the most imaginary wrong, and set men together by the ears, circle extending upon circle, like a weird eddy of autumnal leaves—as wild, as uncertain, and as purposeless. Any attempt to extinguish the fire was hopeless. The contagion was universal, and therefore it found no punishment: it was native to the blood, and therefore it defied all remedy.[3]

Nor can it be supposed that Dacre, whose authority on the Borders had been paramount for many years before Surrey's arrival, would see himself superseded and his authority controlled, even by a nobleman, great as was the Earl, without occasional outbursts of jealousy and discontent. More than once, though willing to do justice to Dacre's spirit, activity, and hardihood, Surrey has to lament that Dacre takes his own course, and endangers the common cause by his wilful and headstrong disobedience. While Dacre who had greater experience of the Borders, had from boyhood upwards, been engaged with the Scots, reasonably imagined that his opinions

[1] III. 3364.

[2] III. 3240.

[3] When Surrey was at Newcastle, four arrant thieves who had escaped from Alnwick, and eight from Newcastle, with eleven others, were brought up for trial; but no one could be persuaded to give evidence against them, because there were few gentlemen in Northumberland who had not thieves among their retinue. III. 3240.

were better founded than those of Surrey, a comparative stranger; and he was not always prepared to sacrifice his convictions to the demands of discipline. On one occasion he went so far as to refuse to join his forces with the Earl's, except he might be allowed to take his own road—though the shortest—through the wildest part of Scotland.[1] On another, when engaged with the Earl upon a foray, he refused at nightfall to lodge his troops within the Earl's camp, and whilst Surrey was at supper the horses broke loose, created a panic in the camp, and 800 out of 1,500 were lost by his pertinacity. "There is no hardier or better knight," says Surrey, recounting this misadventure to Wolsey, "but often he neglects order;" —a remark which might have been applied with equal truth to almost every gentleman and nobleman on the Borders.[2]

On Albany's arrival, it was his first object to undo the effects of English policy in Scotland. It had been the chief aim of that policy to form an English party, with Margaret at its head. Albany found no great difficulty in detaching the Queen once more from the side she had so lately espoused. The prioress of Coldstream, her confidant, conveys the important intelligence to Sir William Bulmer, that the Queen is very fickle; "therefore counsel the man ye know (Surrey) not to take on hand over much of her credence." The Governor, she assures him, had sent her fair words, and she was become half a Frenchwoman already.[3] Margaret wavered between her brother and Albany; had she received encouragement, she would have preferred to have thrown in her lot with the former; but, strange to say, Henry did not meet her advances. Perhaps he had grown weary of her society when she was last in England, a few years before, and did not desire to have it renewed. He disliked the expense it entailed upon him;—that, perhaps, and that only. "Under the King's high correction, and your Grace's," writes Surrey to Wolsey, with the business habits of an Englishman, "methink it were as profitable, and more good should come thereof, to have her remain in Scotland than to come into England . . . And where three or four hundred pounds in a year should please her well being there (in Scotland), peradventure 1,000 marks or 2,000 should scarcely do so being here."[4] With an impetuous candour, she had offered to start away into England, "in her smock, if need be;" but her liberal proposal was not as eagerly accepted as it was freely made; and she had doubts, as well she might

[1] III. 3349. [2] III. 3364. [3] III. 3404. [4] III. 3381.

have, how she stood in Henry's favour. With the insinuating address of a Stuart, Albany had not failed to steal upon her good graces. Next to making numerous promises, by which he never failed of flattering her vanity, he took the surest way of securing a place in her affections by rendering himself acceptable to the young prince. He permitted him to ride about Stirling at his pleasure, according to the information of an unknown correspondent; presented him with two gowns of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, begging him to be blithe and merry, as he was prepared to lay down his life in his service.[1] His attentions were not lost upon Margaret. On Sunday, says the same cynical correspondent, the Governor came to the town with three hundred men, and tarried with the Queen a quarter of an hour, "and she made evil cheer (appeared sorrowful) after his departing; but I trust in God that she shall take no displeasure (hurt); for this Monday sin nine hours she has been singing and dancing, and the Frenchmen with her."[2]

Such levity appeared scandalous in a sister of the King of England, still more in one who but a short time before had signalized her animosity against the Duke by employing every effort to keep him out of Scotland. With Margaret it was the mere dictate of policy. Placed between two great contending factions, without authority or interest with either, she resolved to use both to her own advantage, and join with those whom she found most willing to advance her purposes. In a letter to her confidant, Patrick Sinclair, sent by her secretly to Surrey, she discloses the real motives of her conduct. She was resolved to know definitely the intentions of both parties towards her before she determined on her course. The Governor, she says, makes her the fairest promises, and Henry's silence is ominous; still she would rather trust the King; "for the Governor," she adds, "can say one thing, and think another. But all ladies get fair words now while (until) this hosting be done; but after that I hear say that he will be right sharp, by them that know his mind; and I dread I shall have my part."[3]

The season was rapidly advancing; it was necessary for Albany, if he wished to redeem his credit, to bestir himself at once, and make some warlike demonstration against England. According to the information furnished by Margaret to Surrey,[4] the French troops attending on the Duke numbered 6,000

[1] III. 3426. [2] III. 3444. [3] *Ibid.* [4] III. 3368.

foot; "and I hear say," she adds, "shall be put in the vanguard, because he giveth not great trust to the Scotchmen." Three thousand Almains, whose mode of fighting was novel, and therefore terrible to raw English troops, were expected daily. The Duke's munitions of war were more formidable than had ever been seen in Scotland. He had twenty-eight cannons, and four double cannons, the largest that had yet been employed in a siege. "Also," continues Margaret, "he hath great pavasys (shields?) ganging upon wheels with the artillery, to shoot and to break the hosts asunder; and of these he hath many; and every een of them hath twa sharp swords before them, that none may touch them;" besides smaller artillery and ample ammunition, and twelve ships with victuals and wine. According to the information of another correspondent, Lord Ogle,[1] Albany brought with him to Dumbarton 87 ships, 100 barded horses, 500 light horse, 4,000 foot, 500 men-at-arms, 1,000 hagbusshis (musqueteers), 900 serpentines and falcons, 16 great guns, and gunpowder to the value of 10,000 crowns weight. Proclamations were dispersed by the Duke throughout Scotland, commanding all temporal men between the ages of sixty and sixteen to meet on the 20th of October with thirty days' victual, at the following rendezvous; Lothian, Teviotdale, and the parts adjoining, under Arran at Lawder; Kyle, Cunningham, and Carrick, at Lanark, under Lennox; the Highlandmen, under Argyle, at Glasgow; the Northern men at Stirling, under Huntley.

An army so imposing had never appeared before upon the Borders. Even Surrey, not used to fear, was full of apprehension. The Duke was expected to march towards England on the next new moon after the 8th of October. The weather had been foul, with rain and snow; the roads were scarcely passable for great ordnance, except in the direction of Berwick; but Surrey was too well acquainted with the proud and impetuous spirit of the Duke, to suppose that he would be diverted from his purpose by such feeble obstacles as these. "By many ways I am advertised," he says in a letter to Wolsey, "that the duke of Albany is a marvellous wilful man, and will believe no man's counsel, but will have his own opinion followed; and because the French king hath been at so great charges, having his wife's inheritance lying within his dominions, dare not, for no Scottish counsel, forbear to invade this realm. I am also advertised that he is so

[1] III. 3403. Compare N 3360, 3362, 3404.

passionate, that and he be apart amongst his familiars, and doth hear anything contrarious to his mind and pleasure, his accustomed manner is to take his bonnet suddenly off his head, and to throw it in the fire, and no man dare take it out, but let it to be brent. My lord Dacre doth affirm, that at his last being in Scotland he did burn above a dozen bonnets after that manner. And if he be such a man, we shall speed the better with him."

But though Surrey thus expressed his hopes of victory, he was not wholly satisfied with the means at his disposal for resisting the invasion. No account has been preserved of the forces under his command, but they could not be, in point of number or of discipline, equal to those of his opponent. The French reinforcements of Albany gave him no trouble; he shared that feeling of contempt with which they were regarded by most Englishmen of his time. But the 3,000 Almains were a more formidable force, and the enterprise was proportionably dangerous.

In these perplexities, the Earl wrote to Wolsey in a tone of remonstrance, not less unusual with him than strange as it must appear to modern readers, accustomed to form an exaggerated estimate of the Cardinal's haughty demeanour, and his master's impatience of reproof. He requests Wolsey that "some noblemen and gentlemen of the King's house, of the south parts, may be sent hither, though they bring no great numbers with them. God knoweth," he adds, "if the poorest gentleman of the King's house were here, and I at London, and were advertised of these news, I would not fail to kneel upon my knees before the King's grace, to have licence to come hither in post, to be at the day of battle. And if young noblemen and gentlemen be not desirous and willing to be at such journeys, and to take the pain and give the adventure, *and the King's highness well contented with those that will so do, and not regarding others that will be but* [*except they be*] *dancers, dicers, and carders, his Grace shall not be well served when he would be. For men without experience shall do small service, and experience of war will not be had without it be sought for; and the adventure given.*"[1]

Wolsey treated the Earl's apprehensions with coldness, if not with contempt. His reply is no less indicative of his wonderful sagacity, his keen insight into Albany's character, than it is calculated to inspire the Earl with confidence, and

[1] III. 3405.

sting him to exertion. He told Surrey that he had been needlessly alarmed by the flying reports of the Duke's numbers and ordnance; that it was impossible for him to assemble his forces in the time specified, and transport his ammunition across the moors in such rainy and tempestuous weather. He demonstrated to Surrey—and he spoke from his own experience of similar cases in England—that it was not possible for the Duke to collect victuals in Scotland for thirty days, within two or three months' time at the least. "Besides," added the Cardinal, "it is not unknown that king James, whom your father and you slew, was a man of great courage, well beloved and in great estimation amongst his subjects; and yet was it not little difficult for him to bring the Scots, the King's grace being then out of the realm, and the king of Scots having great treasure, victual, harness, ordnance, and provision made of a long season before in the best and most convenable time of the year, to condescend unto the invasion of England; wherein what fortune and success they had may percase be a remembrance and example to those which at a more unmeet time would think to attempt the same." He concluded his letter by assuring the Earl that the King would send him for his comfort the Lord Marquis (Dorset), Sir Nicholas Carew, Sir Francis Brian, Baynton, and others, who had the reputation of being the King's favourites, and were the southern lords to whom Surrey had somewhat contemptuously alluded in his letter.[1]

With the sagacity of true genius, the Cardinal had already directed the Earl what tactics he was to adopt.[2] Aware of the difficulty experienced by the Scots in procuring provisions, Wolsey advised him to stand on the defensive, and not hazard a battle except at manifest advantage. He was to keep the Duke in check, and prevent him from forcing an engagement by encamping not far from the places which the Duke meant to attack. The advanced season of the year, the impossibility of obtaining supplies upon the Borders, assiduously devastated by Dacre and the Earl during the last nine months, would ruin the Duke's enterprise, and delay was more fatal to him than battle. In venturing his troops against a series of strong forts, any one of which could easily stand a siege of some weeks, Albany had nothing to gain but barren honour; whilst the Scots, ill supplied, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by no means inclined to treat the French and

[1] III. 3421. [2] III. 3379.

foreign aids of Albany with favour, would soon grow tired of a war from which they derived neither glory nor advantage. If the Earl conducted the "war like Fabius," and amused or wearied the Scots until their provisions were exhausted, he might then pursue them in their retreat, disappointed, hungry, discontented with their officers, and a prey to the angry elements.

These suggestions require no comment. The good sense of them is admirable; the thorough mastery they display of a subject, to which the Cardinal by education and profession could have given little attention, is an indication of genius equally at home in the most apposite and heterogeneous subjects. Though a proud and imperious man like Surrey might fret under his chains, he could not but feel that he was in the hands of a master; not one, as Shakespeare describes him (though he puts that speech into the mouth of a waiting-woman, judging kindly but not profoundly), not one that was merely "lofty and sour to them who loved him not," but whose loftiness was endurable for the superiority of his intellect. To that superiority even a proud man like Surrey bowed, as all men did; and in Wolsey's intercourse with the Earl, his authoritative reproof (if so it must be called) of Surrey's impatience was mingled with a frank admission of his own and his father's military excellence; a bitter-sweet, which exacted from the Earl respect to the opinions of the great minister, who in temper was as lofty as himself, and far above him in all the gifts of genius.

Whilst Albany had appointed October 20, and Rosley (Roslin?) More, two miles from Edinburgh, as the rendezvous for such of the troops as were expected from the North, those of the West were to meet at Biggar. The men of Nithsdale, Galloway, and the parts adjoining were to assemble at Moffat; those of Teviotdale and the March, at Lauder.[1] All were to be in their places by the 30th of October. At this time Surrey was at Newcastle, uncertain of the way the Duke would be likely to take; whether towards Berwick or Carlisle, where Dacre was posted. If he advanced upon Carlisle, fifteen ships-of-war had been provided, to sail to Leith, and burn Edinburgh and Haddington: such, at least, was the report assiduously circulated in the hope that Albany might be deterred from taking the western route, and turn his attention to the East Borders, where Surrey was better prepared to

[1] III. 3409.

meet him. The Duke, owing to the difficulties he experienced in collecting his forces, and in transporting his artillery, advanced by slow marches, unlike a man who feels confident of victory. But he had many difficulties to contend with: the roads were impassable from the incessant rains, the season was far advanced, the Scotch lords hung back, alleging the impossibility of bringing on their retainers. Neither Huntley nor Lennox was hearty in the cause.[1] On Thursday, the 22nd of October,[2] the Duke started from Edinburgh. He took the road leading to Lauder, leaving his enemies uncertain of his ultimate destination. It was his own wish to have marched towards Carlisle; but his better judgment was overruled by the Scotch lords, who advised him, in consequence of the weather, to invest Wark and Norham. Despatching Lord Maxwell to the west with 5,000 men,[3] he himself turned in the direction of Berwick.

Before leaving Edinburgh, the Duke had addressed the lords in words calculated to rouse their national spirit, had it not been sufficiently roused already by the injuries they had suffered during the last nine months. After dwelling upon the cost and personal sacrifices he had encountered in order to rescue them from the power of the invader, and secure the independence of Scotland, he desired them to remember the fate of their late King, and the deaths of their fathers and nobles at Flodden. Their borders had been wasted, their people killed, their kirks and their castles demolished and burnt. And who, he exclaimed, have been the authors of all these evils? Who but an Earl of England and his father. Could they not, he asked, find it in their hearts to draw the sword for Scotland, and meet that man in battle who had done them this displeasure? The Scotch lords were men of rugged mould, not used to melting; but this appeal touched the tenderest fibres. In the tumult of their conflicting emotions, and their passionate energy for revenge, Albany was for a moment transfigured into an angel of deliverance. "They kneeled of their knees," says an eyewitness, "and swore that they would do any thing that he would command them."[4]

Two days had elapsed since the Duke started from Edinburgh, and he had not yet been able to concentrate his powers. The army marched in three distinct divisions. The Westland

[1] III. 3438, 3451.
[2] III. 3456.
[3] III. 3451, 3459.
[4] III. 3441.

lords drew towards Musselburgh; the French were at Lauder; the Northern lords, at Lauderdale. On the 24th, evidently with only one division of his army, Albany advanced to Melrose and Driburgh. Here several days were wasted before his musters and ammunition could arrive.[1] Buchanan, who is stated by Pinkerton[2] to have been present, and whose information for this portion of his history was evidently derived from trustworthy sources, affirms that the Duke threw a wooden bridge across the river at this point, and crossed with his host into the English borders, but was compelled to recross the river, as the Scotch refused to follow him. Buchanan seems to have thought that no other means existed for crossing at Melrose; yet Dacre speaks of "Melrose Brig," over which the Duke passed, as a well-known structure,[3] and omits all notice of this defection of the Scots.

Surrey by this time had advanced to Alnwick, followed by the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. The Lord Marquis was posted at Berwick with six or seven thousand men; Darcy, at Bamburgh; Dacre, at Carlisle or Naworth. Keeping north of the Tweed, Albany directed his steps towards Kelso. On the 28th he was at Eccles; the next day, at Home Castle. Here five or six of his great guns were disabled by the fracture of their axletrees. On the 1st of November he laid siege to Wark Castle.

As soon as the intentions of the Duke had become clearly known to Surrey, he concentrated his power. Whilst Dacre marched with all his disposable forces to Ford, the Earl advanced to Holy Island.[4] It is not easy to ascertain the precise numbers on either side. Wark Castle consisted of a dungeon surrounded with double walls. As in most of the Border fortresses, the area between the walls was of great extent; it served as a place of security for the inhabitants of the surrounding district, and sheltered them, their cattle, and their corn from those sudden and devastating incursions to which they were incessantly exposed. It was defended at this time by Sir William Lisle and 100 men. Surrey, in a fit of impatience, represents it as untenable, wishes it were drowned in the sea, for no garrison would stay in it.[5] Like similar forts on the Borders, it was strong enough to resist any

[1] III. 3477.

[2] Hist. of Scot., ii. 228. Surrey states that many of his host came over the Tweed, but he was afraid that Albany would not enter England. III. 3477.

[3] III. 3478.

[4] III. 3499.

[5] III. 3506.

sudden attack of moss troopers, but not to stand a regular siege; like others also, its defences had been neglected, and the expense of keeping them in repair was more than the fortress was worth.

The castle stood on the south of the Tweed. Albany planted his artillery on the north bank of the river. After battering the walls throughout Sunday and Monday, the 1st and 2nd days of November, he sent, at three o'clock of the afternoon of the 2nd, 1,000 Frenchmen[1] across in boats to carry the place by assault. The besiegers gained the outer court, but were kept at bay by the garrison for an hour and a half. Inch by inch these resolute defenders were forced back into the inner ward. But here numbers proved of little advantage. The French, repulsed in a vigorous sally, were compelled to recross the river with the loss of ten men. We know so little of the real state of Albany's army, or the difficulties which he had to encounter, that it is impossible to form a fair judgment of his conduct on this occasion, or divine the reasons why he failed to support the assault. His precipitate retreat, which looks dastardly at least, is still more unaccountable. According to Surrey's statement, the Duke was terrified on hearing of his advance to the support of Wark, which could not have held out many hours longer. But Surrey admits that he himself experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping his own army together. It was the foulest and coldest weather he had ever seen. Scarcity of food, long exposure to the cold, the horrors of winter, had so wearied his men, according to his own statement, that it would have been hard for him to have prevented their dispersion. If it were so with the English, well supplied and supported as they were, and close to their own borders, the difficulty must have been far greater with the Scots, who possessed none of these advantages. Surrey either overlooks these facts, or had no interest in remembering them. And so, though he writes in somewhat boastful terms that Albany had fled like a coward when he "came to present him battle," it is a question whether the Earl was not more indebted to the excessive severity of the weather for his victory, than to his own courage and skill. As a matter of course, he received the King's thanks for his "great travail, labour, study, pain, and diligence. . . . with

[1] Surrey to Henry VIII.; III. 3506. He says 2,000; but in a subsequent letter (No. 3512) he qualifies the statement, and says "above 1,000 Frenchmen and 500 Scots."

all effect, right actively, valiantly, and with perfect courage, discretion, and good conduct taken and used, by many substantial, discreet, and politic ways for resistance of the said duke of Albany."[1] But what Wolsey thought in the innermost core of his heart may be gathered from his notes on one of the Earl's dispatches. The result was no more than he had anticipated. He had warned Surrey that the Duke would never enter England; that the invasion had been more in show than reality; that Albany's aim was to tire out his opponents, and seize his advantage when the English troops were disbanded. Wolsey's calculations proved correct,[2] and he did not easily forgive the Earl for the enormous expense to which the country had been subjected by superfluous levies. He thought that both men and money might have been spared by the exercise of more care and foresight.

But whatever might be the motive or the cause of Albany's retreat, it wore the aspect of a most ignominious flight. He had decamped from the abbey of Eccles on Tuesday at midnight. If we may believe an anecdote preserved in a letter of Surrey to Wolsey, as the Duke was mounting his horse preparatory to his departure, the gentlemen of Teviotdale remonstrated with him on his dastardly conduct. "My lord governor," they exclaimed, "ye have remained in our Borders a long season, so that all that the earl of Surrey hath left undestroyed, ye and your company have clearly wasted (this was scarcely true), and by the said Earl our Border is for ever undone; and ye promised us to give him battle, whereby we might recover us. . . . Wherefore we beseech you to abide and give him battle as ye have promised." The Duke replied angrily, "I will give him no battle, for I have no convenient company so to do;" and immediately galloped off. Hearing these words the said gentlemen, being evil contented, exclaimed with one voice, "By God's blood we will never serve you more, nor never will wear your badges again;" and, tearing them off their breasts, they threw them on the ground, saying, "Would to God we were all sworn English;" and so departed from the Duke in great anger.[3]

Perhaps Surrey was not far wrong in his surmise that Albany's estimation in Scotland had sunk for ever. And yet even on that point we must reserve our judgment. It is certain that his retreat did not produce in Edinburgh the profound impression that might have been expected. Margaret,

[1] III. 3531. [2] III. 3477. [3] III. 3512.

indeed, calls it an "unhonest journey," and states that she had not seen the Duke since his return; but it is clear she had not gained but rather lost influence,[1] and that the Scotch lords remained as firmly attached to Albany as before. The Duke, seeing his total inability to bring matters into a better condition, resolved to turn his back upon Scotland for ever, and desired leave of the lords to depart. They earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose; offered him the profits of all spiritual benefices in Scotland, with their goods and services to be at his disposal. Such proofs of their regard, coming from such a quarter, must be regarded as above suspicion, and tend much to qualify the unfavourable impressions of Albany's incapacity and cowardice. Except his belief that Arran, Lennox, and others, would not have followed him into England, but have betrayed him to his enemies, Albany volunteered no explanation of his conduct—at least, this is Margaret's statement—and yet we find on the same authority that Arran as well as Argyle, contrary to her expectations, had gone over to the Duke on his return to Edinburgh, and were among the number of those who were most anxious to detain him.[2]

This flight of the doughty Duke of Albany furnished the contemporary English satirist with a subject for one of his most popular poems, and afforded him an opportunity of glorifying his patron, the Earl of Surrey. Skelton's verses are of no value, except as expressing the sort of feeling with which Englishmen in general hailed the ignominious defeat of one who had been so long identified with the enemies of their country. When the hearts of the two nations, in their long and obstinate struggle, had been filled with inconceivable bitterness and mutual animosity, such lines as the following, repeated in every nook of every shire in England, served well enough to foment and represent their national antipathies.

"Rejoice, England,
And understand
These tidings new,
Which be as true
As the Gospel.
This duke so fell
Of Albany,
So cowardly,
With all his host
Of the Scottish coast,

[1] See III. 3643.
[2] III. 3643. And this is admitted by Surrey; No. 3576.

For all their boast,
Fled like a beast.
* * *
Dunbar, Dundee,
Ye shall trow me.
False Scots are ye:
Your hearts sore fainted,
And sore attainted.
Like cowards stark,
At the castle of Wark,
By the water of Tweed,
Ye had evil speed.
Like cankered curs,
Ye lost your spurs.
For in that fray
Ye ran away,
With hey dog, hey!
For Sir William Lysle
Within short while,
That valiant knight!
Put you to flight,
With his valiaunce.
Two thousand of France
Then he put back,
To your great lack,
And utter shame
Of your Scottish name.
Your chief chieftain,
Void of all brain,
Duke of Albany,
Then shamefully
He reculed back
To his great lack;
When he heard tell,
That my lord Amrell[1]
Was coming down
To make him frown.
* * *
Like a coward knight,
He fled and durst not fight;
He ran away by night."

In this multitudinous jingle the poem runs on; incorporating in its doggrel all the popular prejudices against Albany and the Scots, which the statesmen of the time, though fully aware of their falsehood, never scrupled to employ in a more serious style whenever it suited their purposes. In fact, Skelton's verses are no more than the popular refrain of arguments gravely set forth in royal speeches and ministerial manifestoes, whenever Scotland or the Duke of Albany formed the subject of remonstrance. Here is to be found the calumny, so industriously repeated by Dacre and Surrey, that the

[1] Surrey, Lord High Admiral.

patriotism of the Duke was only a cloak for his own ambition. Thus, addressing Albany, Skelton says :—

"Ye pretend
For to defend
The young Scottish king ;
But ye mean a thing,
An' ye could bring
The matter about,
To put his eyes out,[1]
And put him down,
And set his crown
On your own head,
When he were dead."

Here, also, is that ancient English taunt of the falsehood, the pride, and the poverty of the Scotch ; their unnatural alliance with France; their malicious support of an exiled pretender to the throne of England. Here, too, is the old boast that they should one day be driven from their country. For, says Skelton, in this more of a poet than a prophet—

"I rede you look about,
For ye shall be driven out
Of your own land in short space.
We will so follow in the chace
That ye shall have no grace
For to turn your face."

Such wars as these could not fail of producing deep and permanent effects. But, disastrous as they were at the time, they were not wholly without their advantage to both people. They tended to consolidate England more thoroughly, and to bring out the energies of the Scots. The Northern provinces, too frequently inclined to forget their allegiance and fly off from the Southern, were hurled back from the rocky barriers of Scotland, where every foot of land was bristling with rugged and determined foes, and compelled to make common cause with their southern countrymen. The result would have been far otherwise had Scotland been peopled by a tamer race, or one less jealous of its independence; whilst, for this country generally, the incessant activity of the Scotch, their close alliance with France, their readiness to take advantage of every incautious or disloyal movement in England, drew Englishmen closer round their national sovereign ; in Skelton's doggrel—

[1] Alluding, probably, to the treatment of Prince Arthur by his unnatural uncle.

"At all hours to be ready
With him to live and die."

And this was an advantage which, derived by the Tudors from Scotch hostility, was lost to kings of the next generation. Nothing more was required to render the cause of any pretender to the crown desperate than to find his cause supported by the Scotch. Nothing tended more to enhance the fading popularity of an English sovereign than to see his rival accepted on the other side of the Tweed. If the claims of the exiled De la Pole had ever any chance of being realized, the moment they were supported by Albany and his people they became utterly desperate.

As to other effects, Southern men might laugh at the heroic courage of the Scots, and treat the stories told of them with incredulity. To the tame dwellers on the banks of the Thames, the ardent and romantic heroism of Scotch and Border knights, fostered by their peculiar wars, seemed little better than bombast and extravagance. But these incessant alarms, these raids by moonlight, must have produced deep and lasting impressions on the character and imaginations of the denizens of the Northern marches. Inroads into a hostile country, not in broad day, when everything is seen in its true colours, and surprise is hardly possible, but in the dim uncertain light of the moon, when every shadow is exaggerated, every crag, bush, and hollow is peopled by the imagination with deadly foes, and every footfall gives back its echo near and far, must often have blanched the lips, if only for a moment, and curdled the blood of the boldest.[1] The desolation of these barren moors, the dismantled ruins, the blackened huts, the mouldering ruins of former slaughter; the spirits of vengeance still lurking in their ancient haunts, demanding blood for blood; the bleak and moaning sounds, the unearthly noises; and more, the stern conviction that an implacable enemy was waiting for his revenge, would have it at any cost, but when

[1] There seems to be a peculiar beauty and aptitude in the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of Hotspur, that perfect ideal of a Border chief:—

"By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon."

He is thinking of those Border raids by moonlight in which he had so often taken part. Like men of passionate sensibility, he is carried into a trance, into the dreamland of bygone days and familiar thoughts, by the vividness of his imagination. He is of true hero mould; and the whole speech, incongruous and extravagant in any other man, is exquisitely beautiful and natural in him.

and at what moment no one could anticipate;—all these must have acted as potent spells upon the minds of men. Such vague and terrible apprehensions, the more terrible because of their vagueness, no valour could wholly surmount, no resolution could entirely resist. The spirits of men might be set in an iron frame, like Dacre's; they might be as iron itself; but they must have been more than human to resist the incessant throbs of contagious sympathy occasioned by such occupations. In the fierce raid on Jedburgh, already noticed, when a panic seized the horses, Surrey tells Wolsey, "I dare not write the wonders that my lord Dacre and all his company do say they saw that night, six times, of spirits and fearful sights. And universally, all their company say plainly, the devil was that night among them six times." Who shall paint the effects of that strange gaunt scenery, more wild and drear by the misery and oppression of its population, haunted by reckless men and starving women, who lurked among the ruins of their smoking cabins and charred corn crops, steeped to the lips in suffering, and started up at unexpected turns like spectral forms? Out of the wretchedness and desolation caused by his own hands, the invader shaped for himself imaginary terrors, which like the centaur's robe, could never be shaken off, but clave and ate to the bone.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF ADRIAN VI.—SIEGE OF RHODES.

WHILST these wars were going on between the two countries, died Adrian VI., on the 14th of September, 1523. His death, like the deaths of popes in general, was assigned to various causes. Peter Martyr has preserved in his gossiping letters the contradictory rumours of the day: some said he died of an affection in the throat, brought on by uncovering his head at a religious service; others that he indulged too freely at an entertainment given by Cardinal Santa Croce. Ciaconius attributes his end to his indulgence in Flemish beer. As Peter Martyr was in Spain at the time, he merely re-echoes the Spanish reports; and, like Spanish reports in general, these flying rumours deserve small credit, for Adrian, a Fleming by birth, was never popular with the Spaniards. If the Flemings hated the Spaniards, their hate was returned with additional haughtiness and contempt. Moreover, Adrian, ungrateful to those to whom he was indebted for his exaltation, had shown but small compliance with the wishes of Charles or his ministers—a crime the more heinous in the eyes of the Spaniards, as he had formerly been the Emperor's tutor. A much more affecting and truthful account of his last illness is given in the letters sent to Wolsey by Clerk and Hannibal from Rome. His sickness had been of some duration; according to Ortis, of no less than forty days.[1] He was attacked in August,[2] says Clerk, and was confined to his room, seldom giving audience, except once or twice to the Cardinal

[1] According to Ortiz, whose authority is not to be disputed, Adrian was invited to an entertainment by Bernardino de Carvajal, Cardinal of S. Croce. He was taken ill the same night, and could drink nothing. On returning to the Vatican, the physicians treated his complaint as a catarrh which had produced ulceration in the palate. The ulcer extended to the throat, and for some days prevented him from swallowing. Driven from the throat by the force of medicines, it attacked the kidneys, and remained there, defying all remedies for thirty days until the Pope died.

[2] The precise date is unfortunately lost in consequence of the mutilation of the letter.

De Medici, who appears to have ingratiated himself with the Pope after the disgrace of Soderini, and to the Emperor's ambassador, the Duke of Sessa, whose contemptuous and imperious treatment were sufficient, without any other cause, to have tormented a weaker man than Adrian VI. out of his life.

According to Clerk,[1] the Pope suffered from continual pains in the reins and bladder. As he could obtain no relief, and was greatly weakened, though otherwise a hale and lusty man,[2] he called the cardinals together, sitting up in his bed, on the 8th of September, "and there declared unto them what thorough his age and sore vexation of his disease, which still continued, he thought he should depart to the mercy of God." He desired the consent of their eminences to his proposed distribution of certain ecclesiastical dignities; among others, of a cardinal's hat to his countryman, William Enkenvoert, Bishop of Tortosa, his Datary, as a reward for his good and faithful services. Of all the ecclesiastics by whom the Pope was surrounded, Enkenvoert alone enjoyed his confidence. As Adrian was not easy of access, and showed little esteem for the Roman cardinals, treating them with an austerity to which they were unaccustomed, it is not surprising that they attributed this treatment to the hostile influence of his confidential and favourite minister.[3]

The cardinals expressed no small concern at the Pope's proposal. To divert him at once from his resolution, and the cardinal's hat from the unpopular Datary, they urged upon his Holiness, that if it were essential to his happiness in his dying hour to give away cardinals' hats, he had better confer this honour on one of his nephews; for the Datary, they said, had in all his transactions been uncivil, exacting, stern, and disobliging. The Pope was too fatigued and faint to continue the discussion. He swooned once or twice the night following, and never afterwards rallied.

His death was received with little demonstration of con-

[1] III. 3331.

[2] See III. p. 1167.

[3] Mr. Bergenroth (Spanish Calendar, vol. ii., pref. p. cxli.–ii.) has referred to rumours, circulated by the Spanish ministers, far from favourable to the character of the Datary. He is represented by them, especially in the despatches of the Duke of Sessa, as avaricious, grasping, and amorous. These accounts must not be received with too implicit a confidence. The Pope was in bad odour with Don Manuel; the Duke of Sessa inherited the prejudices of his predecessor, apparently for no other reason than the resolution of Adrian not to be the tool of imperial dictation. In angry retaliation, they did not scruple to represent the Pope and his ministers to Charles V. in the most unfavourable colours.

cern. Perhaps no Pope had for many years been less popular. His manifest incapacity for the duties of his exalted station, the simplicity, not to say bluntness, of his manners, were not adequately relieved by any great qualities of genius or exhibition of administrative skill. He had no taste for painting or sculpture, and little for literature;[1] still less for that literature which was in itself a power, and had been a very effective instrument in the hands of his predecessor, whose defects as a man and a ruler were in a great measure concealed by his patronage of learning and the fine arts. The habits of Adrian were as simple as his tastes. At the time of his birth and his education, polite learning had not yet penetrated into Belgium.[2] Brought up in the old school of scholastic theology, he was indebted for the little eminence he had gained in his own country to that learning, which had ceased to command respect at Rome, and was now regarded with disdain by those who considered the professors of it a little better than barbarians, utterly behind the age, and unfitted for polite and classical society. A monk, or a schoolman, trained in the uncouth habits of the previous century, was a phenomenon to these fastidious Italians; he was regarded with something of that wonder, not unalloyed with contempt, with which their forefathers might have stared at some savage animal or untutored Goth who had strayed unawares into the marble halls and ivory palaces of the Cæsars. Nor had Adrian taken any pains to render himself agreeable to the cardinals by conciliating their prejudices. He rarely consulted them on matters of moment. He treated them not unfrequently with positive rudeness. When, after many months of expectation, he had reached Leghorn on his first journey to Rome,[3] and

[1] To Cardinal Sadoleti and other professors of the new learning Adrian gave great offence by the contemptuous tone in which he spoke of the Ciceronians. Reading on one occasion certain elegant Latin letters, an accomplishment on which these Italians prided themselves excessively, he remarked, *Sunt litteræ unius poetæ*—*i.e.* these are the letters of a "metre-ballad monger," a remark more just than complimentary. On another occasion, when the Laocoon in the Belvedere was pointed out to him as the most excellent and wonderful statue in the world, he coldly observed, *Sunt idola antiquorum.* I suppose, says Negro, who retails these stories, he will take a lesson from Gregory, and grind these statues, the lasting memorials of the greatness and the glory of the Romans, into mortar for building the church of St. Peter. March 17, 1523.

[2] "This pope," says Negro, "has a pleasing countenance, mixed with gravity. He appears to be sixty at most, though some say he is sixty-four. He always speaks Latin—passably well for a foreigner (*comportabilmente*). Letter to Micheli, Sept. 1, 1522.

[3] He was elected Jan. 9, 1522 (Clerk's letter, III. 1960, and Cam-

was met in great pomp by the cardinals and Italian ambassadors, amid the shouts of the people and the firing of guns, he scarcely deigned to acknowledge their courtesies with a smile. Their munificent offerings, their presents of fruit and wine, were coldly accepted. That night he chose to sup alone, and after supper he left his chamber with so much precipitation that the cardinals in the neighbouring apartment had no notice of his departure. At Ostia his steps were equally rapid and undignified. Cardinals, noblemen, ecclesiastics, and ambassadors were hurled along in the impetuous stream of a rude and vulgar mob, mounted on sorry nags and mules, packed up as occasion served, broiling and panting amidst porters, grooms, and baggage drivers, under the cloudless rays of an Italian autumnal sun.

His first act after the day of his coronation was not less impolitic than ungracious. He revoked all the indulgences (*indulta*) which had been granted by the cardinals from the 24th of January, when his election was notified, to the day of his arrival in Rome. He reduced the referendaries of the Papal court at a stroke from thirty to eight, allowing these disappointed holders of place no compensation. As they had purchased their offices under the previous Pope, on the understanding that they should be permanent, Adrian incurred greater odium and opposition by his financial reforms than all such reforms are worth.[1] A simple-minded Fleming, incapable of counteracting the intrigues of the sharp and wily Italians by whom he was surrounded, guided by Flemish ministers of low birth, unaccustomed to business, and suspicious of being imposed upon, but unable through want of firmness or genius to avoid it, Adrian suffered the business of the Papal court to drift into inextricable confusion. Pressed on all sides by impatient and importunate suitors, anxious to do right, fearful of committing himself, unskilled in the tortuous processes of the Roman Chancery, he could only reiterate, in the midst of his perplexities, *Cogitabimus, vide-*

peggio, 1945), and did not reach Rome until the 29th of Aug. See the letter of Hannibal, who attended him; No. 2521. Wingfield says 31st, but that is a mistake. No. 2547.

[1] Negro has preserved another instance of his financial reforms. Shortly after his arrival at Rome, the Palefrenieri (guards) of the late Pope sent a deputation to Adrian. The Pope asked, what was their number under Leo X. They replied, a hundred. Crossing himself, in his astonishment at such extravagance, Adrian told them that four would be amply sufficient for himself; however, that he might not have less than the cardinals, he consented to retain twelve of them in his service.—*Ibid.*

bimus, and refer the baffled petitioner to his secretary, or the auditor of the treasury. These officers, minute and excessive in their diligence, but wanting in tact, genius, or experience, confused themselves with an endless multiplicity of small details. More and more entangled at every fresh step in the labyrinth, irresolute, despairing of any just or satisfactory result, they could do nothing else in their perplexity than refer the disappointed suitor back to the Pope, who received him with his usual dignified smile, and obsequious maxim, *Cogitabimus, videbimus.* "Your holiness," said Balbi, the Austrian envoy, on one of these occasions, "Fabius saved Rome by delay, and you by the same process are destroying it."

To increase Adrian's troubles, the long period which had elapsed between his election and coronation had not been favourable to habits of order and of good government. A plague devastated Rome, and carried off 28,000 of its inhabitants[1] within three months after his arrival. Adrian was urged to fly: with a firmness becoming the occasion and his exalted position, he determined to remain. But the reputation he might otherwise have gained by such an heroic resolution was lost either by his inactivity, or his inability to find means for staying the plague or alleviating the distress of his people. To have expected from him effectual sanitary precautions in such a distressing emergency would imply a total ignorance of the scientific resources of the 16th century, whether in Rome or in England. But, lacking these, there was always the devout heroism of a Borromeo to fall back upon, and men might believe and grow strong in the efficacy of prayers, who despaired of medical remedies, or disbelieved in the virtues of medical science. But Adrian's heroism was not of this exalted kind. It was rather passive than active; he shut himself up in the Vatican with Enkenvoert, his Datary, and the secretary Hezius; rarely, if ever, coming abroad; beguiling the tedious hours with reading, writing, alchemy, and gardening.[2]

[1] III. 2714. It appears by a letter from the Duke of Sessa, Oct. 31, that the number of deaths exceeded 150 a day.

[2] His Holiness, says Negro, sings mass every morning at daybreak, and takes great pleasure in gardening. For this reason he has procured information of the Belvedere, saying that he will have it so well enclosed that henceforth it shall be shut up, and not exposed to the view of the public (April 14, 1522). Whilst at Rome the Pope's life was too much that of a recluse; admirably adapted to the cloister, unfitted for the duties of a sovereign pontiff. He rose long before daybreak to say his offices, and returned to his couch until dawn. He then celebrated mass, and con-

But the thought which weighed down his mind and crippled his energies, from the first hour he had accepted the pontificate to the last, was the state of the public finances. Leo X., if Hannibal may be trusted, had left a debt of little less than a million to his anxious successor.[1] It was the first impulse of Adrian, like that of many others in similar circumstances, to relieve his immediate necessities by borrowing money from England. "Leo X.," writes Hannibal on the 8th of September,[2] "has left the present Pope 700,000 ducats in debt, and his voyage has been costly." He had already applied for a loan of 40,000 or 50,000 ducats. "I think," says Hannibal, "25,000 will content him." The application was not favourably received. The same writer complains that he had written many times of the Pope's necessities, but could obtain no answer.[3] England was at that time in no condition to lend money; its treasury was exhausted by the personal extravagance of the King, by the fêtes at Guisnes and Calais, by the mission of Wolsey to settle the disputes between Francis and the Emperor, and by the necessary preparations for war with France and Scotland. Under Leo X. many of the cardinals had crippled their property by purchasing their dignities. But if it had been otherwise, Adrian was not sufficiently gracious to induce them to make sacrifices in his behalf. Baffled, soured, disappointed, pressed by an evil fatal to his popularity—at Rome especially—no course remained for the unhappy Pontiff, except either to curtail the expenses of the State, by forbearing to take part in any measures which required money, or to impose a tax on his reluctant subjects. He attempted both, and consequently offended all.

During his pontificate, Rhodes, the most distant outwork of Christendom, was exposed to the greatest peril from the Turk. We, indeed, have lived to see Rhodes in the hands of the enemies of the Cross for many centuries, and Christendom as vigorous as ever. But at the time of which I am writing it was the firm conviction of more than half the Christian world that if Rhodes fell, Rome and the rest of Christendom

tinued some time in prayer. At his audiences, of which he was chary, in consequence of his natural timidity and inexperience, his first and habitual answer was, *Videbimus*. Part of the day was given up to reading and study. "The fact is," say the Venetian envoys, from whom these details are taken, "that what with masses, prayers, dejeuner, siesta, study, reading of offices, supper, the whole day is consumed, and very little time is left for giving audience."—*Relazioni*, etc., Alberi, 2nd Series, iii. p. 112.

[1] III. 2559.

[2] III. 2521.

[3] III. 2539.

must fall with it; for the barrier against the heady flood of Mahomedanism would be broken down, and there would be nothing to resist its progress. Adrian told Hannibal, the English ambassador, that he wrote the oftener and more urgently to Christian princes for peace, because of the danger of Rhodes; "for if that island were taken, the Pope could not stay in Rome, nor could any prince be in tranquillity, as Rhodes was the key of Christendom."[1] He shed tears at the dangers and miseries of these heroic defenders of the Faith, betrayed by the indifference and faithlessness of their brethren, and isolated from the rest of the civilized world. At the reports of their courage and intrepidity, unparalleled in the annals of war, "his bowels were moved by the strength of his emotions," to use his own words.[2] He could not suppress his grief whenever the siege was mentioned, *et dum fit sermo de oppugnatione illius, erumpunt lachrymæ*,[3] says Hannibal, an eyewitness of his affliction. When the news was at last brought him of the surrender, he stood for a time, silent and immovable; the profoundest sighs burst from his heart during the sad recital, and he fixed his eyes upon the ground without uttering a single word.[4] To his appeals for aid Christian princes had turned a deaf ear and returned a flinty answer; not wholly from insensibility, partly, indeed, from incredulity. Their charity, so frequently open to the same cry, had now ceased to flow. But partly also, in the attraction of more engrossing interests at home, they felt comparative indifference to the fate of Rhodes. The idea of a common Christendom itself was beginning to pale and wane before the more powerful realities of the rising nationalities of Europe. Beautiful as a theory, it had ceased to be anything better than a theory; and men cannot live and wax strong on theories, however beautiful. So the voice of the Pope was heard like the ghostly wail of a shadow over the wide waste of Christendom, not without pity, but without any permanent effect. The old era was passing away; it was not in the power of any Pope to stay or to renew it.

This sense of poverty, combined with a conviction of his helplessness, made Adrian restless, irritable, and impracticable. It increased his natural irresolution; and that again exposed

[1] III. 2771.
[2] III. 2509.
[3] III. 2539.
[4] Negro, March 17, 1523. To me this trait alone would be sufficient to redeem him from the repulsive colours in which he has been painted by some late writers.

him to the suspicion and dislike of his former friends and his present subjects. When Charles and Henry required him, out of gratitude to join the confederacy against France, Adrian demurred. He would give no definite answer. He alleged his poverty, he blamed the wasteful management of his predecessor. On another occasion,[1] when he was urged by Clerk and the imperial ambassador to declare himself in favour of his confederates, he met their appeal with his everlasting smile, and his reiterated excuse of poverty, saying that the See Apostolic received too many profits from France for him to quarrel with it. They plied him with fresh arguments, but Adrian was deaf to their entreaties. "I assure your Grace," says Clerk, forgetting his habitual caution in the irritation of the moment, "*Pontifex, velut rupes in mari sita, undique petita fluctibus, mansit immobilis.*"

These difficulties exposed him to many calumnies. He was accused of being cold, dissembling, avaricious, and impracticable—faults rather to be attributed to his position than to himself. Scrupulous of incurring fresh expenses, he was slow to engage himself in measures which required money; unwilling to raise hopes he could not gratify, he would not promise what he could not perform; and to those who knew nothing of his embarrassments, his parsimony appeared like meanness. Too keenly sensitive to the sarcasms and pasquinades of a great and corrupt capital like Rome, he was once injudicious enough to visit the scoffers with resentment, and reaped in consequence the natural results of such interference —more pitiless and pelting ridicule.

In that respect no Pope had a more bitter experience than Adrian. In his life he was compared to Tarquin, and the epigram written upon Alexander VI. was revived in his case:

> "Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero, Sextus et iste:
> Semper et a Sextis diruta Roma fuit."

At his death a statue was erected to Macerata, his physician, "*tanquam patriæ liberatori,*" implying that he had taken off the Pope by poison. Even in his grave his memory was not suffered to rest. He was buried in St. Andrew's chapel, between the tombs of Pius II. and Pius III.; and immediately this pasquinade appeared, "*Impius inter Pios.*" Never was any city "gladder of Pope's death than they are of this man's," writes Clerk to Wolsey.[2] It was rumoured that

[1] June 11, 1523.

[2] III. 3464.

he had amassed much treasure; but when the doors of his private apartments, which he had built in the Borgian Tower, and of which he always carried the keys, were burst open, nothing was found except two mitres, a few cups and jewels, a piece of gold brought from India, belonging to Leo X.; and, if his enemies may be believed, implements for the transmutation of metals. The less creditable stories circulated respecting him, too readily reported and too greedily received, may be ascribed to malice. Disappointed in their hopes, his enemies attributed the disappearance of his property to Enkenvoert, Cardinal of Tortosa, and accused him of carrying it off the day before. He left no money, except 800 crowns in gold.

Whatever estimation we may be inclined to form of his character, there can be no doubt that upon the Romans he left a very unfavourable impression. After Adrian VI., no Ultramontane, however exalted his virtues or indisputable his claims, could entertain the least hope of attaining the Papacy. Francis I. was locked up in Lyons, trembling for the fate of his kingdom. The sack of Genoa by the Imperialists had produced a deep impression upon Italy. From the severities inflicted on the besieged, the Italians might learn to infer what sort of treatment they had to expect if they ventured to incur the Emperor's resentment. As Sessa boasted, the Emperor's power at Rome was so great, he might "convert stones into dutiful sons." And yet even he, it is probable, could not have carried the election of a second Adrian.

But he had no thoughts of so doing. Long before the announcement of the death of Adrian, there cannot, I think, be any doubt that it had been arranged that Cardinal De Medici should succeed. It was part of the compact implicitly or explicitly made with him at the election of his predecessor. But this was a profound secret.

The news of the Pope's death was communicated in a letter, of the same date, addressed by Clerk and Hannibal to Wolsey. Before the breath had left the Pope's body, we learn from the same authors, that the Cardinals were discussing the chances of the new election. They told Wolsey that it was hard as yet to decide upon whom the garland would light; but if neither De Medici nor Farnese could secure the Papacy for themselves—and that was not probable—the result might prove favourable to Wolsey. They added, as they might safely do, without fear of contradiction, "if your Grace were

here present, ye should be as sure of it as ye be of York, and that *tota curia Romana, ipsis et reverendissimis Cardinalibus, una anima, approbantibus;* nor the Cardinal of Medici, nor yet the proudest of them all, would no more look for it [in that event] than they would go to Jerusalem upon their thumbs!" They warned him, however, that in consequence of the unhappy precedent afforded by Adrian, his absence would prove a formidable obstacle to his success.

The news reached Wolsey at "the More" on the 30th of September, and he immediately addressed a letter to the King, then at Woodstock, briefly announcing the fact, and stating that though he considered himself "unmeet and unable to so high and great dignity," and he would, rather "than to be ten popes," continue and end his life in the King's service, doing what he could for the honour and wealth of his realm, yet "remembering what mind and opinion your Grace was of, at the last vacation, to have me preferred thereunto, thinking that it should be to the honor, benefit, and advancement of your affairs in time coming, and supposing verily that your Highness persisteth in the same mind and intent, I shall devise such instructions, commissions, and other writings, as the last time was delivered to Master Pace for that purpose; and the same I shall send to your Grace by the next post."

The next day he sent the paper for the King's signature, informing him at the same time that he had "devised a familiar letter in the King's name to the Emperor, which, if it may please your Highness to take the pain for to write with your own hand, putting thereunto your secret sign and mark, being between your Grace and the said Emperor, shall undoubtedly do singular benefit and furtherance to your gracious intent and virtuous purpose in that behalf." He professed himself wholly resigned to God's will, and equally obliged to the King, whatever the result might be, adding that he should never have aspired to so great a dignity, had he not thought that it would conduce to the King's honour and to the welfare of his kingdom. Then alluding to the Emperor, he recalled to the King's memory "the conference and communications" Charles had held with the King in that behalf. He hinted at the arguments employed by Charles on that occasion, and his promise of assistance, if Wolsey could be persuaded to become a candidate for the triple crown. How Charles redeemed his promises remains to be seen.

The death of the Pope was known to Lady Margaret, the

Emperor's aunt, as early as the 25th of September.[1] It was communicated to the Emperor himself, in a letter, dated the 16th of the same month, by the Duke of Sessa. The Emperor had expected the result; for as early as the 13th of July, or afterwards on the 2nd of October, he wrote to the Duke, stating that he had heard of the Pope's illness, and in the event of a new election Sessa was to use all his influence in favour of Cardinal De Medici.[2] At this period the Emperor's affairs were far from prosperous; the tide of success was turning against him; his succours were behindhand, and his troops, as usual, were murmuring for want of pay. The 10,000 Almains under Count Felix, the most important contingent in the Emperor's service, refused to serve any longer unless their wages were advanced by England.[3] In this dilemma Margaret desired De Praet, the Imperial ambassador in England, to repair to Wolsey, inform him of the death of the Pope, and offer her assistance in promoting his election to the vacant throne.[4] If we may trust the account sent by the ambassador to Charles, Wolsey expressed his gratitude for these offers, not forbearing to touch upon the promises made by the Emperor when he was with the King at Windsor. He also requested Margaret to write without a moment's delay to the Imperial ambassadors at Rome; and, the more to engage the Emperor's aid, he stated that he had made a great point that the King should write a letter to the Emperor in his own hand.

To this communication, the Emperor, then at Pampeluna, sent no reply until the 27th of November. Then, after expressing his regret that the letter of his ambassadors had been so long on the road, he scrupled not to assure De Praet that the news of the Pope's death had never reached him until the 4th of November or thereabouts. He admitted that a rumour to that effect had been set afloat by the French, but such was their mendacity that the Emperor gave no credence to their reports. He charged his ambassadors to inform the King and the Cardinal that he retained a perfect recollection how he and the King, his good father and brother, had opened their minds on this subject to the Cardinal; how they had exhorted him to think of it, and promised him their best

[1] See III. 3399.

[2] See Mr. Bergenroth's Catalogue for the letters under those dates; and M. Gachard's *Correspondance d'Adrien VI.*, etc., pp. 192, 197, where abstracts will be found of the same letters.

[3] See III. 3440, 3559.

[4] III. 3399; Oct. 6.

services in promoting his election; and he continued, "that you may be aware with what zeal and diligence we have taken up this affair in favor of the said lord Legate, we send you copies of our letters in his behalf, directed to the Duke of Sessa, our ambassador at Rome, *written before* the receipt of yours, as well as of others afterwards sent to the Sacred College . . . You will show and read all these copies to the said sieurs, the King and the Cardinal."

Of the truth of this statement, and of the Emperor's veracity, my readers may judge for themselves from the following circumstances. On the 28th of October the Duke of Sessa wrote to the Emperor, stating that he had received letters from England, in which he was strongly urged to further Wolsey's election. The English, he said (alluding to Clerk and Hannibal), think his election is most sure, "as though God would work a miracle." To comply with these importunities, he informed the Emperor that he had so far consented as to recommend Wolsey for the papal chair, satisfied that his election was impossible. In his reply to this communication, the Emperor informs Sessa that he fully approves of what has been done; that as soon as ever he heard of Adrian's death he had himself written to Sessa, desiring him to use his efforts in securing the election for Wolsey, but at the same time *he had taken the precaution to order the courier who carried the despatch to be detained at Barcelona!* His letter is dated the 14th of December, and reached Sessa long after the election.[1]

The cardinals had meanwhile entered the conclave, on the 1st of October. The wooden cells appointed for their lodgings were separated by short intervals, and were distinguished from each other by the letters of the alphabet. For those ecclesiastics who had been elevated to the cardinalate by the late Pope the decorations were of purple, for the others green. The custody of the palace was entrusted to Ferdinand Silvio, captain of the Swiss; and 200 Germans were appointed to keep the staircases. The arrangements for the guard were similar to those adopted at Adrian's election; but in this instance the inner or fourth door was kept by the Grand Master of Rhodes, Villiers de Lisle-Adam, who had lately

[1] A notice of these two important letters will be found in Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar under their respective dates.

To keep up the farce, Charles had the effrontery to write to Wolsey on the 16th of December, two days after this letter to Sessa, stating that he had already written to Rome in his behalf before he had received the

been expelled by the Turks. To each cardinal[1] three servants were allowed, and four to those whose feebleness or ill-health required the indulgence.[2] There was also a sacristan, two masters of the ceremonies, two secretaries, musicians for the mass, all of whom were sworn to secrecy. After a search made, on a false rumour, for arms supposed to be hidden in the conclave, the doors were walled up, and the windows locked with four keys, each of which was confided to a different officer. The cardinals confessed; and the next day, being the eighth of the conclave, mass was celebrated, and the sacrament was administered, by Cardinal Sta. Croce in the chapel of St. Nicholas. Shortly after, three French cardinals, Auch, Lorraine, and Bourbon, made their appearance, much to the discomfort of De Medici and the imperialists. Presenting themselves at the doors of the conclave in their cloaks, or, as Clerk calls them, "their short weeds (which was thought very dissolute), with boots and spurs," they were admitted amidst much laughter. "The Cardinal of Lorraine," he continues in no complacent mood, "was in a gown of crane-coloured velvet, and had a hat with feathers, which hat he left behind him for lesing. It were long to recite unto your Grace the cracks of the French faction, and with how proud boasting words they, upon the arrival of these cardinals, threatened and overlooked every man, persuading assuredly to have a pope at their pleasure. Assuredly, the coming of these Cardinals hath troubled and impeached our good purposes marvellously." Hitherto, by sundry means, the cardinals had contrived to send daily information to their friends without; now they were more strictly guarded.[3] On

King's letters; and he had now written again, as Wolsey would learn from De Praet. (III. 3647). This was done to give colour to his former fictions, and make it appear that he was still in ignorance of the election, although, in his letter to Sessa dated the 14th, he admits that he had been already made acquainted with the result, and that no better pope than De Medici could have been elected. See also No. 3646.

[1] At the first meeting there were but 35; by the subsequent addition of the three French cardinals and the Cardinal of Ivrea, the number was made up to 39. (Clerk; III. 3592.) When the numbers exceeded the alphabet the letters on the cells were doubled.

[2] See III. 3547.

[3] Sessa, in his letter to the Emperor, speaking of the conclave, says that the immuring was a mere formality, and the cardinals easily contrived to communicate with the world outside. (October 28. See Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar.) It is possible that, as Clerk states, while De Medici's party was supreme, the strictness of the guard was relaxed; but by the preponderance of their opponents on the arrival of the French, a closer watch was insisted on for a time. Even this could not have been very effectual; for Clerk, who, as ambassador from England, was one of those who kept watch on the palace, and saw all that

the 8th their service was reduced, and they were restricted, according to the usual rules, to one kind of meat, either roasted or boiled.

The conclave was divided into two factions, of seniors and juniors. The latter, numbering about sixteen, supported the claims of De Medici; the seniors, superior in numbers, were determined to oppose him, and resist the nomination of any one of his party, to the utmost. The struggle was obstinate, and there was no appearance of accommodation. Various means were tried, without avail, by nominating a third party, to reconcile the contending factions; and in the pertinacity of the strife, the English ambassadors entertained hopes that Wolsey, though an absentee, might carry the election, as Adrian had done before him.[1]

If the account given by Clerk may be trusted, when the officers of the city perceived that the cardinals were not likely to arrange their disputes for some time, they came to the door of the conclave, "where at a hole the Romans declared unto them divers hurts and annoyances that the city daily suffered by the reason of their long delay, as well in scarcity of victuals as otherwise, through other misruled persons, which they could not order; and finally said that it was a shame for them, so many wise men as they were, that they did no better or no sooner agree; exhorting them to leave their particular affections, and to think and lean unto the commonwealth, as wise men and as good men should do." The cardinals returned for answer that if the Romans could be contented that they "should choose one being absent," meaning Wolsey, they were almost agreed. Whereupon the Romans "made a great exclamation that in anywise they should choose some man present, *etiam si truncum aut stipitem electuri forent.*"[2]

In a paragraph added to their letter at a subsequent date, the English ambassadors say, "Pope Alexander was chosen in eight days, Pope July in six, Pope Leo in eight, Pope

passed, complains that the constitutions for diminishing the diet, and for accelerating the election, were "nothing observed." "Princes' orators (he says, alluding to Sessa), deputed the custody be so intermixed with the cardinals' kinsmen, prelates, and nobles here of Rome, that we cannot, ne dare, order them accordingly; some by pretext of sickness, and some upon one cause of favor, and some upon other; so that in a manner they be victualled there within at their pleasure."—State Papers, Hen. VIII. vi. 183.

[1] III. 3464.

[2] So Clerk wrote to Wolsey. Of course I do not warrant the accuracy of the story.

Adrian in fourteen, and that was thought a very long tarrying. This is now the 24th day they have been in the conclave, with such pain and disease, that your Grace would marvel that such men as they be would suffer it. And yet by none outward appearance we cannot perceive that we be now anything nearer a Pope than we were the first day they entered the conclave. . . . For there is a score of the old Cardinals that have sworn and conspired together to rather suffer death than to consent unto Medicis. And the cardinal De Medicis hath another band with him, which will suffer with him all that shall be possible to the contrary."

At last, after many unsuccessful efforts to bring matters to accommodation, the party of Medici prevailed in consequence of the intrigues of Colonna, or his real displeasure at the infidelity of his own supporters.[1] Relying on his influence to secure the election, he had agreed with De Medici to nominate Cardinal Jacobati, on condition that if the nomination did not prove successful Colonna should give his support to De Medici. The latter, confiding in his superior intelligence, and better aware of the real state of feeling among Colonna's supporters, agreed to these conditions. Jacobati failed; and Colonna, irritated at his defeat, fulfilled his word, and, to the consternation of all his friends in the conclave, gave his vote to his implacable enemy De Medici, who was declared duly elected on the 17th of November, the fiftieth day from the time that the cardinals had entered the conclave.[2]

As soon as the news reached the ears of Cardinal Wolsey he addressed a letter to Henry VIII. After briefly and calmly touching upon the protracted disputes in the election, and his own prospects of success as set forth in Clerk's letter of the 24th of October, he announced that the choice had fallen on De Medici: "Of which good fortunate news, Sir, your Highness hath much cause to thank Almighty God, forasmuch as not only he is a perfect and faithful friend to the same, but that also much the rather by your means he hath attained to this dignity. And for my part, as I take God to record, I am more joyous thereof than if it had fortuned upon my person, knowing his excellent qualities most meet for the same, and

[1] It is fully described by Clerk in a letter to Wolsey, III. 3592.

[2] See Clerk, *ibid.* It is not improbable that Colonna was influenced in giving his votes to De Medici by the Duke of Sessa, and the conviction that his conduct would be reported in an unfavourable light to the Emperor, who was then omnipotent in Italy. But who can unravel the intrigues of a college of cardinals?

how great and sure a friend your Grace and the Emperor be like to have of him, and I so good a father." [1]

His anticipations were not destined to be realized. Could he have looked into the future, he would have seen Rome sacked and burnt under Clement VII. by the imperial forces; and England, under the same Pope, divided from its allegiance to the Holy See. More than this; he would have seen his own fate and untimely fall, intimately blended with the proceedings and conduct of one from whom he had expected so much, and at whose election he had expressed such unmitigated satisfaction. It is clear that Wolsey never had the smallest chance of obtaining the Papal tiara; but if such had been his lot, though he might have retarded the progress of the Reformation, he could never have prevented it. My readers will have perused the events narrated in these pages to little purpose, if they think that this new epoch in the world's progress depended upon the election of a Pope or an Emperor, the disappointment of an Augustinian friar at Wittemberg, or the misconduct of a Papal nuncio. When life is ebbing, and the advent of a new existence is at hand, advancing as noiselessly and yet as certain as the dawn, blandly tolerant of our small cares and griefs as it sweeps along, but not the more to be diverted from its benevolent and irresistible course, we are apt to think that its progress might have been stayed had our wisdom devised different measures, and adopted in due time other remedies than those on which we relied. So is it with the death and the new life of the world. We mistake its causes; we misread its meaning. True love, and not less wise than true, will shed a tear, and strew the dead with flowers; then turning its face to the grey and shivering dawn, bind up its loins for the new race, though different to our seeming, not less full of life, not less divine, than that which has passed irrevocably away.

Lamentation over the fall of Rhodes was not confined to Adrian VI. It had reposed so long in undisturbed security, so long had it defied the Infidel, that to imagine the Turk would ever capture Rhodes, "had become a mock and a bye-word." When the news of its fall came at last, the Christian world

[1] Dec. 6; III. 3609. His letter of congratulation to the Pope, and his instructions on the same occasion to Clerk and others, will be found at Nos. 3658, 3659. They express similar sentiments, and declare Wolsey's satisfaction at having that person for Pope, whom, above all spiritual men living, he had in his heart "been most affectionate unto."

refused to believe it. No sooner had its surrender been ascertained beyond dispute, than men like Adrian bowed to the stroke with sorrowful submission and silent tears. Their consciences were smitten with self-reproaches and vain regrets. In the midst of their selfish disputes the mighty had fallen, the ancient glory of Christendom had become tarnished. Whilst the professors of the true faith seemed further from peace and unity than ever, the consolidation of the East—inscrutable fact!—reared on a false basis, had been accomplished. So long as a handful of devoted knights, shut up in a strong and gloomy fortress, self-excluded from the turmoils and pleasures of this world, guarded the sacred banner of the Church, it was a consolation to the generous and romantic to believe that Christian heroism was not yet wholly extinct. Now this pledge of God's favour had been swept away for the sins of mankind, and the cause of Christianity seemed desperate.

Of the events of the siege, of the feelings with which it was regarded, many curious notices will be found among our English State Papers. Our own Kings, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., were the protectors of the Order; and the correspondence of the latter with the successive grand masters Caretto and Lisle-Adam cannot be read without interest. In the account of the siege, and the description of Soliman, by the English knight, Nicholas Roberts, one of the few survivors of that heroic band, many curious details have been preserved, not to be found elsewhere.[1]

To those who had watched the current of events, and the increasing conquests of the Turks in Syria and Egypt, or whose prejudices had not blinded them to the genius and administrative abilities of Soliman, it must have been evident that the independence of the Rhodians was a question of time only. It could not be allowed that a handful of men should set the whole power of the Crescent at defiance, and, instigated partly by the religious enthusiasm of the knight errant, partly by the restless spirit of the sea rover, swoop down from their lofty and solitary eyrie on the defenceless commerce of the Mediterranean, dreaded alike by Christian and by Infidel. The Rhodians were accused of making little difference between the sheep and the goat, between the followers of the Crescent and the Cross. But it must be remembered in their justification, that this calumny originated with the Venetian and

[1] See the abstract of this letter in III. p. 1272.

other merchants, who were trafficking their goods, and their souls at the same time, with the enemies of the Church, and dishonouring their Christian calling. This will enable us to account for the cold support which the Rhodians received in their mortal struggle from the mercantile Italian republics.[1]

Fabricius de Caretto, not insensible of the danger, was preparing for the worst when he died, in the summer of 1521. Two candidates were put forward to succeed him—Philip Villiers de Lisle-Adam and Sir Thomas Docwra, Prior of St. John's in England. Docwra was recommended by his wealth, his ability, his knowledge of courts, and his great experience; Lisle-Adam, for the skill with which he had managed the interests of the Order in France and Spain. He had, besides, greatly distinguished himself by a naval victory gained over the soldan of Egypt in the year 1510; was seneschal to the previous Grand Master, and in 1514 visitor of all the priories belonging to the Order in France. As his name stood first in the list, and no dissentient voice was raised, Lisle-Adam was elected with acclamation.[2]

At the time of his election Lisle-Adam was at Paris, and immediately prepared to return. But misfortune attended his steps. Francis I., at that time engaged in a war with the Emperor, could lend him little assistance. On his voyage down the Rhone to Marseilles, a vessel filled with arms and ammunition was lost through the negligence of the pilot. Whilst sailing to Nice, a fire broke out in one of his four ships laden with powder. Between Corsica and Sardinia he encountered a terrible storm, in which nine of his crew were struck with lightning; and he narrowly escaped falling into the clutches of the Turkish pirate Cortagoli,[3] who was waiting to intercept him with a large fleet off Cape Malea.

The Grand Master was received by the Rhodians with enthusiasm, and was even congratulated by Soliman himself on his election. But his joy was of no long duration. Two days before his arrival Belgrade had been taken by the Turk.[4] By his success on this occasion and at Peterwardein[5] shortly before, Soliman was inspired with hopes of further conquests,

[1] During the progress of the siege, the Venetians banished two of their citizens for carrying supplies to Rhodes. See III. 2840.

[2] His letter to Henry VIII. announcing his election, may be seen at No. 1604.

[3] Of this Cortagoli see II. 17 and 3814. He had lost two of his brothers in an encounter with the Knights, and the third was at that time a prisoner at Rhodes.

[4] Sept. 8; but, according to Lisle-Adam's letter to Wolsey, III. 1741, Belgrade was surrendered on the 10th.

[5] See III. 1471, 1472, 1497.

and he resolved to turn his arms against Rhodes. To disguise his intentions, and prevent the princes of Christendom from taking the alarm, and sending reinforcements to the Rhodians, Soliman took the precaution of intercepting all communications. A spy sent to Constantinople contrived to advertise the Grand Master of the Turk's designs by a letter conveyed in a pot of caviare. The danger was urgent; and Lisle-Adam prepared energetically to meet it.[1] Convoys of sailors, protected by the knights, were sent over to the opposite coast of Asia, to fetch wood; the corn was cut down before it was ripe; guns and spears were examined; hand-millstones provided for grinding corn; and a survey taken of the ammunition, erroneously estimated as sufficient to last a twelvemonth's siege. The Turkish slaves were invited by large rewards to assist in the general preparations; absent knights were summoned to return; and an urgent letter, despatched to Henry VIII., requested that Sir Thomas Docwra and Sir Thomas Newport[2] might be sent to Rhodes with the money and corn they had been employed in collecting. These generous efforts of Lisle-Adam were counteracted by the intrigues of Andrew d'Amoral, a Portuguese knight, Chancellor of the Order, and next in authority to the Grand Master. The historians of the time concur in expressing their admiration of the Chancellor's eloquence, his rare scholarship, his familiar acquaintance with the writings of the elder Pliny. But his ambition was equal to his ability; and in revenge for his disappointment in failing to obtain the Grand Mastership, he is said to have maintained a treasonable correspondence with the Turk, and betrayed the plans of the Rhodians to the enemy.[3]

To add to the Grand Master's disquietude, the Italian knights insisted upon leave of absence. Irritated by his refusal of so unreasonable a demand, they retired in a body to Candia, and were not without great difficulty persuaded to return.

[1] See III. 2117, 2118, and 2324–2325.

[2] It is said that Sir Thomas Newport, whilst carrying troops and money to Rhodes, fell in with a storm, and was cast away.

[3] This was generally believed at the time, but the evidence of d'Amoral's guilt is not satisfactory. The popular account, however, is confirmed by a letter of Lisle-Adam to his nephew Rochepot Montmorenci, dated Nov. 13, published in *Négociations du Levant*, pref., p. 131. See also the statement in III. 2841, printed in Hakluyt, and derived from an account of the siege translated out of French by desire of Sir Thomas Docwra in 1524. Besides d'Amoral, there was a renegade Jew physician, who kept up a correspondence with the Turk by means of a Greek, a native of Chios.

On a review the forces of the island were estimated as follows:—312 knights,[1] not including officers belonging to the Order, 300 soldiers, 500 Cretans, besides sailors and others; between 3,000 and 4,000 townsmen capable of bearing arms; and 1,500 or 2,000 villagers fitted only to dig and carry. To these must be added, a troop of young men brought from Crete to Rhodes by Messer John Antonio de' Bonaldi, a Venetian gentleman, who happened to be trading at that time for wine in the port of Candia, and the crew of a large carrack laden with spices, commanded by Dominic Fornari, a Genoese merchant, who, in returning from Alexandria to Sicily, anchored near Rhodes, and was persuaded to share in the perils of the siege.

The most ungrateful portion of the task remained. The city, notwithstanding its proximity to the Turk, was surrounded with pleasure houses, orchards, and gardens. To supply the necessities and even the luxuries of the wealthiest and most exclusive society in Europe, a thriving Greek population had gathered round the suburbs. The olive, the vine, the pomegranate, and the fig flourished in profusion beneath the guns of the fort. Roses with their myriad blossoms—from which the island received its name—fruits and vegetables of all kinds, fowls, cattle, and corn, throve abundantly in the mild and delicious climate. Now every olive, vine, and fig tree within a mile of the fort had to be levelled with the ground. Amidst the lamentations of women and children, houses were razed, gardens demolished, poultry and cattle driven into the town. The Grand Master set the example by devastating with his own hand his own garden situated in front of the French bastion. Labourers and animals, crowded together within the narrow streets, ill provided with adequate lodgings, unaccustomed to the stifling atmosphere and unusual food, languished and died. A pestilence among the cattle was followed by diarrhœa and fever among the men. From

[1] That is, according to Vertot, of Provence, 51; Auvergne, 26; France, 62; Italy, 47; Arragon, etc., 52; England, 11; Germany, 6; Castile and Portugal, 57. Of this number 13 were appointed to guard the tower of St. Nicholas.

According to Vertot, the names of the English knights at the time of the muster were John Rawson, William Tuest (West or Weston?), Nicholas Usel (Hussey?), Giles Russell, Thomas Remberton (Pemberton?), Oct. de Montselli (Mansell?), John Soty, George Einer, Nicholas Ruberti (Roberts), George Asselz (Lascelles?), Michael Roux. Some of these names are so disfigured as to defy conjecture. Besides these, there were Thomas Docwra, grand prior, who remained in England, Sir John Borough, the Turcopolier, slain, Sir William Weston, commander, Nichelas Fairfax, and Thomas Newport.

the besieged the plague extended with frightful ravage to the besiegers, and proved more fatal than the sword. The Turks, consisting chiefly of hasty levies drawn from the rustic population, had no tents, but encamped in the open air. Habituated to no other occupation than that of feeding cattle, impatient of the tediousness of a protracted siege, the privations they had to endure were augmented by unclean habits, half-cooked meat, ill-baked bread, and a scanty supply of water; for the Rhodians had taken the precaution to fill the wells outside the town with flax and putrid garbage.

The main body of the Turkish fleet, preceded a few days before by a detachment of thirty galleys, hove in sight on the 24th of June. According to the account of Nicholas Roberts,[1] it consisted of 500 sail; according to others, of 350. The difference may be reconciled on the supposition that the witnesses took their reckoning at different periods of the siege, before and after the main body of the Turks had been reinforced. After manœuvring some time, apparently with a view of displaying their power, the fleet passed in a long line in view of the town, and harboured a few miles off at Parambolin (Lindo ?). To allay the excitement and calm the minds of the inhabitants, Lisle-Adam had given orders, on the 25th (24th ?) of June, for a solemn service to be celebrated in the church of St. John. Sermon done, at the close of the mass, the Grand Master solemnly commended himself, his Order, and the town to the protection of their patron saint. "And above all other words, which were too long to tell, he besought him meekly that it would please him to take the keys of that miserable city; the which keys he presented, and laid upon the altar before the image, beseeching St. John to take the keeping and protecting thereof and of all the religion."

The same day on which the fleet was descried, a procession of the host, followed by the Order and the whole population on foot, traversed the streets of Rhodes. Scarcely had the last wailing note of the litany died away, and the last acolyte disappeared, when young and old—men, women, and children; knights, priests, and friars; the sick, the impotent, and the

[1] III. 3026. Hannibal, who was likely to be well informed, says, "300 sail well armed" (No. 2539). According to the account preserved in Hakluyt, the fleet consisted of the following vessels: 30 galleasses, 103 galleys, 15 taforées (horse boats), 20 foists (*i.e.* light galleys with 16 or 18 oars on each side, and two rowers to each oar), 64 great ships, 6 or 7 galleons (*i.e.* armadas), 30 gallères, besides a large detachment kept at sea to prevent reinforcements from entering Rhodes.

cripple—mounted with breathless anxiety the city walls, there to gaze upon that formidable fleet, which was now doubling the neighbouring shore; to gaze, as the contemporary accounts declare, with deathlike stillness and horrible fascination, as dying men gaze, on the fatal instruments of their own destruction.

The Turks consisted, by some accounts, of 40,000 fighting men and 60,000 miners; or, if we may fill up the gaps in the letter of Sir Nicholas Roberts, of "100,000 fighting men, and 50,000 labourers with spades and picks, which were the occasion of the taking of Rhodes." Though strongly fortified, it was by no means qualified to resist a siege, and was easily invested. It was surrounded by a double, according to some accounts by a triple, wall, strengthened by thirteen towers and five bastions, defended by a deep foss and a counterscarp; and, judging of the deadly effects of their guns during the siege, and the many batteries brought up by the Turks, the utmost skill had been displayed by the knights in arranging their defences. Strict disciplinarians, well acquainted with the art of war, they had spared no pains in training their followers. Nothing was wanting, either on the part of their commander or of their engineers—of whom Gabriel Martinengo, a gentleman of Brescia, was the most eminent—to turn their limited resources to the best advantage. And though, perhaps, the more regular armour of the knight was deprived of half its advantage, by the heat of the climate and the season of the year, yet in their numerous sallies their long spears must have proved deadly and effective weapons against the yielding garments of the Turks, armed with a scimitar and narrow shield.[1]

To stimulate the exertions of the Knights, each nation was appointed to its respective post. At the French bastion, on the extreme left, stood the French knights, commanded by Sir John St. Aubin, with the banner of *fleurs de lis*. Next to them were the German knights, under their eagles, led by their commander Walderic. Then came the knights of Auvergne, commanded by the chevalier Dumesnil. The most dangerous post was assigned to the Spaniards, commanded by

[1] Morally, the effects on their followers were not less important. The Christian writers of the times speak with the greatest contempt of the turbans and silk vestments of the Turkish officers. Clearly, in their estimation, these "infidel dogs" knew nothing of chivalry, always associated in the minds of that generation with knightly armour.

François de Carrieres, and to the English knights under Sir Nicholas Hussey. Here the Turk made his hottest assaults, and here also the Grand Master took his station shortly after the siege commenced. To Angelo Gentili was assigned the Italian bastion; and to Berenger de Lioncel that of the Provençal knights, towards the extreme right. These were the most important. Sir John Borough, an Englishman, Turcopolier of the Order, was appointed, with four others, to reinforce the Spanish and English bastions whenever they were too hotly pressed, and was shot whilst carrying off a banner from the enemy.

Lisle-Adam combined the piety and asceticism of the monk with the valour, self-devotion, and intrepidity of the knight errant. He shared the lot of the common soldier; exposed himself to the same dangers, endured the same privations. Snatching a hasty meal on the ramparts in the daytime, he not unfrequently continued at his post until the third watch of the night. A block of stone, a chance log, served him for a pillow when he sought a brief interval of repose, worn out with incessant labour or mental excitement. A cold and rigorous judgment might have condemned him for exposing his person too freely in the various sallies of the garrisons, or in the desperate assaults made by the enemy, as they breached the walls, and poured like a torrent into the town, overwhelming for an instant with their irresistible numbers the scanty ranks of its defenders. On all other occasions he was calm, cautious, and self-collected; was never elated by success, never depressed by the most formidable dangers, or the apparent hopelessness of his cause. In the alternations of good and ill fortune, in the opposite and contradictory duties of controlling the rash and urging the reluctant, of providing against disaffection from within—not uncommon in a mixed population—and daily increasing dangers from without, he lost none of that calmness, dignity, and composure for which eyewitnesses tell us he was remarkable. The grace, majesty, and sweetness which secured for him in more peaceable times the love and veneration of beholders, remained untarnished and undiminished in all the trying events of this most daring and desperate enterprise. What little time could be spared from the incessant duties of governor, leader, and commander, was given to devotion. In his cuirass and helmet—ready at the call of duty—he spent a portion of the night in prayer, prostrate at the foot of the altar; or, laying aside his gauntlets,

busied himself with his Psalter, devoutly repeating the Psalms of David.[1]

Towards the close of July, the Turk commenced the assault by erecting a battery opposite the Spanish and English bastions. But his fire was soon silenced by the guns of the Rhodians, directed by the Brescian Martinengo, who had entered the town on the 24th of the same month. The attempts of the enemy to renew their works proved equally unsuccessful. The ground, a hard impenetrable rock, dismantled of every tree, cottage, and projection which could afford shelter or baffle the artillery of the besieged, exposed them to the incessant and fatal fire of the town. The Rhodians, grown familiar with danger, sallied out, and completed their discomfiture with the sword. A month had elapsed, and the invaders had made no progress. Baffled in their hopes of an easy victory, unaccustomed to the hardships and perils of a protracted siege, exposed to the continual fire and sallies of the garrison, without fuel, scantily supplied with water and provision, the Turkish soldiers grew every day more reluctant to obey, more inclined to insubordination, when Soliman himself entered the camp.[2]

His appearance was the signal for fresh efforts and more formidable tactics. Anxious to wipe off the disgrace they had incurred, the Turkish generals exerted themselves to the utmost, and pushed forward their works with renewed vigour. The wretched pioneers were again forced to the trenches with the bastinado or the sword; and Lisle-Adam, unwilling to venture the loss of a single man against such fearful odds, resolved to remain on the defensive.

The Rhodians were chiefly annoyed by two batteries; one of which, mounting twelve brazen mortars, shot stone balls into the town seven palms in circumference; and the other, of forty guns, carried balls, some of nine, and others of eleven

[1] Such is the general estimate of his character as given by Fontani, who knew him well, and was in close personal attendance on the Grand Master during the siege. It must be confessed, however, that Pope Adrian entertained a less favourable opinion of Lisle-Adam's talents and ability. He thought him a man "of small policy and less wit," and not fitted to govern such an Order (III. 3025). But then it must be remembered that Adrian spoke in the impotence of his grief at the loss of Rhodes; and his judgment was warped—as human judgment often is—by the ill success of the Grand Master and the surrender of Rhodes, which the Pope took much to heart. He was also said to have been greatly influenced by the English knight Sir Thomas Sheffield, who voted for Lisle-Adam in the election of the mastership, to the exclusion of his own countryman, Sir Thomas Docwra (Nos. 3025, 3026).

[2] August 28.

palms in circumference.[1] Shells filled with combustibles, bursting in the air, and scattering fire on the besieged—"a thing very inhuman and fearful," and little used among Christians—carried dismay among the unfortunate Rhodians. By degrees, however, they grew accustomed to the danger, and learned to avoid it. Precautions also were adopted, among others, the ringing of a bell, to warn the inhabitants when an explosion was expected. So out of 2,000 balls ten only proved fatal.

The vast numbers of the Turks, roughly reckoned from 150,000 to 200,000, enabled them to carry on their operations without intermission, and keep the besieged incessantly employed. They had already raised two mounds overtopping the walls by ten or twelve feet, and advanced their works to the counterscarp. The knights performed prodigies of valour; even the Turkish slaves seemed to have been animated by the enthusiasm of their masters, and to have laboured with incredible activity and pertinacity. The courage of the Rhodians was kept alive by the eloquence of the Genoese archbishop, Leonardo Calestrini, and other religious men of the town.[2] By the skill of Martinengo, the breaches were repaired as soon as formed. The besiegers, everywhere driven from their works, in despair of making further progress by bombardment, proceeded to countermine the walls.

They had already advanced so far in their works that on the 5th of September they had blown up a great part of the English bastion, and planted seven ensigns on the ruins. The Grand Master was engaged at the time in hearing mass

[1] These dimensions may seem exaggerated, but their accuracy is confirmed by the great oriental historian, Von Hammer, who took a voyage to Rhodes especially for the purpose of ascertaining these and other facts connected with the siege. According to some accounts, the Turkish artillery consisted of six cannons perriers, shooting a stone of 3½ feet; 15 pieces of iron, for stones of five or six spans; 14 great bombards, for stones of 11 spans; 12 pot guns, shooting balls of brass and copper full of wild fire, which burst in the air, and fell on the inhabitants; with many other pieces of smaller dimensions. See III. 2841.

[2] As has been seen on more than one occasion of this kind, the women distinguished themselves greatly by their enthusiastic courage, inspired by despair. One Greek woman whose husband had been slain, in the extremity of her grief, and in dread of the town being taken by the Turk, cut the throats of her two children, and, throwing their bodies with all that she had on a funeral pile, rushed madly into the ranks of the besiegers, and lost her life. Another, a Spaniard, who had the reputation of a saint, and had lately returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, traversed the streets of Rhodes, barefooted and poorly clad, animating the townspeople to acts of bravery, affirming that it had been revealed to her from Heaven, that their present sufferings were sent to them as a scourge for their sins, but that Divine mercy would never forsake them.

at the neighbouring chapel. The officiating priest had just pronounced the versicle, "*Deus, in adjutorium meum*," when the whole town was shaken, by the explosion of the mine, as if by an earthquake. "I accept the augury," exclaimed Lisle-Adam, and rushing to the breach, now filled with the enemy, compelled them to give way. The Turks fell back over the battlements and the broken wall with precipitation. In vain their general attempted to stem the flight of the fugitives by cutting them down with his own sabre. Knights and townsmen fought in the breach without distinction. Whenever the Turks repaired their losses and renewed the fight with fresh reinforcements, they were met by showers of stones, pitch, and sulphur. Nothing could resist the impetuous onslaught of the Rhodians, whose courage was animated by despair. At last the Turks, deaf to command, fled in consternation; and their own batteries, turned against the retreating columns, produced a terrible carnage.

Yet, notwithstanding this ill success, the assault was renewed a few days after. Even the Rhodian historians cannot withhold their tribute of admiration for the indefatigable energy and undaunted bravery displayed by the Infidels on these occasions. Fifteen assaults were given on as many different days in the course of a month, and with no better success than the first; yet the besiegers were not to be disheartened, nor did they betray any symptoms of abandoning the enterprise. Their sufferings were great, their privations increased as the year advanced; reinforcements were daily expected by the Rhodians; winter was coming on. To abridge the protracted horrors of a siege scarcely less disastrous to the Turk than the Christian, Soliman resolved by one vigorous effort to make himself master of the town. On the 24th of September he brought up into the port of Rhodes a hundred galleys to support his land forces. The Spanish and English bastions were again selected as the main points of attack. An unusual excitement in the camp of the besiegers, the evening before, led the Grand Master to suspect their designs. But his scanty and daily decreasing numbers could do little towards repairing their tottering defences; and, worn out with incessant fatigue and exertion, they were scarcely able to man the walls. At daybreak the Turk doubled the strength of his batteries, and, under cover of the smoke, advanced to the attack, assaulting the town in different quarters. Animated by the presence of the Sultan, who

beheld the fight from a small eminence visible to the whole army, the Turks fought with more than usual vigour. Their commander was the first to mount the wall, standard in hand, when a shot from the Rhodian guns swept him headlong over the parapet. Undismayed at the spectacle, rage, pity, and revenge took possession of the hearts of his followers. They exposed themelves recklessly to danger, resolved to avenge his fate, and put their enemy to the sword. Again and again they advanced with blind ungovernable fury. If they recoiled a few moments before the steady fire of the Rhodians and the resistless lances of the knights, it was only to sweep back again, like an angry wave, with greater might, and in more overwhelming numbers. Here, at the English bastion, the press was the greatest, the fight deadliest; the whole thoughts and energies of besiegers and besieged nerved and contracted to the uttermost. But whilst the attention of the Grand Master and the knights was thus fully occupied in one direction, a body of the Turks contrived to obtain possession of the Spanish bastion unobserved. Mounting the walls, they shouted to their companions to join them, and were quickly reinforced. An obstinate struggle ensued, and lasted for six hours. The Turks, aware of their advantage, were determined to maintain it. Inch by inch the Rhodians were driven back, and the Turkish standard floated on the battlement. Just then a cross fire from the Rhodian guns, sweeping the breach made by the enemy, cut off the approach of the Turkish reinforcements. One of the knights, with a handful of followers, mounting the bastion by the casemate, reached the platform sword in hand. Falling on the Turks like an exploding planet, he compelled them to give way; cleared the walls, turned the fire of the guns against those who were preparing to scale, tore down the enemy's standards, and rescued the town from its most imminent danger. Women and children, the sick and the wounded, took part in this dreadful action, as vigorously pressed as it was obstinately resisted. Those who were too young or too feeble for manlier tasks supplied the defenders with bread and wine; the stronger piled up earth and stones to assist in repairing the breaches, or to serve in annoying the assailants. The fight had lasted six hours when the Grand Master, cautiously withdrawing 200 fresh men from the tower of St. Nicholas, compelled the janissaries to give way, but not until they had left 15,000 of their comrades dead in the foss or on the ramparts.

Foiled at all points, Soliman resolved to abandon the siege. He had already lost several of his bravest bashaws, more than 100 standards, and 60,000 of his janissaries. He was persuaded by an Albanian renegade, who had stolen out of the town, to persevere in his efforts, as the Rhodians were reduced to great extremities, and had nothing left but bread and water. Of the knights, 300 only survived; and the rest of the garrison scarcely amounted to 3,000.[1]

From time to time rumours had penetrated the nearest ports of Europe of the heroic and hopeless defence of the knights. By letters from Candia, two days since, writes Hannibal, then at Rome, to Wolsey,[2] "the Pope has word that the Turk hath given two cruel assaults, and they of the city doubt sore of the third. They had never so little provision within the city as they have now." There is no news, writes another correspondent, some time after, except from Rhodes, which is being besieged, and in great extremities; the Turks press the siege, though they have lost 60,000 men.[3] But with these came other and conflicting reports; that the Turk, despairing of success, had resolved to abandon his attempt; that he had put his bashaws to death, in a fit of rage; and his troops were on the eve of rebellion. And even the long and animated defence of the Rhodians flattered the hopes of men at a distance, whose minds were idly stirred by tales of suffering and endurance from which they were themselves exempt.

Lisle-Adam had not failed, in this extremity, to send out messengers to procure additional supplies, and quicken the sympathy and aid of the Pope and the princes of Christendom. But Adrian, as we have seen, was in no capacity to do more than weep, and recommend their cause to the charity of others. Unhappily also it seemed as if Heaven and the elements had combined for their destruction. A convoy laden with men and provisions, which had started from Marseilles under the orders of certain French knights, encountered a storm, and never reached its destination. The succours collected by another of their number, Sir Thomas Newport, were lost by a similar casualty. The Prior of St. Martin, returning with reinforcements, fell in with the Turkish galleys before he could enter the port of Rhodes, and was compelled to abandon his enterprise. Left to their fate, deprived of all

[1] See III. 2775, 2818.
[2] September 12, III. 2539.
[3] Gilberti to Wolsey; III. 2775.

assistance, the knights resolved to sell their lives dearly, and die rather than fall into the hands of their enemies.

Taught caution by experience, the Turk abandoned his previous tactics, and confined himself to undermining the walls. His chief efforts were directed, as before, to the English and Spanish bastions. Notwithstanding the difficult nature of the ground, the ingenious defences of Martinengo, and the resistance of the knights, the works steadily advanced. The town was fast becoming a mere wreck. If we may trust the historians of the time, it had been pierced and honeycombed by sixty different mines. The steeples of the churches had been beaten down; the wall of the English and Spanish bastion was levelled with the barbican. By the 17th of October the enemy had turned the defences of the English quarter, and, ammunition failing, met with little resistance from the Spanish. To add to their misfortunes, Martinengo was disabled by a stray shot in the eye, and could no longer direct the defences. According to Lisle-Adam, they had already made such a breach in the wall that thirty or forty horsemen could enter abreast, and had carried their trenches 150 paces within the town.[1] Once more, therefore, on St. Andrew's eve (29th of November) the Turks advanced in great numbers to the breach, resolved to carry the town by assault; but they were again driven back, leaving 11,000 of their men dead upon the field. The loss of the Rhodians amounted to 180.

"After that day," says Roberts, "the Turks purposed to give us no more battle, but to come into our town by trenches, insomuch that they made . . .[2] great trenches, and by the space of a month did come almost into the midst of our town, insomuch that there lay nightly within our town . . . thousand Turks. The trenches were covered with thick tables, and holes made in them for their spingardes, that we could not approach them. And a month after that, [though] we saw precisely that the town was lost, we would never give over, in esperance of succors. And at such time as we saw that there came no succors, nor no succors ready to come, and considering that the most part of our men were slain, [and that] we had no powder, nor no manner of ammunition or victuals, but alonely bread and water, we were as men desperate and determined to die upon

[1] Letter to his nephew Rochepot Montmorenci, *Négociations du Levante*, i. 94. See also Nicholas Roberts, below.

[2] The letter is, unfortunately, mutilated in this and other places.

them in the field, rather than to be put upon stakes; for we thought not that he would give us our lives, considering that there were slain so many of his men. And in the mean season they came to parlement with us, and did ask of us whether we would make any partido, and said that the Great Turk was content that if we would give him the walls of the town he would give us our lives and our goods. The commonalty of the town hearing this great proffer, came to the Lord Master, and said that, considering that the . . . and strength of the town is taken, and all the munition spent, and the most part of your knights and men slain, and also seeing there is no succors ready to come, we determine to accept this partido that the Great Turk giveth us, for the lives of our wives and children. The Lord Master, hearing the opinion of the whole commonalty was to take the partido, fell down almost dead; and what time he recovered himself, he seeing them continue in the same mind, consented to the same." According to Lisle-Adam's letter, already quoted, Soliman further offered to treat with lenity such of the inhabitants as chose to remain; they were to continue free of all tribute for five years, and their children exempt from serving as janissaries, as was usual in other parts of Greece. He adds that this liberal offer of Soliman was due to Divine grace, "seeing the advantage the enemy had over us, the injury and expense he had incurred by the siege, during which we had no aid or succour except from God only." On the knights' side there had fallen 700, on the Turks' more than 80,000, by war or sickness.

To settle the preliminaries of the treaty a deputation was appointed to wait upon the Grand Seignior, of whom Nicholas Roberts was one.[1] He found Soliman "in a red pavilion, standing between two gold lions, marvellous rich and sumptuous, sitting in a chair, and no creature with him in the pavilion; which chair was of gold, and the work of fine gold; his guards standing [outside], to the number of 22 . . .; they be called Sulakys. This number is continually about his person. He hath the number of 40,000 of them. They wear on their heads a long white cap, and at the top of the cap the white ostrich feather, which giveth great show."

The preliminaries were interrupted by the dissatisfaction of the townspeople, who now refused what they had before desired; and the siege recommenced. On the 17th of Decem-

[1] See III. 3026.

ber an engagement took place, but negociations were again resumed at the instance of the citizens, and terminated on the 28th of December. It was agreed that 24 knights should be given as hostages. A band of 4,000 janissaries were sent to take possession of the town, and, if we may believe the Christian historians, committed great cruelties and excesses. They broke up the tombs of the knights, destroyed the images in the churches, and turned the sick and wounded out of the hospitals.

But such barbarities must not be attributed to Soliman. In his treatment of the Grand Master there was a mixture of barbarism and dignity, of tenderness and heedlessness, such as history has taught us to expect in Oriental monarchs. On one occasion he allowed the Grand Master, who was advanced in years, to stand before his tent from daybreak, for many hours, in a dense shower of rain and hail, without offering him any refreshment. When the two met, they regarded each other for some time with silent admiration; Soliman suffered his hand to be kissed by the Grand Master, and urged him to enter the Turkish service. Complimenting the Sultan on his generosity, Lisle-Adam replied that a ruler ought to incur any indignity rather than abandon his people in misfortune; a sentiment in which Soliman concurred, and dismissed the Grand Master with respect, presenting him, and each of the knights who attended him, with a scarlet robe.

On another occasion Soliman entered the city, and, visiting the Grand Master unexpectedly, found him engaged in making preparations for his departure. As the Grand Master would have fallen on his knees, Soliman forbade him; and moving slightly his fez with his right hand—a species of reverence never paid by the Turkish Sultans except to God and their Prophet—he addressed the Grand Master with the word "Babba" (Father), a term of the highest regard and affection. I would rather not believe Fontani, who says that the Sultan had given secret orders to put the Grand Master and the rest of the knights on board a war galley, and carry them off to Constantinople. At the same time it must be admitted that such tokens of Eastern affection have been often reported, and can scarcely be wholly devoid of foundation. The same writer, who had seen the Turk on horseback, though he did not admire his manner of riding, admits that Soliman was not deficient in dignity. In complexion he was slightly bronzed, was erect in stature, and, notwithstanding his black

and rather fierce eyes, had a pleasant and commanding countenance.

After many hardships by sea, the knights landed in Crete. They reached Messina in the May following; thence to Rome, where Lisle-Adam was met on his arrival by the cardinals and others, and conducted to the Vatican amidst the universal sympathy of the spectators.[1]

[1] A letter from the Sultan to his good friends the Venetians, dated from Rhodes, Dec. 29, announcing the surrender of the island, will be found in the *Lettere di Principi*, ii. p. 35, ed. 1557.

CHAPTER XX.

LUTHER AND HENRY VIII.

Is there a conservation and transmission of force in the moral as well as the physical world? Whilst politicians were thus tormenting themselves and others with ingenious and barren combinations, whilst the old props and buttresses of Christendom appeared to be fast crumbling to decay, there was growing up a new power in an obscure and forgotten corner, which, like the Turk himself, seemed to gather life out of death, and thrive on the ruin and confusion of the times.

Among the latest and the least esteemed of the religious communities of Europe was the *Saxon Congregation* of Augustinian friars.[1] It had given no doctors of eminence to the schools, like other Orders, no popes or rulers to the Church. Founded at the close of the 15th century, distinguished by its poverty, its spirit of independence and fervid religious zeal, it was regarded with suspicion even by the general body to which it nominally belonged. For two centuries the Dominican and Franciscan had ruled absolutely over the realm of thought and theological speculation. If popes were its ostensible heads, the masters of the schools commanded its real obedience. Professing a nominal submission to established rules of faith, they had habituated their own minds and those of their followers to the freest and most daring speculations. What doubts have since been mooted, what difficulties suggested, in morals, religion, or politics, during three centuries of unfettered religious inquiry, which they, the schoolmen, have not anticipated and dissected with the calmness of scientific anatomists? The real precursors of the Reformation, which, after their labours, had become inevitable, with a subtlety, patience, and "unwearied travail of

[1] Luther was born in 1483, and entered the order of Augustinian Eremite friars at the age of twenty-two, at the time when Staupitz was its Vicar-General.

wit," never surpassed, they had pierced and drilled, by their "vermiculate questions," the solid body of the general belief, until under the guise of its defenders they had become its most dangerous enemies. Every form of difficulty or error which had ever entered the brains of others or themselves, had been so carefully stated, so laboriously refuted, that doubts which might have died of themselves, or have obtained at best a narrow and precarious existence, gained a fatal immortality and activity by their writings. For error is too subtle to yield to dialectics; and such is the perverseness of the human mind, the poison remains when the antidote is forgotten.[1] Long since the time had passed away when the

[1] There is a profound remark by Lord Bacon on the inefficiency of the scholastic method, and its tendency to propagate error. "Were it not better," he says, "for a man in a fair room to set up one great light . . . than to go about with a small watch candle into every corner?" For, he observes, "as you carry the light into one corner you darken the rest." As the candle travels in succession from question to question, the ghost of dead errors revive in the dark, and are invested with gigantic proportions. That central light which reason could not supply, Luther claimed for faith, as the sun of reason. And here I may be allowed to remark on the close analogy in the mental pose of Luther and Bacon; with this difference—that whilst the latter was exclusively interested with the relation of man to nature and her kingdom, Luther's sole concern was the relation of man to God and the Kingdom of Heaven. In both there was the same intense dislike to abstract speculation, however ingenious: the same distrust of the mere intellectual powers; the same hatred of Aristotle and the habits of thought engendered by the study of the Greek philosopher. That *nuditas animi*, which Bacon considered indispensable for the successful prosecution of natural knowledge, was with Luther a necessary condition for religious truth. "Knowledge," says Lord Bacon, "is the double of that which is;" and the highest perfection of man is to reflect exactly, not his own thoughts, but the external realities of nature. So in Luther's conception, the perfect righteousness of man is the mere and passive mirror of the righteousness of God, which is revealed in those who are willing to accept it by faith. But though both of these philosophers insisted upon the worthlessness of our human powers *per se*—though both asserted that man has nothing but what he receives, and God's goodness and grace are infinite,—they never supposed that it was indifferent how that goodness was sought; or that a wrong method of seeking it, however laborious or conscientious, could be crowned with success. Wrong methods of investigation in the natural world lead only to error and confusion. So is it in the world of grace. "Claudus in via antevertit cursorem extra viam," observes Lord Bacon; a truth which Luther repeats in his own particular phraseology again and again. It was this conviction, and his strong sense of the mischief occasioned by the opposite error, which lent such force and energy to his language. It was the wrong method of the popular religion, more than the barrenness, despondency, and immorality engendered by it, which seemed so heinous to him, and worthy of the severest denunciations. Whether he was right or wrong; whether by the full blaze of the truth which he saw he was in some degree blinded, not unlike Bacon, and unable to do full justice to other sides of it;—I have not to inquire. But if this account be true, he must be accorded the position of a great and original thinker. He was not, like many of his contemporaries, a denouncer of errors merely—a Thor with a hammer of destruction of more than usual power and pretension, as he is too often represented; but the constructive side of his teaching is not less important to man in his

simple Franciscan or zealous Dominican thought his mission fulfilled if he brought back into the fold the erring flock and ignorant multitudes of populous towns. His real kingdom was the battle-field of the schools, and there he claimed to rule alone by the undivided supremacy of his intellect.

It was fortunate, perhaps, for Luther's independence of thought and action that he did not enroll himself in either of these more eminent Orders, where his ardour, his indefatigable industry and extraordinary logical acuteness, might have found a congenial sphere and unremitting occupation. Popular writers are fond of insisting on the more obvious side of his character—on his courage, his homeliness, his broad humour—overlooking the influences of his scholastic training, his logical acuteness, his love of foiling his opponents with their own weapons,—weapons which he had learned to wield with more ability than they. For no man was better versed than he in the writings of the schoolmen, none knew better than he their weakest points, their most flagrant contradictions. For the few grains of precious ore that might perchance be found he had, with unslaked thirst and unbiassed assiduity, turned over and sifted the controversial dust-heaps of the day. Everywhere he shows himself much better versed in that learning he is accused of impugning than his opponents who undertake to defend it. He is more at home with the Canonists than the cardinals themselves; more familiar than the most approved teachers of his time with the subjects of their teaching. For between him and them there was this vital difference—of men who had painfully toiled with no higher motive than professional responsibility, or desire of fame, and the fainting wretch, sick with the love of truth, who must die or find it, indifferent to all other considerations. That truth exists, that it is to be found, that it passes all price, is the spur to exertion in such men. It is the sustaining energy against their own weakness and hesitation, the opposition of the world, the serried ranks of prejudice and error, the clouds and darkness which seem to settle down at midday on their plainest path. That is the faith of all great pioneers for truth—a faith afterwards enunciated by Luther in terms more precise and theological, but which was working in him, perhaps unconsciously, long before his controversy with Tetzel or his rejection of the Papal authority.

divine relations than the rules of inductive philosophy are to his scientific well-being.

It has been thought that the success of the Reformation was mainly due to the purity of the morality it inculcated, or rather to the general corruption of all classes—of the clergy in particular—in the fifteenth century. The declamations of moralists and theologians, the invectives of satirists, even the evidence of criminal courts, on such a subject as this, whether in the 16th or the 19th century, are too partial to be decisive. Neither authentic documents, nor the literature and character of the times, nor, if national ethics are essentially connected with national art, its artistic tendencies, warrant us in believing that the era preceding the Reformation was more corrupt than that which succeeded it.[1] It is impossible that the clergy can have been universally immoral, and the laity have remained sound, temperate, and loyal. But if these general arguments are not sufficient, I refer my readers to a very curious document, dated the 8th of July, 1519,[2] when a search was instituted by different commissioners, on Sunday night, in London and its suburbs, for all suspected and disorderly persons. I fear no parish in London, nor any town in the United Kingdom, of the same amount of population, would at this day pass a similar ordeal with equal credit.

But, however this may be, it is clear from the writings of Luther himself during these three years, and still more from his most celebrated work *De Captivitate Babylonica*, that he did not rest his teaching on the moral, but the theological aspect of the questions in dispute. To the latter, not to the former phase, was it indebted for its popularity. It might be a more than Babylonish captivity, that the Church should disfigure the doctrine of the Sacraments; that it should determine of its own authority their nature, and the mode of their administration; should give them here, and withhold them there, as a tyrant over God's heritage: but the immorality consisted in the slavery, not in the consequences to which that slavery had led—in the confusion between things divine and human, with which the Pope for his own purposes had succeeded in perplexing the consciences of men.[3]

[1] Consider these names: Leonardo da Vinci, 1452–1520; Alb. Durer, 1471–1528; Raphael, 1483–1520; Del Sarto, 1483–1525; Michael Angelo, 1474–1564. In other subjects, Luther himself, 1484–1546; Erasmus, 1467–1536; Copernicus, 1473–1543; Picus of Mirandola, 1463–1496.

[2] III. 365.

[3] In this celebrated treatise, which contains the essential rudiments of the writer's doctrine, Luther reduces all sacraments strictly to one; *sc.* faith in the Word; that is, in the promises of God, confirmed to man by the death of His Son:—other sacraments, as they are called, are no more than signs and emblems of those

The dispute with Tetzel might have been forgiven; the burning of the Pope's bulls might have been attributed to the rude and rough extravagance of the German; but Luther's attack on the cardinal doctrine of Sacrifice—interwoven as it was, not merely with the accepted theology of the day, but with all that was lovely and attractive, in the self-abasement, loyalty, and devotion of the old world—could not be mistaken, or its purpose overlooked. The sentence had gone forth to the world that all sacrifice had been abolished in one great sacrifice, all action absorbed in one great suffering and satisfaction. It was more blessed to believe than do, to receive than to give; for the empty hands of faith were more acceptable in God's sight than the full hecatombs of charity. Christendom stood aghast; its deepest emotions were roused. Not only was the veil rudely torn away from the sanctuary it had hitherto regarded with distant awe and unquestioning reverence, but that sanctuary itself and its services were now held up to the world as no better than a whited sepulchre, the court of Death, the stronghold of Antichrist.

Some time before the appearance of this celebrated treatise, Henry had determined to signalize his theological acquirements and his devotion to the Church by writing against the prevailing heresies of the times. That he had entertained this intention at an early period of Luther's career is plain from a letter of Pace to Wolsey, dated the 24th of June, 1518, in which the writer refers to the commendations given by Wolsey to the King's book. He states, as from his Majesty, that though the King does not think it deserving of so much praise as it had received from the Cardinal and other "great learned men," yet he is glad to have "noted in your Grace's letters that his reasons be called inevitable, considering that your Grace was some time his adversary herein, and of contrary opinion."[1] It is clear, therefore, that the King must have been employed some time before the date of this letter, on his self-appointed task.

The authors of the history of the Augustinian Friars claim for Bernard André, the poet, the credit of engaging the King in this novel path of theological controversy. Whatever

promises, instituted to encourage and confirm men's faith. Faith, then, or belief in those promises, is that which constitutes the peculiar sacrifice, the life, the work of a Christian, in strict language. In this sense, "whatever is not of faith is sin;" *i.e.* is common to the Gentile and unregenerate.

[1] II. 4257. This is confirmed by a subsequent letter written four days after. No. 4266.

might have been Henry's intentions in the first instance, they received a fresh impulse and a more definite direction in 1520, by the appearance of Luther's treatise *De Captivitate Babylonica*. The opinions of Luther had already gained so much notoriety that Tunstal, then at Worms, states in a letter to Cardinal Wolsey[1] that the Germans were so addicted to Luther, that, rather than he should be oppressed by the Pope's authority, who had already condemned his opinions, they were resolved to spend a hundred thousand of their lives in his defence. "He hath written a book," says Tunstal, "since his condemnation, *De Captivitate Babylonica Ecclesiæ*, wherein he holdeth that four of the sacraments be only *de jure positivo*, by the Pope's ordinance, so called, viz. *Confirmatio, Ordo, Extrema Unctio*, and *Matrimonium;* and that *Baptismus, Eucharistia*, and *Pœnitentia*, be *de jure divino et evangelii*. They say there is much more strange opinion in it, near to the opinions of Boheme. I pray God keep that book out of England."

In spite of Tunstal's warnings, before April, 1521, the dreaded book had found its way into England. On the 21st of that month Pace writes to Wolsey: "At mine arrival to the King this morning, I found him looking upon a book of Luther's. And his Grace showed unto me that it was a new work of the said Luther's. I looked upon the title thereof, and perceived by the same that it is the same book put into print which your Grace sent unto him by me written." After some further conversation, he assured the Cardinal that "the King was very joyous to have these tidings from the Pope's Holiness at such time as he had taken upon him the defence of Christ's Church with his pen;"—and had resolved to "make an end therein the sooner."

This letter was followed by another from the King himself on the 21st of May, to Leo X., in which he expresses his anxiety to suppress the Lutheran heresy; and, to testify his zeal for the Faith, he proposes to dedicate to the Pope this the first offspring of his intellect, that all men may see he is as ready to defend the Church with his pen as with his sword.

Notwithstanding this urgent speed, the King's book was not completed until the 25th of August, 1521,[2] probably in

[1] January 19, 1521; from a letter preserved in Master's collections for Lord Herbert's history. I am indebted for the use of this manuscript to the Society of Jesus College, Oxford. See Appendix to this volume, No. III.

[2] III. 1510.

consequence of the Duke of Buckingham's trial. Then Wolsey writes to Clerk that the King's book is completed, and he sends the ambassador directions how it is to be presented to the Pope. Clerk is to deliver a copy of it, privately, to his Holiness, covered with cloth of gold, and subscribed by the King's own hand;—"wherein the King's grace hath devised and made two verses inserted in the said book by the King's own hand." If, on perusal, it was approved by the Pope, the ambassador is charged to have it set forth with the papal authority, and request leave to present it publicly in full consistory there to receive the papal sanction. With this despatch Clerk received twenty-eight copies in the month of September.[1] One of them, bound with cloth of gold as directed, he presented to Leo—"the trim decking" of which his Holiness liked very well; and, opening it, read successively five leaves of the introduction "without interruption." "And, as I suppose," adds Clerk, "he would never a' ceased till he had read it over." "At such places as he liked, and that seemed to be at every second line, he made ever some demonstration, *vel nutu vel verbo;* whereby it appeared that he had great pleasure in reading. And when his Holiness had read a great season I assure your Grace he gave the book a great commendation, and said there was therein much wit and clerkly conveyance; and how that there were many great clerks that had written in the matter, but this book should seem to pass all theirs. His Holiness said that he would not 'a thought that such a book should have come from the King's grace, who hath been occupied necessarily in other feats, seeing that other men which hath occupied themselves in study all their lives cannot bring forth the like." Then, taking the book from the Pope's hand, Clerk drew his attention to the verses written by the King in honor of his Holiness; "and because the King's grace had written the said verses with a very small pen, and because I knew the Pope to be of a very dull sight, I would have read unto his Holiness the said verses; and his Holiness, *quadam aviditate legendi*, took the book from me, and read the said verses three times very promptly, to my great marvel, and commended them singularly."[2]

[1] III. 1574.

[2] The *Assertio* was printed at London by Richard Pynson, July 12, 1521. It passed through numerous editions, of which an account is given by Sir Henry Ellis, 3rd series of Orig. Letters, i. p. 256.

The famous verses are as follows:—

"Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitiæ."

Possibly these verses were not the

On his telling the Pope that he had received a number of other copies "no worse manner covered and clasped" than that which his Holiness held in his hand, Leo desired to have five or six more, "to the intent he might deliver them to sundry cardinals learned." What opinions might have been expressed by other members of the Sacred College we have no means of ascertaining; but Campeggio in his letter to Wolsey is unable to restrain the transports into which he was thrown by a perusal of the King's "aureus libellus." Nothing, he assured Wolsey, could be better expressed or better argued;—the King was inspired more by an angelic than a human spirit.[1] Thus fortified, Clerk prepared for his great *coup* in the consistory held on the 2nd of October for this special purpose.

Either from apprehension of carrying the farce too far—for no Pope ever possessed more worldly sagacity—or dreading some disturbance if too much notoriety was given to this affair, Leo declined Clerk's urgent request for a public consistory. If, said he, a public consistory were summoned, besides the clergy, a great crowd of laymen would be present; and whereas Lutheranism had been silenced for a time, and the minds of men are quieted, "this act should put them in fresh remembrance, and renew the old sore."[2] It was urged by Clerk, that if any such there were, they would be brought to reason "by the gravity of this act," and the conclusive arguments contained in the King's book. But the Pope remained inflexible. He was, in fact, bent upon getting through this business with as little notoriety as he conveniently could, without giving offence to any. Therefore, on the Wednesday when Clerk, according to appointment, attended at the palace, after hearing mass "his Holiness went into the

King's own composition; for Burnet has published a letter from Wolsey to the King, professing to be taken from the State Paper Office—the original of which has since disappeared—in which the Cardinal says, that he has sent Mr. Tate (Tuke?) to the King "with the book bounden and dressed, which ye purpose to send to the Pope's Holiness, with a memorial of such other as be also to be sent by him with his authentic bulls to all other princes and universities. And albeit, Sir, this book is right honorable, pleasant and fair, yet I assure your Grace that which Hall hath written (which within four days will be parfitted) is far more excellent and princely, and shall long continue for your perpetual memory, whereof your Grace shall be more plenarily informed by the said Mr. Tate. *I do send also unto your Highness the choice of certain verses to be written in the book to be sent to the Pope in your own hand*, with the subscription of your name, to remain *in archivis Ecclesiæ ad perpetuam et immortalem vestræ majestatis gloriam, laudem et memoriam.*" Burnet, iii. Records, No. 3.

[1] III. 1592.

[2] Luther had not yet emerged from his Patmos.

place where consistories were accustomed to be kept; and within a little while called in such prelates as were tarrying without to the number of twenty. And immediately after," continues Clerk, "the master of the ceremonies came unto me, and informed me somewhat of the ceremonies; and amongst other that I should kneel upon my knees all the time of mine oration. Whereat I was somewhat abashed, for methought I should not have my heart nor my spirits so much at my liberty. I feared greatly lest they should not serve me so well kneeling as they would standing. Howbeit, there was no remedy; and needs I must do as the master of the ceremonies did tell me. And so following him, I entered the place of th. . . , where the Pope's Holiness sate in his majesty upon a [dais], three steps from the ground, underneath a cloth of [estate]. Afore him, in a large quadrant, upon stools, sate the bishops in their consistorial habits, to the number of twenty." He was then presented by the master of the ceremonies, and after three obeisances the Pope allowed Clerk to kiss his foot; but as he attempted to rise, "his Holiness," he says, "took me by the shoulders and caused me to kiss first the one cheek and then the other." Then, returning to the stool which had been placed for him, Clerk pronounced his oration on his knees.[1] The Pope made a complimentary reply. He thanked God for raising up such a Defender of the Faith, and inspiring him with the power and the wish to grapple with such an abominable monster as Luther. On calling two or three days afterwards, His Holiness condescended "to use very good words" touching Clerk's oration, and took occasion at the same to assure him that the Holy See would do as much for the confirmation of the King's book, "as ever was done for the works of St. Augustine or St. Jerome."

The day after Clerk's appearance in the consistory, the title of *Fidei Defensor* was conferred by the Pope on Henry VIII.[2]

The news reached England at the end of October. On the 4th of November, Pace, then at court, wrote to Wolsey, stating that the King had received his extracts from Clerk's letters, and was rejoiced to hear "of the Pope's singular contentation of his book against Luther, and how honorably and lovingly it was accepted by his Holiness." He repeated the same

[1] The substance of his oration will be found in III. 1656.
[2] III. 1659.

information on the 17th of the same month, adding, that "whereas the King perceived the great honor, laud, and commendation he had attained by the writing of his book against the detestable heresies of Martin Luther, and that it had pleased the Pope's holiness, in memory of that Catholic work, to give unto him the high and most excellent title of *Defensor of the Faith*, to the perpetual renown and glory of him and all his successors, his Highness saith that though God hath sent unto him a little learning, whereby he hath attempted to write against the erroneous opinions and heresies of the said Luther, yet he never intended so to do afore he was by your Grace moved and led thereunto. Wherefore his Highness saith that your Grace must of good congruity be partner of all the honor and glory he hath obtained by that act." [1]

Owing to the rank of its author, and the imposing ceremony with which it was ushered into the world, the King's book passed rapidly through various editions. It was translated into German and published at Leipsic in 1523; into English a few years later. "It was multiplied into many thousands," says Cochlæus, "by various printers; and filled the whole Christian world with joy and admiration." [2]

Luther had scarcely returned from his Patmos in the castle of the Wartberg, when his attention was called to the King's book. He suspected its real author was Edward Lee, the enemy of Erasmus, afterwards Archbishop of York, who had drawn down upon himself the animosity of the Germans, both Protestant and Catholic.

To the man who has grappled with Apollyon in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, any Goliath of Vanity Fair, however gigantic, must appear no better than an empty wind-bag. In the flush of his might he is sometimes liable to forget the weakness and ignorance of his fellow-men. So was it with Luther. The spirit of victory was strong upon him. In his reply, dated from Wittemburg, July 15, 1522, he shows the King no mercy. "The King's book," he says, "has been put forth to his everlasting disgrace." "He was a fool for allowing his name to be abused by a parcel of empty-headed sophists, and for stuffing his book with lies and virulence, reminding the world of nothing more than of Lee or his shadow, and of such fat swine as are mewed in the sty of St. Thomas. The Pharaoh of England, like the tyrant of old, is not without his false prophets, Jannes and Jambres." Then,

[1] III. 1772. [2] Acta Martini Lutheri, p. 48.

by way of apology for this indecorous severity, he continues: "If the King had been guilty of error such as is common to men, he might have been treated with indulgence. Now that —damnable rottenness and worm as he is—he knowingly and wilfully sets himself to compose lies against the Majesty of my King in Heaven, it is only right that I, in the cause of my King, should bespatter his English majesty with his own mud and his own filth, and tread under my feet that crowned head (*coronam*) which thus blasphemes against Christ.

"And since it is notorious that these Thomists are a dull and heavy-headed race of sophists, than whom in the whole range of human nature there is nothing more stupid and blockish, and as our good Henry wishes, in this book of his, to be reckoned a first-rate Thomist, whilst he dreams and snores, among other matters, *de charactere et vi sacramentali in aquis*—absurdities which even his brother sophists in their universities have abandoned as untenable—I have thought it right to snub and to pinch him with sharp words, and rouse him, if possible, out of his lethargy. . . . His book is a favourite with our sophistical neighbours, for no other reason than that it is so intensely Thomistic;—and asses love nettles."[1]

My reader may easily guess, from this specimen of the prelude, the style and temper of Luther's reply. The King's book contained nothing, it must be confessed, that could enlighten the consciences of men, or shake the convictions of those who had already adopted the Lutheran doctrines. It reproduced, without novelty or energy, the old common-places of authority, tradition, and general consent. The cardinal principles of Luther's teaching the King did not understand, and did not therefore attempt to confute. Contented to point out the mere straws on the surface of the current—the apparent inconsistencies of Luther, his immoderate language, his disparagement of authority, the royal controversialist never travels beyond the familiar round; and reproduces,

[1] That is, Luther ridicules the idea of there being any sacramental efficacy in the water of baptism, or the material elements of the mass. That efficacy exists only in the promise of God, which, by His own ordinance, accompanies these outward and visible signs, wherever they are received in faith. This is that consubstantiation which Luther recognized in both sacraments. It will be gathered from these remarks that the Reformer did not, like the Schoolmen, consider the priest as of the essence of either sacrament. It is not easy to escape the conclusion that, according to this doctrine, any and all water is baptism, any bread and wine spiritual as well as material aliment, to the faithful.

without force, originality, or feeling, the weary topics he had picked up, without much thought or research, from the theological manuals of the day. Even his invective is as mean and as feeble as his logic. Even when discussing the Papal supremacy he puts on the blinkers with his harness, and is as docile and as orthodox as if he had never opposed the publication of a papal bull, or refused admission to a papal nuncio.

Such being the case, we may wonder at Luther's needless violence and acrimony; of which he himself seems to have been ashamed, and attempted afterwards to excuse it in a letter to the King, on the ground that he was instigated to write in this bitter fashion by certain persons who were not favourable to his Majesty. Who they were he nowhere states, nor have I been able to discover. He adds, that he hears the King is beginning to favour the professors of the Gospel, and has grown weary of his former councillors.

But in his apology, whilst magnifying the King's clemency he fell into the mistake, on some false information, of affecting to disbelieve the authorship of the King's book. He attributes it to some cunning sophists, who had abused the King's confidence, without being aware of the danger they were incurring from the King's indignation when the facts should be discovered—"especially that monster the Cardinal of York (Wolsey), the public detestation of God and man, the plague of your Majesty's kingdom!"

This letter, written in September, 1525, is curious, as Luther had received some intimation, probably from Christiern II., that Wolsey had fallen under the King's displeasure; but his invective against the Cardinal was premature. It is not surprising that Henry rejected his advances with scornful coldness, and bluntly contradicted every one of his insinuations.

The violence and bitterness of Luther called forth replies conceived in the same offensive tone and temper; among others, from Sir Thomas More, under the pseudonym of William Rosse,[1] no less foul and scurrilous. I should be glad

[1] *Guilielmus Rosseus.* I fear More's authorship of this work cannot be denied. The letter prefixed to it is so full of More's lively wit and sparkling dramatic humour, the Latin is so far above the heavy controversial style of the times—of Fisher's, for instance—that no one but More can lay reasonable claim to its paternity. The book was published in London, 4to, 1523, and is always included in More's collected Latin works. In the letter of his supposed correspondent from London it is stated, that when Luther's answer was first brought to the King he merely smiled at the abuse contained in it; and being asked his opinion remarked, that the

to believe that More was not the author of this work. That a nature so pure and gentle, so adverse to coarse abuse, and hitherto not unfavourable to the cause of religious reform, should soil its better self with vulgar and offensive raillery, destitute of all wit and humour, shocks and pains, like the misconduct of a dear friend. For round no man in this great reign do our sympathies gather so strongly as round More; in no man is humanity with its various modes, its sun and shadow, its gentleness and kindliness, its sorrows and misgivings, so attractively presented as in More. But this was precisely the danger, the fatal danger, to which men of More's temperament were exposed by Luther's heedless and unnecessary violence. They turned away in disgust from doctrines defended in such a style, in a temper so impatient and so arrogant. The cause of truth was imperilled when taunts and ridicule, and all the ignobler shapes of controversy, took possession of the field. To Luther it mattered not. In this outspoken unreserve, this lava-like passion, pouring out the whole torrent of his feelings without stint or measure, his bluff German temperament found health and relief as in a violent kind of exercise. To others the injury was irreparable.

author of such petulant and virulent invective was only fit to act the fool at a Lord Mayor's banquet. The King further remarked, that he should not think of answering Luther's invective, or advise any one else to answer it, but his querists were at liberty to do as they pleased. We must, I think, accept this anecdote on no less an authority than More's, who was generally at this time about the King.

APPENDIX.

I.—Cures for the Sweating Sickness. (See p. 240.)

A Book of Receipts, with the signatures of T. Darcy and A. Darcy.

For the new sweating sickness which was the 20th year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth.—"Take endive, sowthistle, marygold, mercury, and nightshade, three handfuls of all, and seethe them in conduit water, from a quart to pint, then strain it into a fair vessel, then delay it with a little sugar to put away the tartness, and then drink it when the sweat taketh you, and keep you warm; and by the grace of God ye shall be whole."

"For the same.—Take three large spoonfuls of water of dragons, and a quarter of a spoonful of fine treacle of Gean, and half a nutshellfull of unicorn's horn scraped small, and a quarter of a spoonful of fine good powder of maces, and make all that same hot, and so let the patient drink it, and keep him well, neither over hot nor over cold, but whole in his arms and feet, and let him keep him by taking clothes off him by little and little, till he be dried up, and let him use wholesome meats, and by the grace of God he shall not perish. Probatum est of my Lord Darcy and 30 persons in his house all in peril."—Add. MS. 1592, f. 100.

A special medicine for the pestilence.—"Take half an handful of rew, called herbe grace, a handful marygold, half an handful fetherfew, a handful sorrel, a handful burnet, and half a handful dragons, the top in summer, the root in winter; wash them in running water, and put them in an earthen pot, with a pottle of running water, and let them seethe soberly to nigh the half be consumed, and then draw aback the pot, to it be almost cold, and then strain it into a fair glass and keep it close, and use thereof morn and even, and when need is oftener; and if it be bitter, delay it with sugar candy; and if it be taken afore the pimples break forth, there is no doubt but with the grace of Jesus it shall amend any man, woman, or child. Probatum est, a° 13 H. VIII."—Ibid., f. 49.

"A medicine for the pestilence, sent to my Lord Darcy from the Menery, from my Lady Whethyll.—My Lord, in my best manner I recommend me unto your Lordship, and very sorry I am

of your great heaviness. My Lord, the cause of my writing to you at this time is to advertise your Lordship of a proved medicine; that is, to take treacle and vinegar, and temper them together, and put thereto some running water to allay the vinegar with, and take three or four good spoonfuls fasting, you and all yours, four or five mornings, and fast an hour after it, and by the grace of God ye shall find it shall do great good; and then my good Lord, I beseech our Lord to preserve you and all yours, and send you as good health as I woll myself. This medicine have I proved myself.

"Item, the said Lord used at all times of necessity for to take powder of imperial treacle of Gean, vinegar, spring water, and powder of unicorn's horns, timely fasting, and neither to drink nor eat to noon; this is proved for a good preparatif."—f. 103.

"By Dr. Cromer, proved with Katharine Constable.—℞ oleum Ros'an popelionis, and ℥l mellis dispumati, ℥ss aquæ plantag. et ros'rum parte unam must'; fiat unguentum et cum pluma columbina tingatur locus delence."—f. 104.

"The king's medicine for the pestilence.—Take a handful of sawge of vertue, a handful of herbe grace, a handful of elder leaves, and a handful of red briar leaves, and stamp them together, and strain them in a fair cloth with a quart of white wine, and then take a quantity of ginger, and mingle them all together, and drink of that medicine a spoonful every day, nine days together, and after nine days ye shall be whole, for the whole year, by the grace of God. And if it fortune that one be sore taken with the plague before he hath drunk of the same medicine, let him take the water of scabies, and a spoonful of betony water, and a quart of fine treacle, and put them all together, and cause the person to drink it, and it shall put out all the venom; and if it fortune that the botch do appear, then take of leaves of briars, elders, and mustard seed, and stamp them all together, and make a plaster thereof, and lay it to the sore, and it shall draw out all the venom, and the person shall be whole."—f. 130.

"A proved medicine against the pestilence, called the philosopher's egg.—Take first an egg and break an hole in one end thereof, and do out the white from the yolk as clean as you can; then take whole saffron and fill the shell therewith by the yolk, then close it at both ends with two half egg shells; then rake it in the embers till it be so hard that you may stamp it to fine powder in a mortar, shell and all; then take as much white mustard seed as the weight of the egg and the saffron is and grind it as small as meal; then take the 4th part of an oz. of a dittony root, and as much of turmontell and of crownutes one dram; stamp this three sundry times very fine in a mortar, and then mix

them three well together; after that take as a thing most needful the root of angelica and pimpernel, of each one drachm, and make them to powder and mix with the rest; then compound herewith 4 or 5 grains a quantity of unicorn's horn if it be possible to be gotten, and take so much weight as all these powders come to of fine treacle, and stamp the same with the powders in a mortar, till they be all mixed and hang to the pestle, and then it is perfectly made; put this electuary in glass boxes, and you may keep it 20 or 30 years; the longer the better."—f. 159b.

"How this electuary is to be used, and of the ordering of the patient. Item, when the patient is infected of the pestilence, let him take as soon as he can this electuary or ever it infect the heart; a crown weight of gold, and as much of some treacle, if it be for a man, but if it be for a woman, let them take less, and that must be well broken together. And if the pestilence come with cold, then give him the said electuary with half a cruse of white wine, tempered together; but if it come with heat, then give it to him with plantony water, or with well water and vinegar mixt together; and when he hath drunk the same let the patient go to his naked bed, and cover him warm, and let him lie 6, 8, or 10 hours as he is able to endure it, for to sweat, for the more he sweateth the better, for the sickness vadeth with the sweat; but if you cannot sweat, then heat two or three bricks or tiles in the fire and warm (*sic*) them in a moist linen cloth, and lay them by his sides in the bed, and that shall cause him to sweat; and remember, as the patient sweateth, to wipe away the sweat from his body downward with hot dry cloths, and his sweating being ended you must shift his shirt and all the bedding with fresh warm clothes, using him very warm from any cold taking in the meantime, and let him sit well wrapped by a warm fire while his bed is preparing to be made."

"How the patient shall behave himself when he hath ended his sweating.—Let the keeper of the sick beware of the breath of the patient in his sweat; also let the clothes be well aired and washed; and because he shall be faint and distempered after his sickness, he shall eat no flesh nor drink wine for the space of one week, but let him use this comfortness for the heart;—as conserve of bugloss or red roses, and specially he shall drink three or four days after he hath sweat, morning and evening, three quints of the juice of sorrel, with one oz. of conserve of sorrel, mixed together, and so forth, with all besides that is comfortable for the heart. Also, if one take the quantity of a bean of the said electuary, with some good wine, it shall keep him from the infection of the pestilence."

"The order to make the water.—Take rue, egremony, wormwood, salendine, sage, balm, rosemary, mugwort, dragons, pimpernel, marigolds, fetherfew, burnet, sorrel, and a little roots of elecampane,

scraped and shred small, and mince all the herbs small, and as much more rosemary as of any of the other herbs, and you must have them of the like weight; then soak them in the best white wine you can get, three days and three nights, and after wring out the wine from the herbs, and still the herbs by themselves, and after still the wine, and that water is good for agues; but put it not to the water of the herbs, for that water with a little treacle or metridatum shall drive any sickness from the heart."—Addit. MS. 1592.—f. 160.

As through the default "of good ruling and dieting in meat and drink, men fallen often into this sickness, therefore when the pestilence reigneth in country, the man that wol be kept fro that evil, him needeth him to keep fro outrage and excess in meat and eke drink, ne use no baths, ne sweat not too much, for all these openeth the pores of the body, and maketh the venomous airs to enter, and destroyeth the lively spirits in man, and enfeebleth the body; and sovereignly haunting of lechery, for that enfeebleth the kind, and openeth the pores that wicked airs may enter. Also, use little or naught of these: garlick, onions, leeks, or other such meats that bring a man into an unkindly heat. Also, suffer not greatly thirst that time, and if thou thirst greatly look thou drink but measurably to slake thy thirst; and the best drink were cold water, menged with vinegar or tysan." The poison enters at the pores in one of the "cleansing places" of the principal members, *i.e.* heart, liver, and brain; and unless the patient is bled within 18 hours, it fastens on one place, and casts him into an ague, and maketh a botch in some of the three cleansing places, or near them. "Pricking or flakering of blood" is a sign of the sickness. "If the matter be guided under the armhole, it cometh of the heart, and then bleed on the vein that is called the cardiac, and on the same side that the evil is in." If between the thighs and the body, bleed on the foot, or between the ancle and the heel; or else "be thou ventused on the thighs with a box beside the botch." If it appear in the head or arms, bleed on the vena cephalica in the same arm; or else above the hand between the thumb and next finger; "or else be thou ventused between the shoulders with boxes till the blood be drawn out." The heart should be comforted with cold electuaries, to temper the great heat thereof. Water should be stilled from dittany, scabiose, pimpernel, and tormentil. He should not eat much flesh, but chickens sodden with water, or fresh fish roasted to eat with vinegar. Pottage of almonds is good, and for drink tysan, or in the heat small ale. If he wishes wine, give him vinegar and water; white wine is better than red. A powder of the above herbs with bole armeniac and terra sigillata should be taken in the drink.—Addit. MS. 2320.—f. 16.

"After a prescription for a drink of herbs.—Another for them

that are clerks for to say hit every day with a crosse on the forhed. Per signum tau T. A peste et fame libera nos Jesu. Hic est titulus triumphans, *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.* Christus venit in pace, et Deus homo factus est Jesus. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

"Salve crux Christi. ✠ Salve nos quod de præsenti angustia pestilentiæ salvatrix nostra es. Salve crux Christi, salva nos. 5 paternosters, 5 aves, 1 credo."

"Another very true medicine.—For to say every day at seven parts of your body, 7 paternosters, and 7 Ave Marias, with 1 credo at the last. Ye shal begyn at the ryght syde, under the ryght ere, saying the 'paternoster qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum,' with a cross made there with your thumb, and so say the paternoster full complete, and 1 Ave Maria, and then under the left ear, and then under the left armhole, and then under the left the (thigh?) hole, and then the last at the heart, with 1 paternoster, Ave Maria, with 1 credo; and these thus said daily, with the grace of God is there no manner drede hym. Quod pro certo probatum est cotidie."—Addit. MS. 6716, f. 98.

"A special medycyn for the pestilence.—In primis, 1 hanfull off marigollen, 1 hanfull off fetherfew, and halffe a hanfull off rewe, and 1 hanfull of burno, a quantyte off dragons off the lewys or the mores, and 1 hanfull off sorrell; and thake alle these erbys toghether, and whasche them in rynnyng whater, and than take a potell off runnyng whater, and sethe the all your erbys in the pottell of water, tylle hyt be sodyn to a quarte, and soo take hit the syke blode warme."—Addit. MS. 113.

"Qui potet jus radicum bis tortæ pimpernellæ, madefelonis, solsequii, absinthii, rutæ seu tanasiæ, in peste, et non vomit, evadet."

"Commixtio aquarum istarum herbarum, viz., diptamni pimpernellæ, gentillæ, tormentillæ, et scabiosæ, et hæc potio in pestilencia est nobilissima, vel de qualibet herba per se."—Ib. 783.

II.—Note as to Pensions. (See p. 337, footnote.)

Dorset to Wolsey, 1 Sept. [1525].

"Please it your Grace, that where at my last being with you at More, I moved your Grace, among other my suits, to be one of the pensioners of France, as I was before; for if I should be omitted, and another put in my stead, it should not a little grieve me, considering that as well such as be my kinsmen in France, as my friends here in England, then knew me as one of the same pensioners, and what they shall think in the same I do wholly remit it unto your Grace. I have been at all times ready, and in

all parties (parts), to serve the King's highness to the best of my little power, and many times to my great cost and charge; with the which I ever held myself as well content as any poor subject within this realm," etc.

III. Luther. (See p. 602.)

Extracts from Masters' MS., Jesus College, Oxford.

"After the election of Charles Emperor, Tunstal was sent to be at the Diet of Wormbes.

"Jan. 21, 1521.—He writes to cardinal Wolsey that the Germans everywhere are so addicted to Luther, that, rather than he shall be oppressed by the Pope's authority (who hath already condemned his opinions), the people will spend a hundred thousand of their lives. They have informed the Emperor that he is a good and virtuous man, besides his learning.

"He offereth to make his defence, and revoke those opinions which he cannot defend by Holy Scripture.

"After he perceived that he should not be permitted to come to the Diet hither, as once it was accorded, and safeconduct granted unto him, (which, at the instance of the Pope's orator, was revoked,) despairing to be heard in his defence, did openly in the town of Wittemberg gather the people and the University together, and burn the decretals, &c., as books erroneous, as he there declared; which his declaration he put in print in the Dutch tongue, and sent it all about the country; which declaration by some idle fellow hath been translate into Latin, which I send your Grace herein enclosed, to the intent ye may see it, and burn it when ye have done, and also that your Grace may call before you the printers and booksellers, and give them a strait charge that they bring none of his books into England, nor translate them into English, &c.

"The matter is run so far the princes cannot appease it. The original was the great sum of money that goeth yearly to Rome for annates, which the country would be rid of, and the benefices be given by the Pope to such persons as do serve at Rome unlearned, as cooks and horsekeepers, &c.; so that the easiest I can think will be that the Pope shall lose the said annates and benefices.

"He hath written a book since his condemnation, *De Capt. Babylonica Ecclesiæ*, wherein he holdeth that four of the sacraments be only *de jure positivo* by the Pope's ordinance, so called, viz. *Confirmatio, Ordo, Extrema Unctio*, and *Matrimonium*; and that *Baptismus, Eucharistia*, and *Pœnitentia* be *de jure divino et evangelii*. They say there is much more strange opinion in it, near to the opinions of Boheme. I pray God keep that book out of England.

"At the exequy of the cardinal of Croy, in the presence of the Electors, the Emperor, the Pope's ambassador, and the Cardinals, a friar preacher made a sermon, and in the beginning said the Pope was *Vicarius Christi in spiritualibus*, and the cardinals and bishops were *Apostoli*, &c. But how his tongue turned in his head I cannot tell; but after he concluded that the Emperor, when they do amiss, should reform their abuses, *etiam usque ad depositionem*; whereupon the Pope's *Nuncius*, having commission against Luther, called him, laying the premises to his charge; which said *Nuncius* hath been openly threatened by many gentlemen not to intermeddle with him. In his said sermon he exhorted the Emperor and all the princes to go into Italy, which is of the Empire, and to reform such abuses as be there; whereunto I understand many of the princes be inclined, because every man thinketh to gain thereby. The said friar preacher is since ordained to preach here all the Lent, by whom I know not.

"Luther offereth, if the Emperor will go to Rome to reform the Church, to bring him 100,000 men, whereunto the Emperor, as a virtuous prince, will not hearken. The said Luther hath many great clerks that hold with him, save in some points, which the said Luther hath put forth more than he can or will justify, to the intent that on the residue he might be heard, and a council called for reformation, whereof the Pope will not hear, but standeth to his sentence of condemnation."

END OF VOL. I.

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